THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

trated Weekly
1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 197, Number 14

5c. OCTOBER 4, 1924

Ben Ames Williams—Octavus Roy Cohen—Woods Hutchinson—Roland Pertwee
George Pattullo—Albert W. Atwood—Kenneth L. Roberts—Oma Almona Davies

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

Youth – the alert brain, the joyous heart, the athletic figure are *faithfully expressed* in Kuppenheimer good Clothes

Westclox

Turn in early for a change

WHEN dark settles down early in the evening and hangs on till almost getting-up time, when you snuggle into the bed clothes and enjoy their cozy warmth, it's great to flip out the light at such an early hour that you almost surprise a look of astonishment on the face of your Westclox, and sink into long, sound sleep that soothes your body and mind so your Westclox finds you rested and ready when it sounds its morning call.

You will tackle your day's work with so much more zest that you will want to repeat the experiment frequently.

But whether you turn in early or late, sleep as sound as you like to make the most of your bed time. Your Westclox will ring at the hour you set.

You can identify them by the trade mark Westclox on the dial.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Westclox
Big Ben
7 inches tall. Runs 32 hours. Steady and repeat alarm. $3.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada $4.50—$6.00.

Westclox
Baby Ben
3¾ inches tall. Steady and repeat alarm. $3.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

Westclox
America
6¾ inches tall. 4-inch dial. Nickel case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm, $2.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Sleep-Meter
5 inches tall. Nickeled case. 4-inch dial. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $2.00. In Canada, $3.00.

Westclox
Jack o' Lantern
5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $3.00. In Canada, $4.00.

Westclox
Pocket Ben
A nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Glo-Ben
Nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands, $2.25. In Canada, $3.00.

TUDOR PLATE

By the Makers of Community Plate

The New Queen Bess Design

Announcing THE NEW QUEEN BESS DESIGN—truly regal in rich tracery and gracious form—worthy of the noblest Tudor tradition. In its fashioning it carries the full prestige of Oneida Community craftsmanship. At the price there is no comparable value in modern silverware. We invite you to view and examine Tudor Plate at your dealer's. *Six Tudor Teaspoons* $1.60

TWENTY YEAR REPLACEMENT GUARANTEE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1924, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 4, 1924 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 14

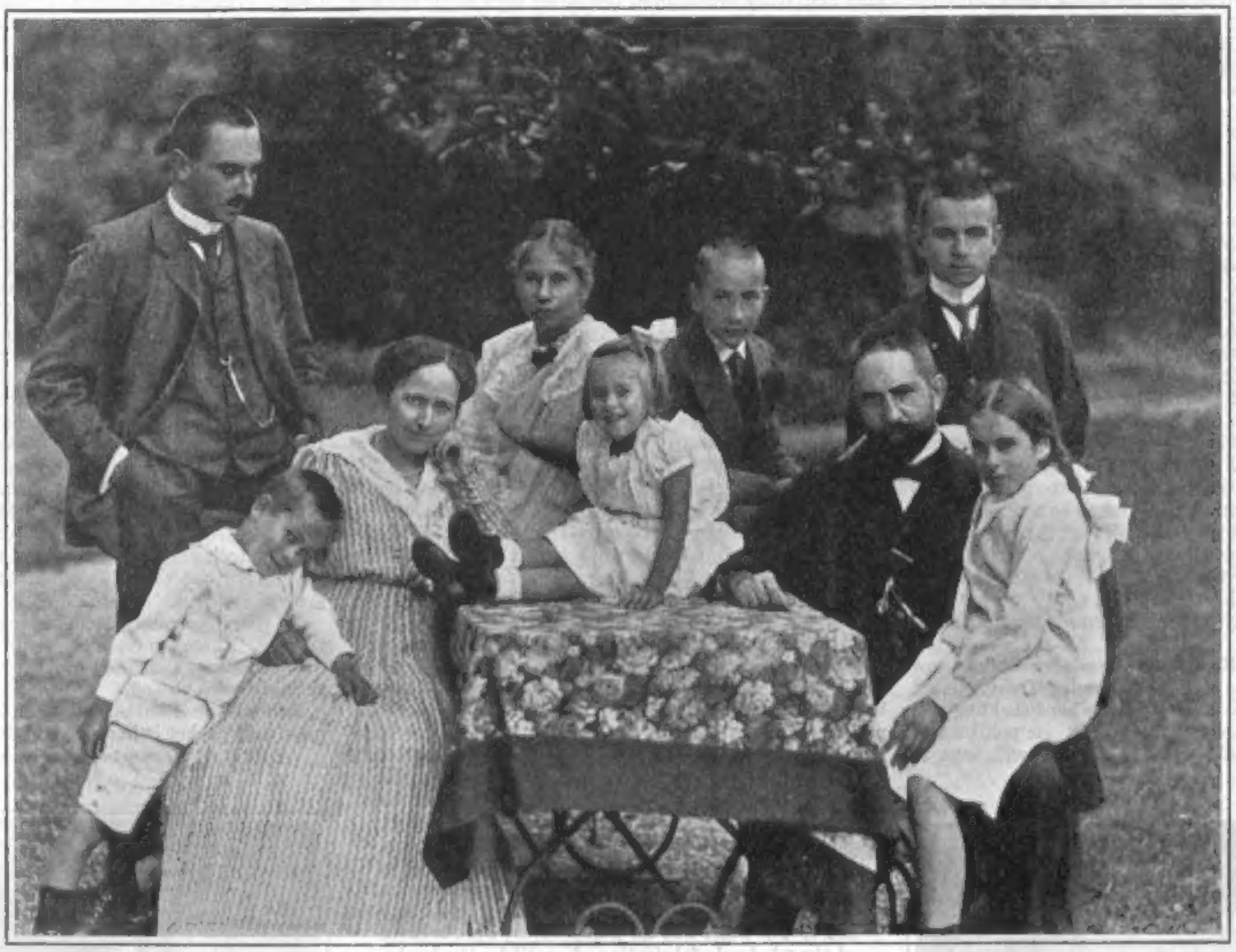
Germany Turns the Corner

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN GERMANY you can now sit down to dinner knowing that the price of your meal will not increase between soup and nuts. The housewife is able to budget her expenses because the mark does not depreciate while she waits at the grocery shop. There is no longer an orgy of buying in order to get rid of a worthless currency. Even the dollar hound has been put out of business because his purchasing capacity has diminished. The German rich are not so rich as they were, and the poor—small comfort that it is—know just how poor they are from day to day. In short, a money that literally poured from the presses and was therefore just so much scrap has become scarce and, for most practical purposes, stable.

All this means that the bubble of German inflation is punctured. After standing at the crossroads of her destiny so long that she seemed to be rooted to the ground, Germany has turned the corner with her compass set toward a reorganization that is not a gesture but an imminent reality. For the first time since the Armistice the chronicler of Teutonic events is not called upon to report an annual bust, but to record a state of affairs that, on the surface at least, approaches something like sanity and construction. Those twin evils, deficit and depreciation, have packed their grips, and the mark, figuratively, stands hitched.

On a synthetic confidence—the result of perhaps the most astounding piece of financial legerdemain of modern times, namely the invention of the Rentenmark—the Germans bridged the gap between fiscal chaos and the London Conference, which ratified the Dawes Report with its heartening by-products, including a $200,000,000 loan and evacuation of the Ruhr by August 15, 1925.



The Late Hugo Stinnes, Frau Stinnes, Who is Now the Richest Woman in the World, and Their Seven Children. Standing at the Left is Dr. Edmund Hugo Stinnes, the Eldest Son and Now Head of the Family

A Future Bright With Promise

GERMANY has crossed the Ruhrbicon, so to speak, and if she keeps to her present intentions it means that she has burned the bridges of doubt and evasion behind her. With the Ruhr and reparations—they are inseparably linked—adjudicated, that will-o'-the-wisp otherwise known as European reconstruction seems at hand. I say "seems" advisedly, because there have been so many slips between the precarious cup of indemnity fulfillment and actual realization that, hardened observer of German performance that I am, I still feel that there is an element of chance in the prospect. Such is the force of habit begot of observation in Germany that these words, as I write them, have an element of unreality.

Nor is this state of mind surprising. Each year since 1918 I have had to appraise—or rather try to inventory—the German situation. Usually it was like dealing with quicksilver. Always it was a narrative of protest and hard luck. I have seen every germ in the category of menace to national vitality infect the Teutonic system. Each attack, whether due to despair, social upheaval, near-communism, reparations or the occupation of the Ruhr, produced the customary crisis which made judgment, to say nothing of forecast, well-nigh impossible. Just as there are vintages in champagne, so have there been vintages in German crises. Germany has been the prize crisis market. Europe will seem strange without one.

Causes

BEHIND all of them lay two fundamental causes, which most Germans have persistently refused to admit. One was the failure of the will to do; the other was the almost organized abandonment of the currency to its fate. This is why I have all along maintained in these columns that there has never been anything vitally wrong with the country itself. Her soil is as productive as ever. The bosom of her earth is still a treasure house of coal and iron. The people have not lost their craft or cunning. The country escaped war ravage. The only concrete thing that went to pot was the currency.

The proof of this contention came with the birth of the Rentenmark. The moment the mark emerged from the abyss into which it was hurled by profiteering, tax evasion, frenzied speculation, export of foreign money—the fugitive riches aggregate $1,685,000,000—and an excess of manufactured credit, the nation braced up and there was born the spirit with which to face the future with some degree of confidence.

What might be called the morale of money asserted itself. When the Germans began to put their financial house in order—later on you will see just how this was done—they automatically wrote their credentials to the London Conference. There probably would not have been a Dawes Report without the unuttered and unofficial guaranty of coöperation with it that lay in the stopping of the German printing presses late in 1923. When those money foundries ceased their rumbling the silence that followed was not only eloquent but, as the Germans are beginning to discover, golden. Moreover, when you cease to agitate the pocket nerve you likewise lower the political temperature. This is precisely what has happened in Germany.

This brings me to what may as well be disposed of here at the start, because it bears on the larger significance of the new German deal in its relation to the rest of Europe. Ever since 1918 there has been exploitation of the fact that the two real keys to European stabilization are Russia and Germany. Undeniably they have been the principal sore spots. Their community of interests as an informal league for political trouble, however, has been greatly exaggerated.

This press-agented liaison was not without its uses. Germany, for example, richly capitalized—for sympathy and otherwise—the danger of a red inundation that would overflow to Central Europe. It has proved to be mere piffle, for Germany has never, except for one brief period in 1919, approached sovietization. The real kinship has been in a mutual money debacle, although the low registered by the ruble never descended to the depths reached by the mark.

As it happened, I went this year from Russia to Germany, and am therefore able to make some comparison. The favorable impression that I received of a more or less stable Germany on the verge of a new era was not due to relief after an "escape" from the trenches and the stenches of Bolshevism, but because I had seen, first, how almost complete is the German independence of Russia; second, how futile is the dream of a Russian perversion of Germany. Instead of drawing Germany to her red bosom for purposes of political assimilation, Russia, if she expects to survive commercially—and her economic going is now very rough—will need all the practical Teutonic commercial help she can get. If it develops, it will be on German and not Russian terms.

The fetish of a revolution in Germany, inspired by Russia, still persists at Moscow, but it has degenerated into what we should call a campaign cry to keep up the spirits of the boys in the back districts. It is full brother to that kindred myth, the world revolution, another of the many rainbows that the Bolshevists are chasing. Bolshevism thrives only on unrest. With the Dawes Plan in operation, Germany will cease to be the stamping ground of the red trouble maker. The big increase in the Right wing in the Reichstag at the last election—it really means a White Germany—shows which way the political wind is blowing.

Striking Changes for the Better

APROPOS of the Russo-German relationship is a fact not particularly palatable to the Bolos. With the exception of the Krupps, who have such a large investment in South Russia that good business sense dictates standing by for hope of salvage, practically every other great German interest there is disillusioned or trying to pull out. In 1921 Hugo Stinnes told me that Russia offered a great field for German economic penetration. On this idea he builded a vast structure that included oil concessions and industrial privileges. His Russian section, as he called it, was one of the most important in his empire of commerce. In August last his eldest son, Dr. Edmund Hugo Stinnes, informed me that the whole Stinnes Russian enterprise was in process of dissolution, and that so far as he was concerned he was not disposed to invest another cent there. It means that the widely heralded Russo-German economic and political affinity is near the scrap heap. Germany will use Russia when it is to her advantage to do so, but any reciprocal arrangement by Russia, save in the domain of business, is remote.

As a matter of fact, Russia's best business bet just now seems to be England, as the Anglo-Russian Treaty shows. This treaty, however, is likely to have hard sledding and ultimate rejection. Unless they reform their politics and cease their world meddling the Bolshevists will have to settle down to what they alone are capable of surviving—a self-contained economic existence.

Thus Germany, and not Russia, remains the key to the long-deferred European stabilization. The Dawes Plan and the London Conference—one was the approach to the other—provided the turning point in the long lane of doubt, evasion, suspicion, cross purpose—all the chaos which followed in the wake of the Versailles Treaty. Since the treaty, like the proverbial omelet, could not be unscrambled, the Dawes document affords the best way out. It does more than divorce business and politics. It indirectly establishes a new commercial accord between France and Germany, which is not only essential to the well-being of Europe but will soften the rancor which has been so inimical to business rehabilitation.

With the technical working out of the Dawes Plan we are not concerned. Indeed, we could not be if we so desired. The big facts to be kept in mind in connection with this historic instrument are that it demands fiscal and economic unity in Germany; a real stabilization of currency under a gold bank of issue; and a balanced budget. The funds for reparation are to be derived from taxation, bonds on the railways and industries, and a transport tax. It means, in essence, a mortgage on German industry and rails with a sliding scale of reparations ranging from $250,000,000 the first year of operation up to $625,000,000 as the minimum in 1930. In exchange for this Germany gets a $200,000,000 loan and Ruhr evacuation, the latter only when she has proved her ability to make good in reparations.

What does concern us is the mood and morale of the Germany that stands at the threshold of what seems at last to be a reorganization that will honestly capitalize resources at home and fulfill obligations abroad. Herein lies the simple formula for the good will which she must beget if she is to resume her place in the respect and in the community of peoples. With nations as with individuals real help can come only from within.

What is the German attitude toward the Dawes Plan? How was the miracle of currency reform achieved? What is the economic condition of all classes? A knowledge of these facts is essential to any kind of understanding of what the next six months, with all their possibilities for rehabilitation, will bring forth.

First let me briefly present a contrast between Germany in the summer of 1923 and in the summer of 1924. Last year depression hung like a pall over the country. The cause of all the trouble was the collapse of the mark, which depreciated in value so swiftly that prices and wage scales were out of date before the ink had dried upon them. To anticipate depreciation, the cost of all commodities had to be increased from hour to hour. Paper currency was a mere medium of exchange—to be converted at once into something tangible. Bonds had to be issued in terms of coal, wheat or rye. Primitive barter was revived because the farmer demanded clothing or hardware in exchange for his produce.

The French ring of steel girdled the Ruhr, and passive resistance, as stupid as it was uneconomic, not only added more than a million and a half to the list of unemployed but the absurd national subsidy of this idleness taxed the printing presses to the limit. Railroad traffic in the Ruhr was demoralized. I had to hire a motor car to go from Cologne to Dortmund, the farthest north of the occupied area. Coal output was 20 per cent under normal; every other coke oven was cold; hope, like the mark itself, was sinking to its lowest ebb.

Only two classes profited by this state of affairs. One was the man who had goods to sell, and he often reached the point where he did not want to sell any more. The other was the industrialist, who, because of the wholesale fabrication of credit by the banks, could convert the frenzied bookkeeping—for such it was—into real values, including factories or foreign money, which he salted down at home or abroad. This translation of technical debt into wealth was one of the favorite sports in the larger game of what became a national fiscal debauch. Incidentally the rich paid no taxes, because these taxes shrank into a nothingness matched only by the zeros that trailed in increasing numbers after the mark "value." It was Germany's zero hour.

The curious feature of this orgy of inflation was that it really meant a highly stimulated although artificial business, because so long as the banks ground out credit it was easy and cheap to produce if German labor and home materials were employed. The real hardship, as always, was on the great mass of the people, who could not take flyers in credit and who had to live on wages or income that soon reached the point where they were tragic jokes. A dollar bill looked as big as a house. The flight from the mark became a runaway. So great was the rush for American money that crooks offered Confederate paper money and got away with it.

This year I returned to a Germany that, externally, had undergone an almost miraculous change. Hope, which seemed a lost art in 1923, had come to life because of two concrete things. One was the Dawes Report, then awaiting confirmation and which, to the average German, meant only a gold loan of $200,000,000 and a consequent real normalcy in finance and industry. The other was a little piece of printed paper called the Rentenmark. Instead of signifying an endless string of zeros—last year the mark went below ten trillions to the dollar—and chronic fluctuations, it represented some purchasing power and an exchange value of approximately twenty-five cents, or at the rate of 4.20 to the dollar. In place of a glut of money there was an actual scarcity.

But there were many compensations. If the price of a pound of butter was fixed at half a mark in the morning it remained at this figure all week. You no longer needed an adding machine to calculate a single purchase. Unemployment had increased because of the shortage of both money and credit. Here, however, was the ill wind that began to blow good, because, by making the money valuable and scarce, some degree of thrift and conservation had at last come into being. Savings-bank deposits in Berlin had risen in five months from 1,250,000 to 35,000,000 gold marks. During the first six months of this year the government discharged 396,838 useless employes. It was the first step in a campaign of drastic national economy which eventually will contribute to the solvency of the country. The unexpected was happening on all sides. Prince Wilhelm, the eldest son and political heir of the former German Crown Prince, had taken a clerical job in a Hamburg exporting and importing house. Even ex-royalty had caught the fever of regeneration.

Improved Conditions in the Ruhr

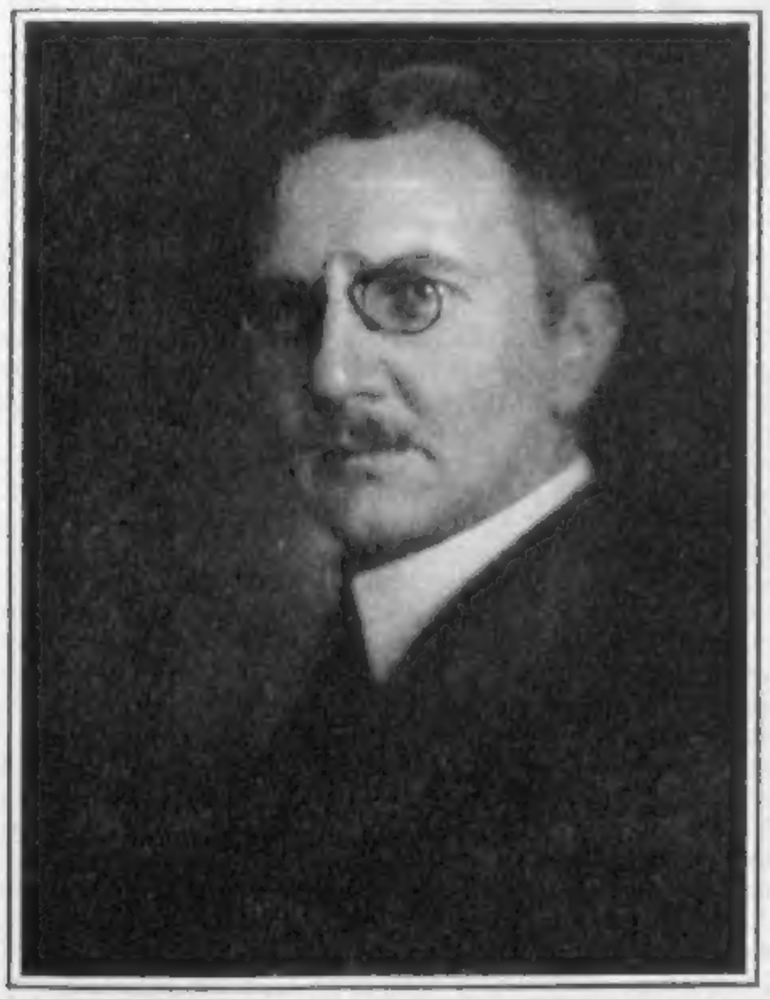
WAGES were down; in many instances as much as 20 per cent under the prewar scale when figured in gold marks. The worker had the satisfaction of knowing that the Rentenmark he received not only had some buying power but that it would not fluctuate from hour to hour. His wife was not compelled to stand in line at a food shop to spend all she had in a mad haste to beat depreciation.

I went into the Ruhr again. Train service was normal. Instead of being obliged to go to Cologne and then travel by automobile back up to the occupied area, I got a comfortable sleeper from Berlin to Essen. Last year the streets of Essen were black with sullen unemployed who glowered at the alien, regardless of his nationality. Now I found a busy, humming city functioning normally again. People smiled once more. I watched a German artisan joke with a French railroad guard at the station. It did not mean a reconciliation with occupation, but it did indicate a shift to sanity which had many concrete expressions, such as a working arrangement with the French and Belgian control, and the payment of export tax on products that move out of the invaded zone. So much for the general contrast.

All this improvement, let me repeat, was largely on the surface. There is invariably some kind of joker in a German situation, and now we come to it, although for once it linked with reason.

Behind the Rentenmark and the degree of peace of mind and pocket it had brought to some quarters lurked

(Continued on Page 44)



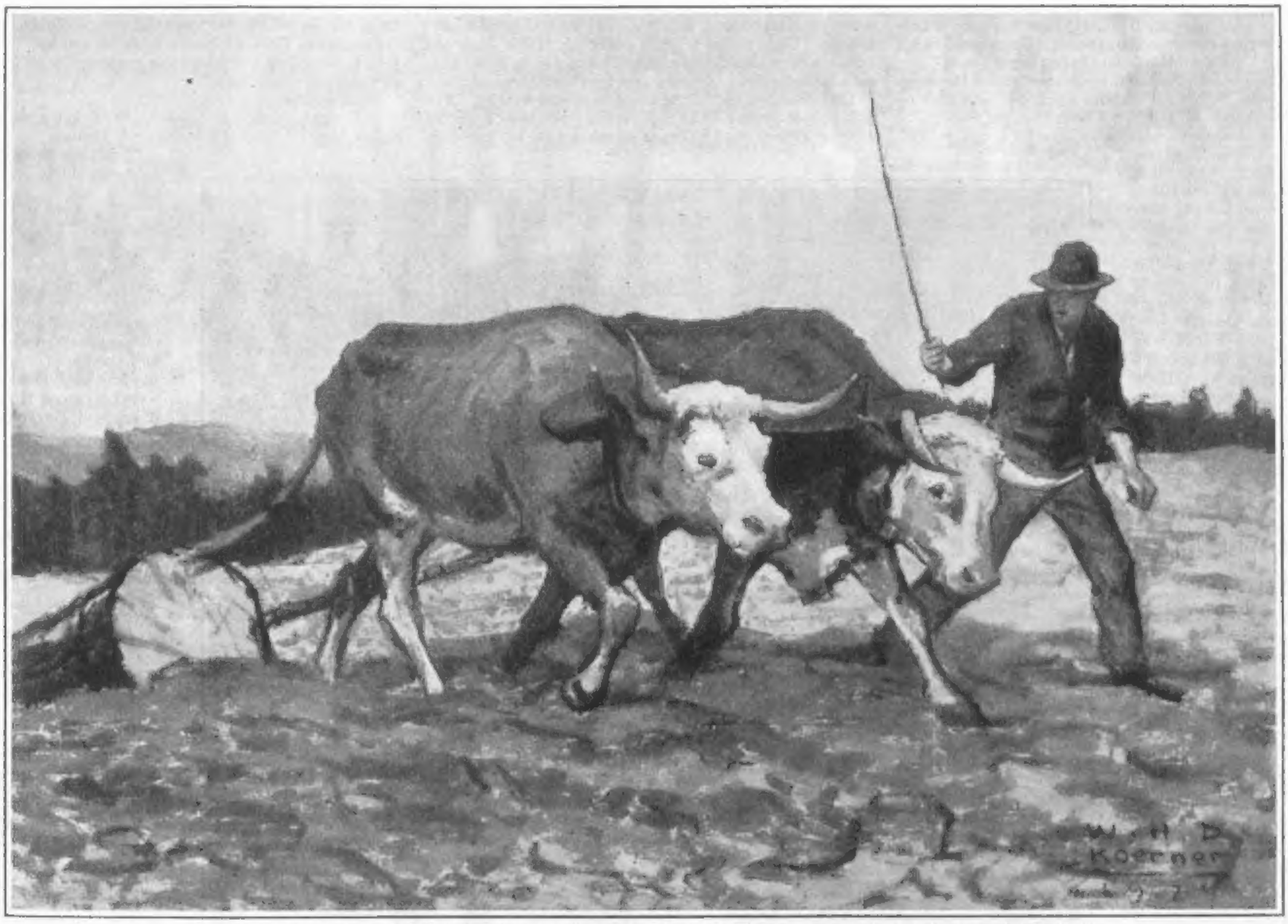
Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the Reichsbank and Financial Dictator of Germany

Dr. Edmund Hugo Stinnes, the Eldest Son of Hugo Stinnes, in the Uniform of a German Aviation Officer

THUNDERSTROKE

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



He Felled a Tree or Two in the Woods Above the Pasture and Dragged Their Great Trunks Behind the Lumbering Oxen

AND when they hauled him out and stood him on his hind legs," said Dode Mosser, "he spit brown juice about fourteen feet, and he says, 'Le' me go, boys. I got to go back in. I pulled out o' my felts and rubbers, and Os'll give me fits.'"

Himself led the laughter which ensued, his gleeful chuckles, shrill and high, dominating the deeper tones of the other men in the store. Dode was always at his best before an audience. He was a man with a reputation as a humorist; a man to whom amusing things were forever happening, and who had the gift of making these incidents funny to others. His farm was somewhat remote from the village, so that it was not often he came to Will Bissell's store; but when he did so, the occasion was apt to be hilarious. He stood now with an elbow on the candy counter, a man in his middle fifties, yet whose hair was gray and thin; a small, lean man with a weariness about his shoulders. Chan, his son, stout and stalwart, with the awkward strength of youth in his great limbs, sprawled on one of the chairs, legs extended in front of him, shoulders resting against the show case at his back, chin sunk upon his breast. Dode's humor was not always amusing to Chan; the older man had a way of making his son the butt of his jests when other butts were lacking.

Half a score of other men stood or sat around the place; and Will Bissell, though there was no further prospect of trade this night and the mail was all distributed, nevertheless delayed blowing out the lamps. Dode did not come often, and Will found as much amusement as the others in his swift and easy tongue.

"—— one of these here barn-door guns, it was," said Dode, already in the midst of another of his stories. "When you wanted to load her, you lifted up a kind of latch at the breech.

"And say, wan't that a gun to kick! Why, listen! I mind one morning me and Jim Swallow saw a bunch of shellies over on the river, and we took three-four logs and hitched 'em together and made a raft and kind of let her drift down where the birds was feeding.

"We got pretty near onto them before they lifted. Well, sir, when they did, I picked up the old gun and swung her onto them." He illustrated with a pantomime, left arm extended, right arm crooked, one eye closed as he squinted along an imaginary barrel; and as he aimed, he swung as though following the movement of flying birds, until he was twisted far to one side and off balance.

"Let 'em have it finally," he concluded. "And the old gun—I told you she was one to kick—she kicked me right off backwards into the water. Yes, sir," he added, almost as a reminiscent afterthought, while they waited, perceiving that this was the point of the narrative. "Yes, sir, kicked me into the river. And then I'll be dummed if the gun didn't jump in after me and kick me again!"

Continuing his pantomime, he was near falling to the floor; and as he rose his eye fell upon the candy in the show case under his elbow. The man's nimble memory was stimulated by the sight.

He said to Will Bissell, "Guess them ain't real brandy drops nowadays."

Will shook his head.

"Kind of a sirup in them," he explained.

Dode chuckled.

"I ever tell you about the eating fool we use to have up where I was brought up?" he asked. It was not his custom to wait for a reply to such questions as this one, and he continued now without pause. "I mind one night in the store there, I must have been about twelve years old, and this boy comes in. He was big as Chan there, but thin, like he didn't get any real use out of his victuals. A kind of a fool he was; dumb; not much to talk. And they'd guy him and he'd just look at them.

"Well, there was a runner there that night for some house in Portland; and they told him this boy would eat anything. So they give him a pound of brandy drops and he set there and eat them." He wagged his head. "Yes, sir," he repeated, "he set there and eat them. I wanted one of them brandy drops my own self too. But he eat the whole pound."

He warmed to the tale, shifting his position.

"Then somebody give him a plug of tobacco," he continued. "And this boy eat that too. Bit it off and chewed it up and swallowed it, juice and all; and that blank kind of fool look of his never changed at all. Then they opened a can of clams and he eat them; and then they give him an old homemade tallow candle and he eat that, wick and all."

Dode wagged his head.

"Well, sir, I'm going to say my eyes was sticking out by then. And about that time this fellow got up and went out, not saying a word. That was the way he always did when he was licked. I mind I followed him, kind of wondering what he'd do, or something. He got outside the door, and he was shook up some, but after a while he felt better. So then he turned around and went back—and you'd think to look at his dumb kind of face he never did have an idea—but he went back in and he says, 'Ain't you got any nice salt pork?' he says. First word he'd said; and the runner give up then."

They were between mirth and awe, and even Dode did not laugh unduly loud.

"That's right," he agreed. "I had a lot of respect for him myself after that. It'd take a good deal even to ask for salt pork, the way he was feeling, always looked to me, after what he'd had."

There was a little silence, and from somewhere to the northwest, beyond Frye Mountain, came a low and sullen murmur.

"Thunder," said Chet McAusland. "Been feeling like it would shower all afternoon."

Will Bissell asked Dode, "Got your farming done?"

"Pretty near," Dode replied. "I'd be done by now, but I can't git no work out o' Chan long as the trout'll bite."

He looked at his son, not with malice or reproach, but in mild disapproval. "I got the heft of it done," he repeated. "I ain't putting in much stuff this year." The thunder rolled again and he bestirred himself. "You and me got to move along, Chan," he said to the young fellow, "or your maw'll be down cellar hiding time we git home."

"'Fraid of lightning, ain't she?" Will Bissell asked.

Dode nodded.

"Always was," he replied. "Every time any barn or anything gits struck she always says to me, 'There now! Ain't I told you?' As if we was bound to be the next ones."

"Joe Chase's stand of buildings burned, down the ridge, here last week," Chet McAusland remarked; and they received this in silence. It was not news to any of them. The destruction of a man's house and barn by fire is, in such localities, a tragedy second only to death; it has often an equal finality, and it is a threat forever hanging over them. Dode was the first to speak.

"Well, we ain't been hit yet," he said good-humoredly. "Chan, you git up and come along."

Their old horse was hitched to the rail near the side door; and when Dode and his son went outside they found the creature standing more alertly than his wont, ears erect, feet planted squarely.

The beast nosed Dode's coat as though for reassurance, and Dode remarked, "Thunder's bothered the old boy, Chan. He takes after your maw."

Chan nodded.

"It won't hurt him to wake up a little bit," he commented.

He was stowing a sack of feed in the back of the buggy, while Dode untied the horse and climbed in. Chan got into the seat beside his father, and with a word of farewell to the other men who were likewise departing, in cars or behind horses or afoot, they took the homeward road. Far ahead of them, beyond the distant hills, a red glare flickered now and then, so faintly that unless they watched intently it was hard to be sure they had seen the flash. After long seconds of time, each of these flares was followed by a sullen rumble.

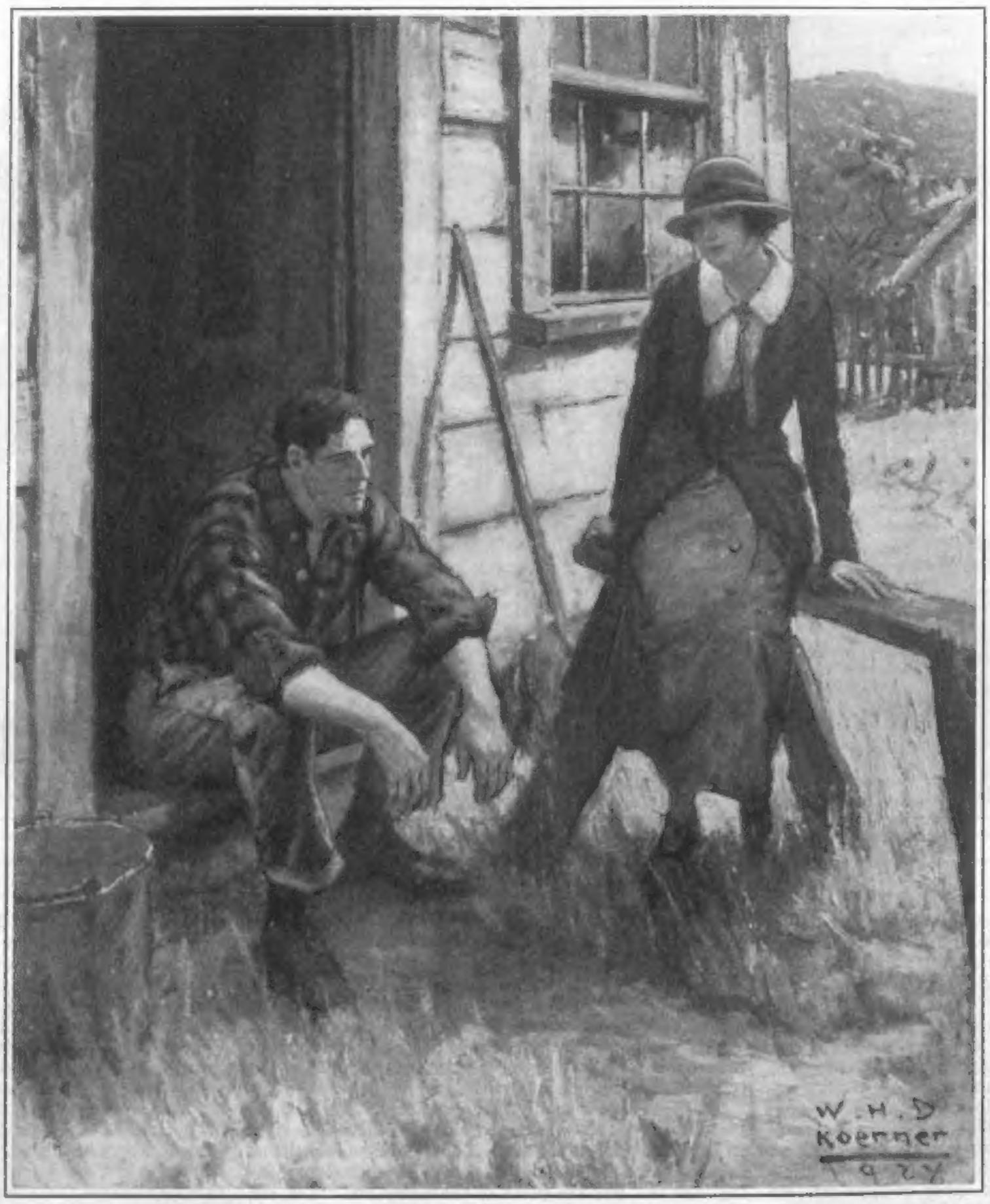
Dode watched attentively for a little, then said, "Guess it'll swing more to the east'ard. Won't hit us."

"There's a kind of feeling in the air," Chan suggested. "Take a shower to clear it. We can stand the rain. The brooks are right low a'ready."

Dode nodded, slumping in his seat. Now that he had left his audience behind, something seemed to have gone out of the man. His age sat more heavily upon him and he wore an added weariness. The pace of the horse was slow, and Dode let the animal go its own way, without seeking to hurry it. Patience is a predominant characteristic of such men; the long patience and the submission which monotonously reiterated tribulations teach humble folk. Dode had been a farmer all his life and never expected to be anything else. He had long ago accepted the fact that his farm would support him without too much attention on his part; that no matter how hard he worked, he could not achieve any considerable margin to his own advantage. He had surrendered to life. Chan, his son, had not yet encountered life; had not yet discovered that life is also conflict, and that even a losing battle may sometimes be worth the fighting.

As they advanced, inching along the road, pausing to breathe the horse at each ascent, the distant thunder shower passed off to the eastward as Dode had prophesied. They saw the flashes, which had been in the northwest, flicker for a while behind the northern hills, the thunder peals coming a little more loudly; then these rumbling murmurs diminished and the storm was behind them, and they drove on in the still, tingling night. The sky, obscured by clouds which moved in swift procession, shed little light upon the earth; but the horse knew its way and Dode permitted the creature to choose its own path and pace. There was little conversation between the two men; what there was consisted in half-finished sentences, in wordless ejaculations, in low sounds unintelligible to any listener. Once or twice Chan heard his father draw and exhale a deep breath like a sigh. It was a little better than an hour before they turned at last into their own barnyard.

Dode climbed out of the buggy and said wearily, "You put up the horse, Chan. I expect your maw's scared. I better go in." And he departed toward the kitchen door.



He Hesitated and His Knees Felt Weak, and He Sat Down Slowly on the Step of His Own Door

Chan drove the horse in through the wide double doors till the pleasantly odorous cavern of the barn received him; then alighted, and by the sense of touch, his eyes of slight assistance, loosed the traces and led the horse out of the thills, unbuckled girth and reins and throatlatch and lifted off the harness and relieved the beast of the bridle. The creature found its stall, and Chan dropped the latch bar across the door. He left the bag of feed in the buggy till morning. Along the line of the tie-up he could hear the movements of the cows, and their slow rumination; and his nostrils caught the flavor of their breath. Below the barn floor he heard one of the oxen stamp in its stall there. The chickens rustled and whispered together on their perches, uneasy at his presence. He moved slowly and indolently, finding pleasure in the night full of sounds and smells; and it was almost with reluctance that he went into the house.

He found his father and mother sitting by the table in the dining room, the lamp between them, each with a section of the paper Dode had brought from the store. Chan lay down on the couch along one wall and was at once half asleep. His mother, rocking in her chair, was within reach of his hand; and his eyes fastened upon the back of her small head, where the thin gray hair was tightly screwed together. She was even smaller than his father; it had often been remarked that it was extraordinary these two should have so stout a son. She was an uneasy nervous woman, forever at odds with life, forever in revolt, forever vanquished by the imperturbable resignation of her husband. In the way she rustled the paper which she read, there was an echo of her resentful and rebellious spirit.

She said to Dode across the table by and by, "That old yellow cat killed a chicken this evening. You've got to put him out of the way."

Dode nodded.

"All right, maw," he agreed. "I'll get around to it before long. I kind of like that cat, though."

"I ain't a-going to have any cat killing my chickens."

"I'll get rid of him," he promised. His portion of the paper was done, lay across his knees; and by and by he chuckled and said slowly, "I recollect when I was a boy I had a pistol. Old copper-barreled affair, and the hammer was gone. My brother Ed and me used to put a cap on it and load it up, and I'd aim it at a squirrel or something and then he'd hit the cap with a shoemaker's hammer Uncle Chan had left there. I dunno as we ever scared any squirrels to death; but I tried to kill a cat with that pistol once."

He paused, but Chan was half asleep and Mrs. Mosser only rustled her paper. Nevertheless, after a moment, Dode went on.

"Took the cat into the henhouse," he explained. "Shut the door. There wasn't any way for that cat to git out, and I petted him and got him quiet, and then I laid that old pistol across a board, aiming right between his ears, and hit it a crack with the hammer."

He began to laugh to himself, slapping his knee.

"Well, sir, that henhouse was full of cat for a spell," he ejaculated. "Yes, sir, I thought there was forty cats there, by the scrambling. And the smoke—you couldn't see a thing. But you could hear. Then there come a terrible loud screech, and then quiet. I got the door open quick as I could, you can bet on that; and when the smoke blew out, I looked around for that cat. Gone, he was. There was a hole in one wall of the henhouse about big enough to stick three fingers through, or mebbe four. And there was some hairs around that hole, so I figured the cat had went that way."

He laughed again, and Mrs. Mosser sniffed indignantly; and Chan listened to them as though they were at a great distance. He had heard the tale before.

"Cat come back about a week after," Dode concluded. "No hair along his back at all. I used to try to put that cat through the hole again, but I never could manage it nohow."

Their silence made itself felt, and he sat quietly for a while, eyes fixed on the knob of the door into the kitchen. His wife read the paper and Chan lay drowsily.

"I mind my Uncle Chan tried to kill a cat once," Dode muttered after a while, as though to himself. "Aimed to crack its head against a stump. Took it by the hind legs and took a good swing. But about the top of his swing the cat got a couple of toe holds on the back of Uncle Chan's neck, and Uncle Chan couldn't seem to stop his swing. Well, sir, that cat come the next thing to scalping him completely."

They made no comment, and he chuckled in a furtive way. Chan, through half-shut eyes, watched the back of his mother's head, moving jerkily to and fro as she rocked.

Dode gave up the effort to amuse, and for a time nothing was said. Then, afar off, thunder once more rumbled, and Mrs. Mosser lifted her head to listen.

The sound came again, and she said irritably, "I hate a thunder shower."

"Probably won't come this way," Dode told her indolently.

She looked across the table at him with sharp eyes.

"Dode, did you fix up that insurance this spring?" she asked.

"Why, I guess so," he replied.

"It run out in April. You ain't paid the new premium, have you?"

"I been aiming to," he confessed, tried to defend himself. "Durn it, Maria, I been paying fire insurance for twenty-seven years and never got a cent back on it. Looks kind of foolish to me."

"You'll keep right on a-paying it," she told him sharply. "If you think I'm going to be burnt out of house and home! Where'd we be if this house was to burn?"

"It ain't going to burn."

"That's the way with you," she retorted. "You always figure nothing's going to happen."

"Well, we always have got along," he urged feebly.

"We're alive," she replied, "if you call that getting along. You can think of more reasons why it ain't worth while doing a thing! There's times I could swear at you, Dode."

"I reckon I'm a trial," he confessed humbly. "But I never could see the good of fussing. A man can work like time and git nowheres, farming around here. I don't work myself to death, but I git along well as most folks, looks to me."

"You're the easiest satisfied man! You ain't got a bit of sense, some ways, Dode. S'pose something did happen. Where'd you be?"

"Right here, same as I've always been," he assured her.

"Setting right in that chair," she agreed, "till you're too old to do the chores. Land knows you don't do much else now. Then you'll expect me to wait on you. I'd have you know I'm getting along myself, Dode. I'm going to be too old to work the same day you are, and you can put your finger on that."

"Chan'll take care of us," Dode told her.

"He's a fine one to take care of anybody!" she retorted. "Great big hulking thing, and spends half his time fishing or hunting birds or fooling with a dog. I'll be in a bad way when I have him take care of me."

"Maria," he urged argumentatively, "you been talking that way for twenty-seven years, and nothing ever happened to you yet. We've always had plenty to eat and a roof over our heads and all we needed to do on. I never could see why you couldn't set and rest yourself the same as other folks. But you've always got to be rousting things up."

Thunder rolled again, and she listened alertly to the reverberant sound.

"You pay that there insurance tomorrow, Dode," she said at last.

"That means going to East Harbor," he protested.

"You can write a letter." She seized this idea. "You set down now and write to Mr. Hickey and send the money. The stage from Liberty goes by in the morning and I'll see't the letter goes then."

"I dunno as there's money in the house."

"I've got enough in the bedroom." Thunder once more rumbled, and she rose to her feet as though the sound had spurred her into movement and brought him paper and pen and ink. "You do it right away," she told him. "It makes me nervous when there's lightning around."

He yielded with no further word beyond an unintelligible murmur of protest at her insistent energy. Chan, lying on the borderland of sleep, heard the slow and labored scratching of the rusty pen. Presently his mother returned, and thunder growled again. It was more to the northward, and Chan decided that this shower, too, would pass them by. He wished drowsily that this were not the case. The air was electric, irritating to his skin; his mouth felt dry and his nerves twitched. A shower would clear the air.

The catastrophe his mother feared, the destruction of this house which was his home, failed to grip his imagination. The house had always been a part of his existence; he could not imagine a universe without it. Such disasters came to others, he knew; but like most men he had an instinctive confidence in his own immunity. He even smiled a little at his mother's fears.

Returning from the other room, she saw him lying there; and said with a certain angry tenderness, "You, Chan! Go on and get to bed."

So the young man rose and went slowly to his own room.

II

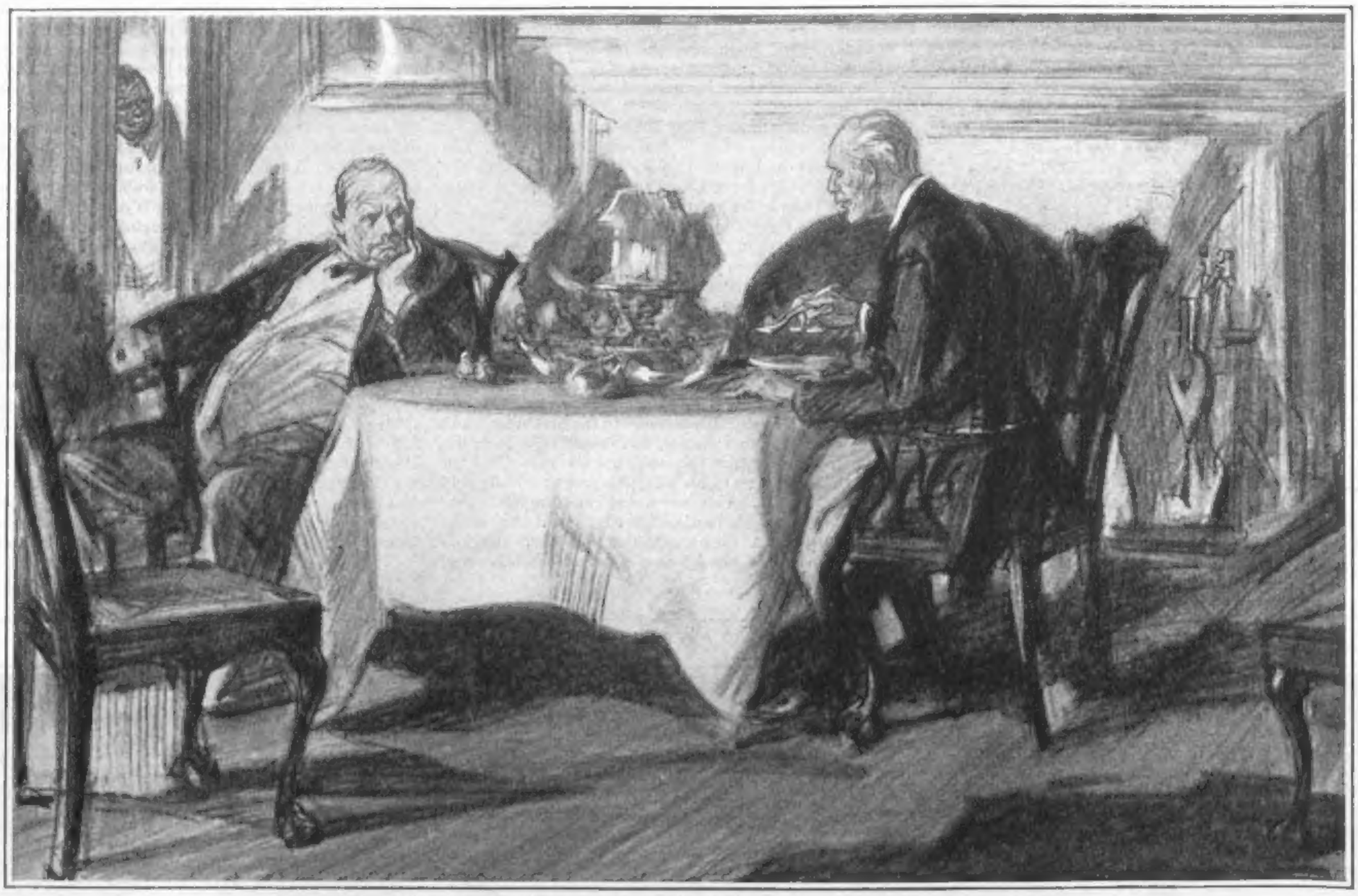
DODE MOSSER'S farm was somewhat larger than those of most of his neighbors. It embraced better than a hundred acres, lying on the north side of the road and rising at a long and easy cant toward the highland in the direction of North Fraternity. At one corner, by the road, a brook cut through the lower meadow, alders marking its course. Behind the house there was an orchard, the trees old and needing attention; and beyond the orchard, the pasture extended to the fringe of the woods, a quarter of a mile from the road. Ten years before, the stone wall that marked the limits of the pasture had run along the edge of the woods; now if you walked that way you had to push through a hundred yards of alder shoots, young poplar and an occasional springing spruce or hemlock. The forest was steadily encroaching upon the cleared land, and Dode had never taken the trouble to keep his pasture grubbed out. Even along the borders of the meadows the same invasion was in progress.

Dode was not a native of Fraternity. His father had been a granite splitter in the quarries near Frankfort; a man of some renown among those in his own craft. When Dode was a boy, the quarry had been occupied in cutting granite for the foundations of one of the New York bridges; and Dode's father had helped split off the very face of the quarry wall in the course of that work. Dode, clambering like a monkey about the steep slope, had watched the long task of drilling the diagonal holes; he had almost superintended the daily explosion of snapping charges of black powder; he had watched from a safe distance the first explosion which shifted the slab; and finally

(Continued on Page 93)

She Looked Across the Table at Him With Sharp Eyes. "Dode, Did You Fix Up That Insurance This Spring?"

What Becomes of the Rich Man's Income?—By Albert W. Atwood



"It Takes No More Food to Nourish a Rich Man Than a Poor One"

ANY attempt to discover what becomes of the rich man's income is sure at the start to meet the objection that no two men are alike. Are there not as many ways of spending money as there are affluent people to spend it? It takes so many different kinds of people to make up the world, there are so many breeds and varieties of rich and poor, that the possibility of making any worthwhile general statement concerning the disposition of large incomes seems discouragingly remote.

"In my opinion," writes Secretary Mellon in reply to an inquiry along these lines, "you will find no typical case, and the only basis on which you could draw safe conclusions would be an analysis of how all rich men spend their incomes."

For once, apparently, the Secretary of the Treasury and the junior senator from Michigan, James Couzens, are in accord, for Senator Couzens writes in reply to a similar inquiry:

"I do not believe there is any way of arriving at this"—what millionaires do with their incomes—"because each is undoubtedly an individualist and directs the use of his income in different ways."

Wealthy Men With No Incomes

BUT even if Secretary Mellon and Senator Couzens, both of whom are understood to be men of very large wealth themselves, are quite mistaken, and there is a typical case to be had, how, I ask, is it to be found? For this is a field, here is subject matter, in which appearances are even more than commonly deceptive. Those that seem very rich are frequently not so at all, while those who give the fewest signs of wealth may possess it in a high degree.

In a previous article it was pointed out that aside from Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller we have no means of ranking with any certainty the great possessions of those of our citizens who are supposed to have them. It was said also that the public usually rates men as richer than they are and seldom rates them as poorer than they are. Many are rich on paper only, others have large assets but still greater liabilities, and still others who give no sign of affluence are discovered after death to have been among the richest of all.

In gathering information for this series of articles the writer directed an inquiry to an acquaintance who is known to be the owner of property of various sorts with values that run into the scores of millions. Such a person, I reasoned, must be a rich man, and therefore must have a large income. To him was sent a copy of a statement previously furnished the writer by another man of wealth, showing what had become of his income. To all of which came the following reply:

"The wealthy gentleman to whom you refer, and whose subdivision is quite interesting, has had the good luck of late years to have a real income, even though still at the mercy of the lynxes. Personally, for several years I have had no income under our present methods of reporting, because I have backed a great many friends foolishly and they have lost so much money for me that I have not had much to pay. I cannot therefore give you a subdivision of applied sciences. There has been no science to apply."

But even if we find a man or men indubitably rich, our troubles have only begun. Two persons with precisely the same incomes may pay wholly different amounts in taxes, depending upon the proportion of tax-exempt securities held, and upon whether their affairs are handled in individual, partnership or corporate form. But the amount available for gifts and reinvestments, and perhaps even the scale of personal living expense itself, depends in turn to some degree upon the percentage of taxes paid, and in the same way the amount of taxes paid may be greatly modified by the gifts which are made.

When it comes to philanthropy or charity, we find men like Ford, who boldly announces that his gospel is one of work and couples with that a specified bill of particulars against all charity; while we find other rich men who give away practically their entire fortunes.

Then there are the rich who spend most of their incomes on fine country estates, yachts and all kinds of lavish entertainments, as well as the type represented by Russell Sage, who regarded ten dollars as the limit for a suit of clothes, but whose vast fortune went eventually into many noble philanthropies.

Idiosyncrasies of Multimillionaires

EXCEPT so far as income is hoarded, it must be paid out in taxes, spent, given away or reinvested. But even these lines of demarcation are not clear. A man builds himself a beautiful country place and decides after a while to admit the public to the grounds on two days a week, or he collects rare books and permits other collectors and book lovers to see them. Then after a while he decides to give the estate to the town as a community house or the books to a public library. Did he spend his income on himself or did he give it away?

It takes an accountant or a lawyer to tell the rich man under what classification these distributions of income belong, but neither the expert nor the man himself knows any more about it after the classification has been made.

Senator Couzens says that millionaires are individualists.

"You will have difficulty in getting the information you want," said another rich man to the writer, "because successful wealthy men have as a rule outstanding qualities of one sort or another. That means that they all have marked idiosyncrasies and spend their money in different ways."

(Continued on Page 184)

When Half Hunters Take the Field

By ROBERT B. VALE

FROM a near-by camp in the district where I was hunting deer last December, a party of hunters trailed up through a ravine, following a logging road walled with scrub oak, thick stuff to which rusty-red leaves clung tenaciously despite the united efforts of biting frosts, beating rains and whipping gales to tear them loose from gnarled and warty branches. There were eight in the group, a small number in a country where drives participated in by thirty hunters are not uncommon. Average sportsmen, too; some older men familiar with every foot of the mountain, skilled in the use of firearms, understanding the hiding places and habits of deer; some younger men less experienced, not so cautious.

In the Blue Ridge the most effective way to get deer is by means of the drive. Of course, still-hunting, or stalking, is done; but mostly the great flats and the rounded and eroded slopes peculiar to the range are covered with dense growth of low stuff, scrub oak and black locust, with considerable aspen. In spots it is almost impenetrable, affording excellent cover for animals. A deer may be fifteen feet distant and not visible, only the faint snapping of a twig betraying its presence as it slinks through the brush. Quite naturally, since the scrub oak makes for the safety of wild life, it adds to the jeopardy of humans. A member of a hunting party does not always have certain knowledge of the location of a companion.

Driving deer compels the hunters to divide their strength, half the men being posted along runways, the others forming a line and beating through the thickets to stir out the game. Deer in flight follow rather definite routes, the bucks nearly always taking a course that will lead them to the crests, the does seeking the swamps. Hunters on the crossings get their shots as a buck bounds past, clearing ten feet at a leap. A badly frightened deer has been known to jump a fifteen-foot-high obstruction.

Several drives had been made by the party on this bright early winter day; short drives, because of the small number of men who participated. Those familiar with the game know that the drives covering small patches are more risky. Sometimes at the outset only a few hundred yards will separate the two parties, and this distance lessens as the drive proceeds. It is a rule that those who are doing the beating shall keep in touch with one another and with the men on the crossings by imitating the yelp of a trailing hound or by sounding whistles or cowbells. Caps lined with red flannel and coats carrying broad bands of scarlet down the back are additional measures for safety. All these devices were used by the men in the drive referred to.

Wild Shots

A BIG buck was jumped. It broke through the scrub oak in mighty leaps, heading toward the men on the upper crossings. One hunter caught sight of it and fired. The deer turned. There were hoarse cries, more shooting and both sides closed in.

Now among the hunters were two boys, one of them the son of the leader of the hunt. He was a mountain lad. The other had come up from a little town in the valley and was comparatively new in the difficult work. These two youths found themselves on opposite flanks of the buck. The valley boy fired and wounded the animal. At that moment the mountain lad took hasty aim with a shotgun carrying a pumpkin ball, a deadly missile at short range, and when he pulled the trigger the shot struck his friend in the head. They carried the dead boy down the mountainside. They took him home, a victim of a hunting accident; and he was only seventeen years old.

Last season more than 300 persons were killed in hunting, there were approximately 1500 nonfatal accidents. These figures are based upon estimates from states in which statistics have been collected by state game boards and include all the known casualties associated with the gunning season; the man hurt while taking his gun out of an automobile as well as the guide who was slain in the woods in mistake for a deer. Many states keep no record and other states take note of those accidents occurring in big-game hunting. Many minor hurts are not made public.

More complete figures are available in Pennsylvania than any other state, because the game wardens have been instructed to investigate all accidents, and because Pennsylvania is rapidly developing into one of the best hunting countries in the Union, both on large and small game. Michigan, New York, Maine, California and a dozen other states count the human toll during the gunning season. Nearly all the Southern states, many Mississippi Valley and Western states can only guess at the number of shooting accidents.

In Pennsylvania there were fifty-three persons killed during the 1923 hunting season and 150 more or less seriously wounded. At first glance the figures seem appalling, but under analysis the percentage is not so high as one might suppose. Nearly 500,000 hunting licenses were issued in that state during the season, and it is believed that another 100,000 farmers and their sons who were not compelled to take out permits to hunt on their own or leased land were in the field. That means an army of 600,000 engaged in shooting. The chances were about 11,000 to 1 that the hunter would not be killed and 4000 to 1 that he would not be badly hurt. It is reasonable that the odds will hold for the nation at large.

In the 1922 season in Pennsylvania there were thirty-seven fatalities, in 1921 there were twenty-nine and in 1920 there were forty-three. The New York figures show twenty hunters killed in 1923, sixteen in 1922 and only thirteen for 1921; but the figures are not so complete as those collected in the sister state. Michigan, with a much smaller population and area than New York, reveals a higher death list in past years, but now the toll is lower.

The Tragic Cost of Carelessness

SO LONG as firearms are built, so long as powder is made and so long as shot and bullets are sold, there will be accidents. Just as automobiles and airplanes kill folks, just as swimming and riding hold elements of danger, so there is risk in hunting. Perhaps there are too many gunning accidents. After reading and analyzing many hundreds of reports, one is apt to come to the conclusion that the total is too high and ought to be reduced.

Gunning accidents are divided into only two classes—those due to carelessness and those that are unavoidable. A hunter forgets to eject the shells from his rifle upon reaching camp. It falls from the rack and somebody gets perforated with a soft-nose bullet that has a nasty way of ripping flesh and shattering bones. Carelessness. A woodsman trips over a root and sprawls forward, sending a load of bird shot through his foot. Unavoidable. Offhand, I would call the killing of the seventeen-year-old lad carelessness due to inexperience.

That case brings up a distressing fact. Nearly 70 per cent of the shooting accidents I have studied over a period of several years dealt with victims under twenty-one years old. More boys are killed or maimed than older persons. This is not because there are more boy than men hunters. A census in the field will show more of mature years engaged in the sport. It is because the youngsters have not had the training to equip them to be reliable under the severe strain they will be put to; they have not been taught how to meet the varied conditions that arise in the woods.

The complexities of handling an automobile are small when compared with the complications one meets in a single day's hunting excursion. Mostly a lad is allowed to go shooting without previous instruction; 80 per cent of present-day hunters are self-taught. Experience is a tiptop instructor, but experience often demands a price payable in blood and tears. The earlier a lad learns how dangerous a gun is, how carefully it must be watched, how much is required in the way of precaution—the

(Continued on Page 85)

The Only Time the Muzzle of a Shotgun Is Safe Is When It Is Pointing Away From a Human Being

THE BATHING BOOTY

The House Lights Were Flashed On and Enoch Tapp Rose Furiously to His Feet. And Then He Was Seen and Recognized

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

By Octavus Roy Cohen

THE air of the dining room was surcharged with acrimony. The long gangling figure of Mr. Enoch Tapp was doubled at the waist and he punctuated his ultimatum with blows of a skinny fist upon the table top.

"An' tha's all there is to it, Evergreen. I ain't gwine stand it no longer."

Mrs. Evergreen Tapp matched the anger of her husband.

"Words what you says!"

"I says words an' they mean somethin'. Fum now on you ain't goin' to act in movin' pitchers no mo'."

"Pff! I reckon I got somethin' to say about that."

"I ain't studyin' what you says. It's what you does that I is intrusted in."

She rose and stood belligerently before him; a rather small and decidedly shapely woman whose creamy-brown complexion was suffused with the tint of cold fury.

"Nerve, Mistuh Tapp, is the one thing you ain't got nothin' else but. Who you reckon you is, tellin' me what I kin an' cain't do?"

"Ise yo' husban', ain't I?"

"Wuss luck. But you don't own me."

"I pays taxes on you."

"Well, I pays my own taxes heahafter. When a gal like I gits a chance to git to be an actress ——"

"Actress!" He laughed scornfully. "I reckon you thinks it's actressin' to put on a bathin' suit an' let a cam'ra take yo' pitcher. Nex' thing you is gwine be talkin' 'bout art. Well, you give me ear, woman! I ain't gwine premit no wife of mine to be no bathin' beauty, an' tha's all I has got to say."

"You better say somethin' else, Mistuh Enoch Tapp, 'cause what you has just pronounciated has went out of t'other ear fum which it came in."

"You refuses to quit yo' job with the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.?"

"I does. I woul'n't do it nohow, but it specially woul'n't be fair now, even did I want to. They has done shot about six scenes which I is in an' the whole pitcher would be ruint did I git out."

"Fumadiddles! You talks like you was some impawtant."

"I is!" she flashed. "Oh, I ain't sayin' that they chosed me any more enthusiastic than they took them other gals; but since they stahted makin' the pitcher they has let me do some bits with Opus Randall."

"That big, fat, no-'count ol' buzzard?"

"Yeh, him. An' he's the funniest cullud movin'-pitcher actor in the world. An' he tol' me with his own mouf that this new pitcher—the Old Mill Scream—is gwine be the laughin'est two-reeler which the Midnight has put out sence it was fust disorganized."

"Well, you ain't gwine furnish none of the fun, 'cause, Evergreen, you has ceased bein' an actress. Fum now on you has resigned away fum the job of runnin' around in a brown bathin' suit."

"I ain't!"

"You refuses?"

"I does."

"Then I goes down an' resigns fo' you."

"I tells J. Cæsar Clump he ain't to assept yo' resignation."

Enoch Tapp grimaced with distaste.

"That li'l shrimp of a director! I reckon I kin convince him that I has got a right ——"

"You ain't got nothin' but breeze an' you is wastin' it talkin'. Maybe I is yo' wife—I reckon all wimmin make mistakes sometimes—but you ain't gwine stan' up there an' tell me is I is or is I ain't to act in motion pitchers. Mos' men would be proud of their wife's actin'."

"You knowed I was gwine be ag'in it."

"How come you to think that?"

"'Cause you di'n't tell me when you fust stahted. You went an' kep' it a secret fum me until you had been wukkin' a week. Ain't that proof that you knowed I woul'n't like it?"

"Maybe 'tis an' maybe 'tain't. But that ain't neither hither or yon, 'cause all what counts is that I continues with the comp'ny."

"I fo'bids you."

"I ain't gwine do what you says. What right you got deprivin' me ——"

"There ain't no depravity about it. I says my wife shoul'n't be no bathin' beauty an' she ain't gwine be such."

"An' that's all what you says?"

"Ev'y las' word."

"Well, Mistuh Tapp, you ain't said it strong enough, 'cause I goes right ahead an' finishes actin' in the Old Mill Scream. Now what is you gwine do 'bout it?"

The issue was squarely joined. Across the dining table husband and wife stared at each other and knew that they faced a marital crisis. Neither gave the slightest indication of weakening and Enoch experienced a qualm of apprehension. They had not been married very long and were still excessively fond of each other. Enoch wasn't quite sure just how much stubbornness might be contained in the little body of his wife.

"You wait an' see what I does."

"Ise waitin'."

"Well, you won't have to wait so long."

He grabbed his hat from the hall tree and slammed the front door on his way out. For a few minutes Evergreen stared at the somber panels, then her lips quivered. But she did not give way. Before the tears broke loose a new idea came to her and her mouth set in a firm straight line betokening grim determination. Mrs. Tapp had certain immutable ideas on the question of wifely rights and she knew that this was not the time or place to weaken. But somehow she wasn't so happy as she had been.

As a matter of fact, she had known that her husband would register objection to this brief professional career and for that reason had refrained from consulting him when opportunity presented itself. After all, she really wanted to act. Ever since the launching of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., in Birmingham, colored society had been on the *qui vive*. It was an organization which successfully manufactured two-reel farce comedies of and by negroes; but it differed from any other similar organization in film history in that its product was being distributed through one of the largest organizations in New York and had already won places on the programs of more than one hundred first-class first-run houses throughout the country.

Every so often came a picture requiring the services of local amateur talent to augment the laugh-provoking efforts of the resident company. Such a picture was the Old Mill Scream, then in the process of manufacture. And in this picture neither effort nor expense was being spared, since it had been authored by Orifice R. Latimer, colored president of the Midnight, and Orifice was determined that his brain child should come into the world in proper fashion.

The comedy was really not a bad one. It was a burlesque—partly conscious and partly unconscious—of the old mill-wheel melodrama. There was the funny man—Opus Randall, the portly—who bought the mill and hired a crew to run it; and then the discovery that all the young men he had hired to work for him were pulchritudinous ladies who cavorted around in one-piece bathing suits. Then the advent of Opus' film wife with her flashing green eyes; and the big scene of the film was to come when Opus had discharged his corps of fair assistants in order to placate his wife—and was dreaming of their departed charms.

In his dream he was to vision the old mill wheel and fastened to each paddle would be one of the fair damsels. The wheel was then to revolve slowly until all of them were drowned, at which melancholy moment he was to make the ghastly discovery that this had all been the work of his jealous wife.

Of course, trick photography and many close-ups were to be employed in the filming of this agonizingly funny scene. An abandoned mill on the Warrior had been rented

for the filming and expert mechanics had repaired some of the machinery so that when water was let into the mill race the big wheel would turn. Two days later the company was due to visit the Warrior for the shooting of the final scenes, and Evergreen Tapp was quite determined that she would be among those present.

But when that night her husband maintained a pervasive and dignified silence, and refused to respond to her very obvious peace advances, she became a trifle worried. The following day she suggested to J. Cæsar Clump, the small but dynamic director, that she resign. He threw his skinny arms high in the air and told her that such a procedure was impossible.

"It cain't be done, Mis' Tapp. Ain't we picked you out fo' some special bits with Opus Randall, an' haven't we filmed them scenes in the interior sets, an' ain't them sets a'ready been tore down? Was you to quit now, us would have to start right at the beginnin' again an' do the whole pitcher over. It'd cost more than we'd sell it for. No'm; you signed a contrac' an' we has got to hold you to it."

Mention of her contract sobered Evergreen. She was afraid of a writin', and there was no forgetting the fact that she had duly affixed her signature to a formal document of personal service. Wherefore, in fear and trembling, she made ready for the trip to the Warrior with the company. The night prior to her departure she broke the news to her husband.

"I ain't gwine be home tomorrow night, Enoch."

"Hmph!"

"Ise got to go down to the Warrior in the mawnin' with my comp'ny. Us is gwine to shoot some scenes."

"If I was down there I'd shoot some actors, too."

"I—Ise gwine resign fum the comp'ny when this pitcher is finished."

"I ain't intrusted in yo' resignations."

And so the following morning she departed. At the studio the company boarded two busses for the long ride to the Warrior. It was a royal and festive occasion and they rolled out of Birmingham to the accompaniment of much singing and jollity. But Evergreen did not join in the merrymaking. Her heart was heavy within her breast and she began to realize that perhaps she had been too precipitate in thus plunging into a professional career. However ——

Back in Birmingham, Enoch Tapp gloomed about his duties as community gardener. Enoch was a good gardener and his services were much in demand by householders of the Mountain Terrace district

Enoch couldn't understand his wife. He didn't see why she had insisted upon a theatrical diversion. He was ag'in acting; it didn't seem just right, and the fact that his wife was a bathing beauty did not add to his enthusiasm. There really was no reason why she should have undertaken this thing. He earned an average of twenty dollars a week as a free-lance gardener, which amount permitted him to cater amply to Evergreen's needs. And now —— He visioned her on the bank of the Warrior in that obnoxious bathing suit, consorting with theatrical folk; Enoch was bewildered. He didn't know just what to do and he was doing it miserably.

The house on Avenue F seemed strangely empty that night. He sat in the living room and tried to read, but the words blurred before him and so he donned hat and coat and strolled downtown on Eighteenth Street and turned in at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where a hectic Kelly pool game was in progress. He unracked a cue, paid a quarter, accepted a pellet and joined in. But he played languidly and unluckily and eventually quit. Florian Slappey, Darktown's diminutive fashion plate, joined him.

"Ain't seen you shootin' pool since you was fust ma'ied, Enoch."

"Ain't shot none until tonight."

"You suttinly is out of practice."

"Reckon it'll come back to me."

"Melancholy what you has got."

"Reckon I c'n be sad if I wants."

"Guess so. How come Evergreen let you git out?"

"She don't know nothin' about it, n'r neither she don't care. She's down to the Warrior with them Midnight pitcher folks."

"Hot dam! I heard she was playin' in that new pitcher of theirn."

"Yeh, dawg-gone it! I ain't got no use fo' pitcher actin', an' — "

"'Tain't so bad," commented Florian sagely. "I was in their last one."

"You ain't no woman."

"Tha's a fact."

"An' you ain't a wife."

"Guess not."

"Specially mine."

"Glory be!"

"I is sad; absotively mis'able. What you reckon kind of pitcher they is takin' down there?"

Florian arched his eyebrows in surprise.

"Di'n't Evergreen tell you?"

"I an' her ain't been talkin' to each other fo' the las' two days."

"H'm!" Florian hesitated. "Seems like to me it's a terrible dang'ous pitcher, Enoch."

"Dang'ous?"

"Uh-huh."

"Wh-wh-what you mean—dang'ous?"

Florian had heard many rumors. He passed them along now with an earnestness which lent verisimilitude.

"Well, as I un'erstan's it, they has got eight bathin' beauties, an' they is fixin' to tie each one of 'em to the paddle of a mill wheel an' then start the wheel goin' round. Now you can 'magine fo' yo' ownse'f what happens to them gals when their paddle gits down under the water."

"Oh, lawsy!"

"They claim it's gwine be awful funny, but some of the things folks laughs at ain't so funny to the folks which prevides the 'musement. Now when I was gwine act in a pitcher, what they wanted me to do was to git burned an' drowned an' ——"

"Paddlin' my Evergreen!"

"Uh-huh. Roun' an' roun' an' roun'. An' the drownder she gits the funnier it is, an' you can figure how far they is gwine ca'y it, 'cause funny scenes is the fondest things they is of."

Enoch Tapp was rigid with horror. So this then was the diabolical scheme? He visioned his poor unsuspecting bride traveling cheerfully away from him to a paddle-wheel grave.

"Roun' an' roun' she goes—up, down, kersplash!" His feet banged on the floor. "It ain't to be stood!"

"Says which?"

"Ise gwine protest."

"Man, you got to have an awful loud protester fo' them folks to heah you."

Enoch was horribly excited. He stretched himself to full length and dug long fingers into Florian Slappey's shoulder.

"Is you my friend, Florian?"

"I ain't nothin' else."

"Comes you with me to the Warrior River?"

Mr. Slappey's eyes twinkled. He did not relish action, but he enjoyed being where action was.

"How you aims to git there?"

"I rents me a flivver fum one of these heah drive-it-yo'-se'f companies fo' cullud."

Florian extended his hand.

"Us travels!"

And travel they did, but not without mishap. There was a flat tire for one thing, and both proved clumsy at tire-changing. Then the dry patch proved too dry and too little patch. The tube leaked and the ordeal had to be undergone again. It was a bitter, heart-rending night for the distraught husband. He conjured in his mind's eye all manner of dire things that must be happening to his wife, and the night crawled on as they struggled in the darkness by the roadside. Dawn came grayly and then day broke. When they came within sight of the Warrior River it was eight o'clock, and they found themselves a considerable distance from the mill site. Grimly, and with the demands of the inner man shrieking for satisfaction, they started for the scene.

Meanwhile the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., was strictly on the job. The company was routed out at seven in order that no single ray of the bright sun should be missed. Breakfast was cooked and eaten and then the company members dispersed to their tents to don the habiliments of slapstick. J. Cæsar Clump and his cameraman conferred.

"Have 'em ready to shoot by nine o'clock," counseled the cameraman. "It'll be enough light then."

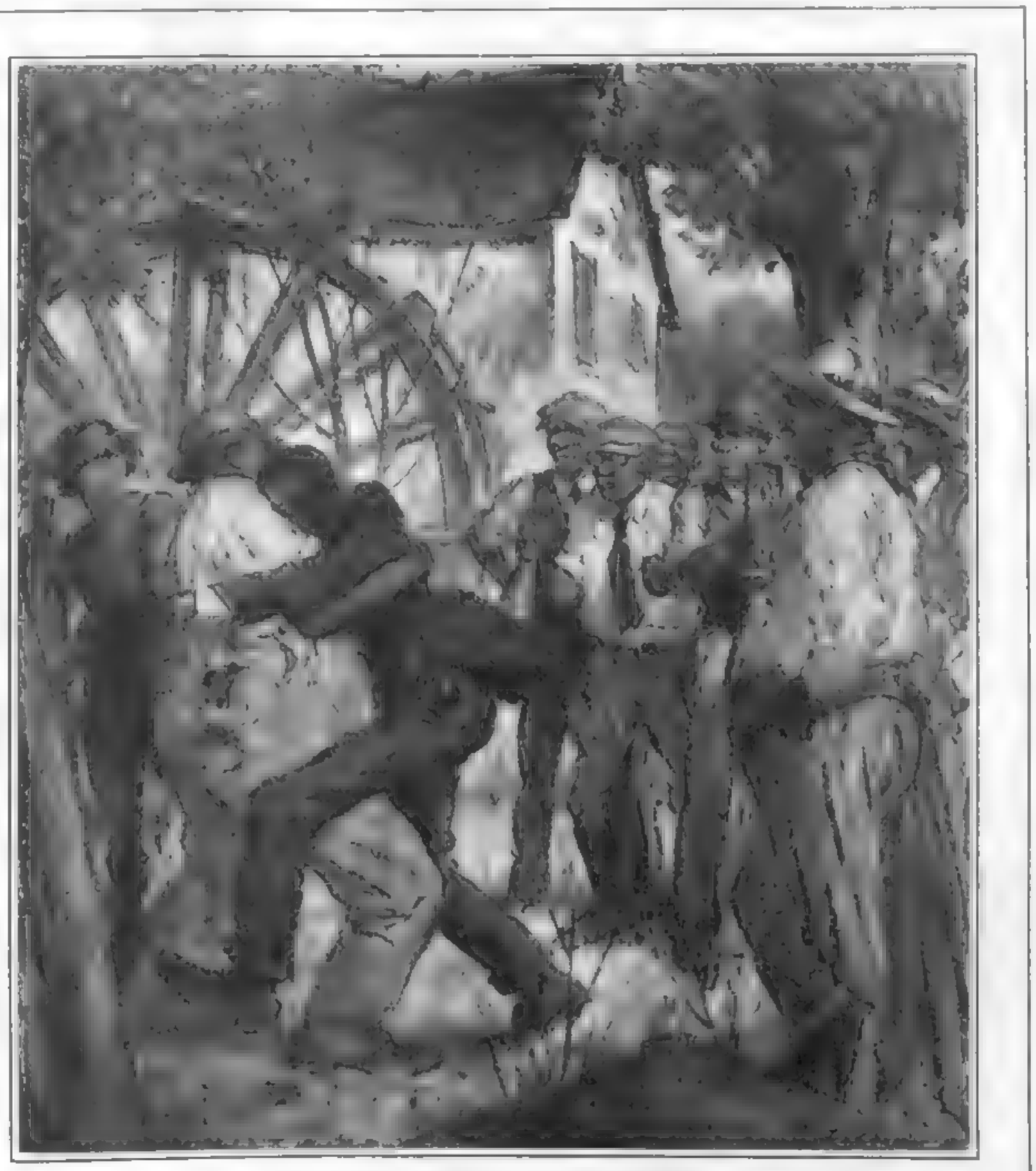
"Plenty film?"

"Heaps. Box loaded an' a new load all ready."

"Great! I got a hunch this is our big day."

The deserted mill was, indeed, picturesque, nestling in a grove of oak, cypress and willow. Spanning the front was

(Continued on Page 142)

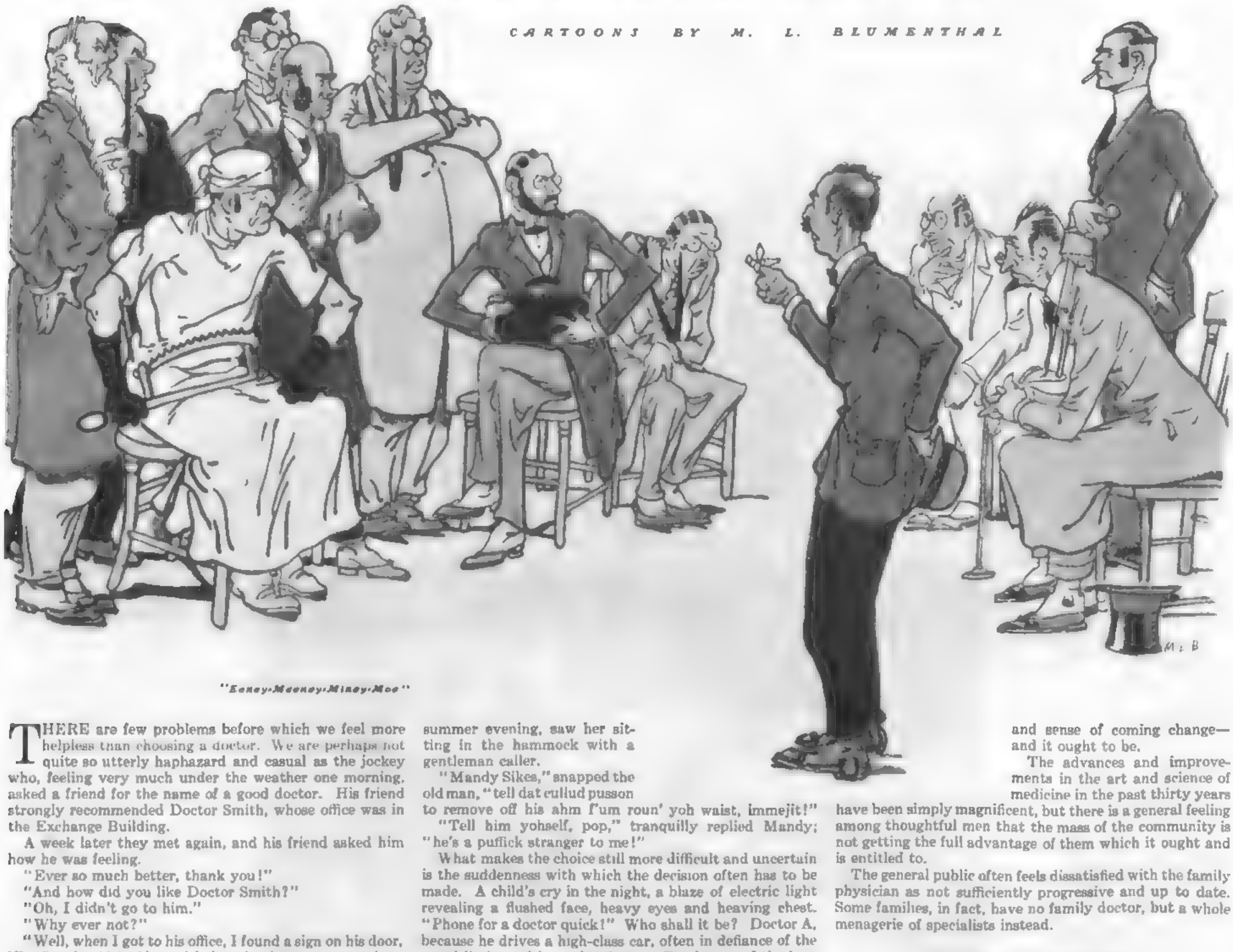


For Perhaps a Minute the Struggle Was Excellent

CHOOSING YOUR DOCTOR

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



"Eeney-Meeney-Miney-Moe"

THERE are few problems before which we feel more helpless than choosing a doctor. We are perhaps not quite so utterly haphazard and casual as the jockey who, feeling very much under the weather one morning, asked a friend for the name of a good doctor. His friend strongly recommended Doctor Smith, whose office was in the Exchange Building.

A week later they met again, and his friend asked him how he was feeling.

"Ever so much better, thank you!"

"And how did you like Doctor Smith?"

"Oh, I didn't go to him."

"Why ever not?"

"Well, when I got to his office, I found a sign on his door, 'Dr. Smith; 12 to 1'; and I thought that was pretty long odds to take on being cured. So I looks across the hall; and there was another door, and it said, 'Dr. Jones; 1 to 2' And I thought that was a blame sight safer bet; so I went to him. And you see how quick he's cured me!"

Picking out a doctor seems to the average head of a family a good deal of a leap in the dark. For the realm of medicine is to him a dark and mysterious domain, and the doctor a being of strange and almost magical powers of healing. If he were engaging a lawyer, or taking on a new assistant in his office, or selecting a teacher for his children, he would have some standards to go by; but a doctor he has no line on.

A Wholesale or a Retail Doctor?

HE KNOWS, of course, that a physician must have passed an examination by the state board of medical examiners for the right to hang out his shingle, and must also be a graduate from some medical college. But unless he happens to know something of the standing of that medical college or of the university with which it is connected, these data won't help him much in reaching a decision; because all the other doctors in town have exactly the same nominal qualifications.

It looks as if the only way to find out was to take a chance and try the one that strikes your fancy.

Even with the utmost caution and circumspection we may, after all, find ourselves in the position of the dusky belle whose father, suddenly coming out on the porch one summer evening, saw her sitting in the hammock with a gentleman caller.

"Mandy Sikes," snapped the old man, "tell dat cullud pusson to remove off his ahm f'um roun' yoh waist, immejit!"

"Tell him yohself, pop," tranquilly replied Mandy; "he's a puffick stranger to me!"

What makes the choice still more difficult and uncertain is the suddenness with which the decision often has to be made. A child's cry in the night, a blaze of electric light revealing a flushed face, heavy eyes and heaving chest. "Phone for a doctor quick!" Who shall it be? Doctor A, because he drives a high-class car, often in defiance of the speed limit, and has a handsome office in one of the best blocks in town? Doctor B, the society doctor, employed by the best people? Doctor C, who goes to the same church as you do? Doctor D, who is a member of one of the oldest families? Or Doctor E, who is a regular feller and personal favorite at your club or lodge? It is lamentable but probably well within the truth that a large proportion of family doctors were selected for church, social or personal reasons, which had really very little to do with their professional skill and competence.

Of late years a new factor has cropped up further to confuse our decision. Within the past few decades the sum of medical knowledge has increased so enormously and the field of medicine split up into such an incredible number of separate specialties that no one man can possibly cover or know it all. And the question now is, shall we call a wholesale doctor, a general practitioner as he is termed, who covers the whole field of medicine and gamut of human ills, more or less thinly, in spots perhaps; or a retail doctor, a specialist who confines his attention strictly to the maladies of a single organ or region? If you know where your trouble is, why not go direct to the highest authority on that region at once? It will cost more at first, but you may save time, money and useless suffering by it in the long run. Or will you go to a hospital and let it supply a doctor for you?

But the patient, or head of a family, is not the only one who is puzzling over the situation and asking himself questions today. The doctor also is beginning to feel uneasy and dissatisfied and to wonder what is coming next and where he is going to get off. It is a period of restlessness and sense of coming change—and it ought to be.

The advances and improvements in the art and science of medicine in the past thirty years have been simply magnificent, but there is a general feeling among thoughtful men that the mass of the community is not getting the full advantage of them which it ought and is entitled to.

The general public often feels dissatisfied with the family physician as not sufficiently progressive and up to date. Some families, in fact, have no family doctor, but a whole menagerie of specialists instead.

The Day of the Specialist

THE family doctor is deeply dissatisfied with the specialists, who are cutting his practice into ribbons, besides taking all the honor and glory and big fees and leaving him only the hard work and dull routine and dirty weather, and small-fee or no-pay cases. He is even talking of taking a postgraduate course and turning specialist himself, so that there seems actual danger of the general practitioner, the man who really carries the gun in medicine, disappearing altogether, crushed out between the specialist on one side and the health officer on the other.

As for the new doctors, the recent graduates who are now being turned out by our medical colleges, no country work or family practice for them, with night calls, long drives through mud and rain and snow and slush, small fees and waiting six months for payment in sour apples and punk cordwood.

Only a white-collar job in some lucrative specialty, with short hours and every night off, will suit their book!

So it is actually becoming difficult to secure an adequate supply of doctors for country and small-town districts, and some towns are actually obliged to provide a house and guarantee a certain minimum income and agree to build a hospital for the care of serious cases, which require close and frequent attention.

There is another factor which must be frankly faced, and that is the important practical question of expense. The old-fashioned doctor of our fathers' days was content with one dollar for an office prescription and two dollars for a

house visit, and gave very fair service for the money, considering how few means of diagnosis he had.

The modern, up-to-date physician, who gives every case a thorough and painstaking examination, with laboratory tests, charges five times those fees, and a competent specialist ten times. But the patient saves money at that in the long run.

Of course these large fees and manifold subdivisions of the field of medicine may work hardship in some classes and cases.

The shrewd philosopher of the Archey Road has humorously sketched a possibility of what they might conceivably lead to unless checked by common sense: Hogan wakes up early one morning with an agonizing cramp in his side, which makes him sick and dizzy when he tries to rise, so he sends for the doctor.

The doctor comes promptly, goes over him carefully, and then, in Hogan's words, "I'm sorry," sez he, "but I only treat diseases of the head an' neck, an' this thrubble is below the collar bone, so ye must sind for Doc Thoracis."

One Frequently Hears the Charge That Doctors Today are Becoming Mercenary

Doctor Thoracis comes, thumps Hogan's chest, listens to his heart, and so on, and announces, "I know what the matther is, but I can't tell ye, for the union wouldn't like it if I did. I'm not allowed to treat anything below the diaphram, so ye must call Doc Abdominalis!" Doctor A. arrives, makes his examination, and the three doctors withdraw into the next room to talk over their verdict.

"An' there they arr'," says Hogan, "consultin' away at ten dollars a minnit, and here I am lyin' at two dollars a day—docked!"

A delightful piece of fooling, but a wonderfully shrewd and pointed setting of the problem—How are we going to bring the magnificent full resources of modern medicine within the reach and at the service of every member and class of the community?

This is the great question of practical medicine today, and it can be solved only by devoted, intelligent teamwork between the family doctor, the specialist, the consultant, the nurse, the hospital and the patient.

One frequently hears the charge, not only from the public but also from some older physicians, that doctors today are becoming mercenary, that the noble art of medicine is degenerating into a mere money-making trade.

Doctors as Business Men

SOME cynic makes an inquiring youth ask his father, "Paw, what's the difference between a doctor an' a consultant?"

"Ten dollars, my son."

"Then what's the difference between a consultant and a specialist?"

"All you've got!"

But there seems little real basis for the lamentation. In the first place, there's nothing new about it; it has been heard in every generation of the world's history since the days of Æsculapius. In the second, the doctor today spends far more time and labor in preparing himself, takes much greater pains with his patients, and can do three times as much for them as his grandfather or great-grandfather could, and is entitled to be paid in proportion. Lastly, the doctor has become a better business man and sees no reason why his bills—with, of course, liberal time allowance for loss of income through illness—should not be paid as promptly as those of anyone else. Though we doctors have many things in our history to be proud of, our conduct of our financial affairs is not one of them. We have allowed a curious combination of false modesty and snobbish pride in the fact that we are gentlemen and not tradesmen, based upon foolish, ancient tradition, to prevent us from presenting our bills promptly and insisting upon their payment within a reasonable time.

Even in the days of our fathers and grandfathers it was considered bad form to make out and send in medical bills oftener than once a year, or about the first New Year following the completion of the services, unless otherwise requested by the patient.

Any premature dunning before this period would have been deeply resented by our regular families as a reflection upon their solvency and willingness to pay their bills. The result was that many doctors fell into extremely slack and careless habits of both bookkeeping and collecting.

Any secretary of a state medical society can cite you the names of scores of both city and country doctors who have spent all their lives in active and successful practice and died leaving nothing between their families and want but a small insurance policy and a ledger full of unpaid accounts, many of them bearing the names of so-called best families, totaling ten, fifteen, twenty thousand dollars, which will not yield in actual cash ten cents on the dollar.

All on account of this vicious old tradition that the doctor must remember that he is a professional man and a gentleman, and not appear too keen about collections—an idea which reacted as badly upon the patient as upon the doctor.

The frame of mind induced by such infantile traditions is well illustrated by an incident recently published in The Lancet when a doctor was severely reproved by the censors of his local medical society for permitting himself to be referred to as "one of our leading physicians" in the description of his daughter's wedding. It was a "thinly veiled advertisement"!

But even the most fatuous and good-natured of doctors has to draw the line somewhere. The story is told of a kindly old country practitioner who had been carrying a shiftless family on his books for several years without any payments on account except a few pounds of soft butter in summer and an occasional basket of ten-cent eggs. Finally one day he was sent for in a hurry to assist a new member of the family into the world, though for his services at two earlier arrivals he had not yet been paid. The patient worm turned. He answered the call, but went, seething inwardly. As the fates had it, the mother had been badly frightened by a savage dog a couple of months before, and the family were most fearful that the baby would be marked in some way.

When the event was safely over and the wrathful doctor came down into the sitting room, the anxious father eagerly burst forth, "Oh, doctor, is it marked?"

"Yes," snapped the doctor, "this one came marked C. O. D."

The results of this false pride about bills and collections were even more injurious in the older countries, where it had crystallized into a definite taboo. Up to two or three decades ago it was not considered good form in England and Ireland for a doctor to send in any kind of bill, or even to name the amount of his fee when asked by the patient, if that patient was a man of family and standing. "Oh, I leave it to your honor!" was his prescribed reply. Even to this day, no member of the Royal College of Physicians, the highest official medical body in England, is permitted to sue a patient in the courts for the payment of a bill. If he did so he would be dropped from membership at once!

As a matter of fact, all this antediluvian squeamishness about naming a fee, or sending in a bill, or insisting upon its payment, instead of being a mark of lordly pedigree and lofty superiority, is something quite different—no less than a survival of the old slave status of the profession, when the physician, or leech, was a slave in the household of the great families and not allowed to charge money for his services, but only to accept thankfully such presents of clothing, ornaments, and so on, as were offered him by grateful patients.

On this side of the Atlantic we have nobly got over this traditional assumed superiority to mercenary considerations—this too-busy-to-make-money attitude. Adequate fees are charged, and statements of accounts are rendered regularly on the first of each month; and as a consequence the relations between doctor and patient, between a family physician and his families, are friendlier, franker, and on a firmer basis of mutual respect and social equality than anywhere else in the world. Only a comparatively few years ago there was actually printed in the columns of an English medical journal a lively discussion over the question whether a doctor, when visiting his aristocratic families, should drive up to the front door or go round to the tradesmen's entrance!

These better business and bookkeeping methods may sound mercenary, but no one can claim that the doctor of today is one iota less ready than his predecessors to relieve suffering wherever he meets it, without regard to the thickness of the sufferer's pocketbook. And he never will revert to the slipshod and indifferent business methods of the past, nor is it desirable that he should.

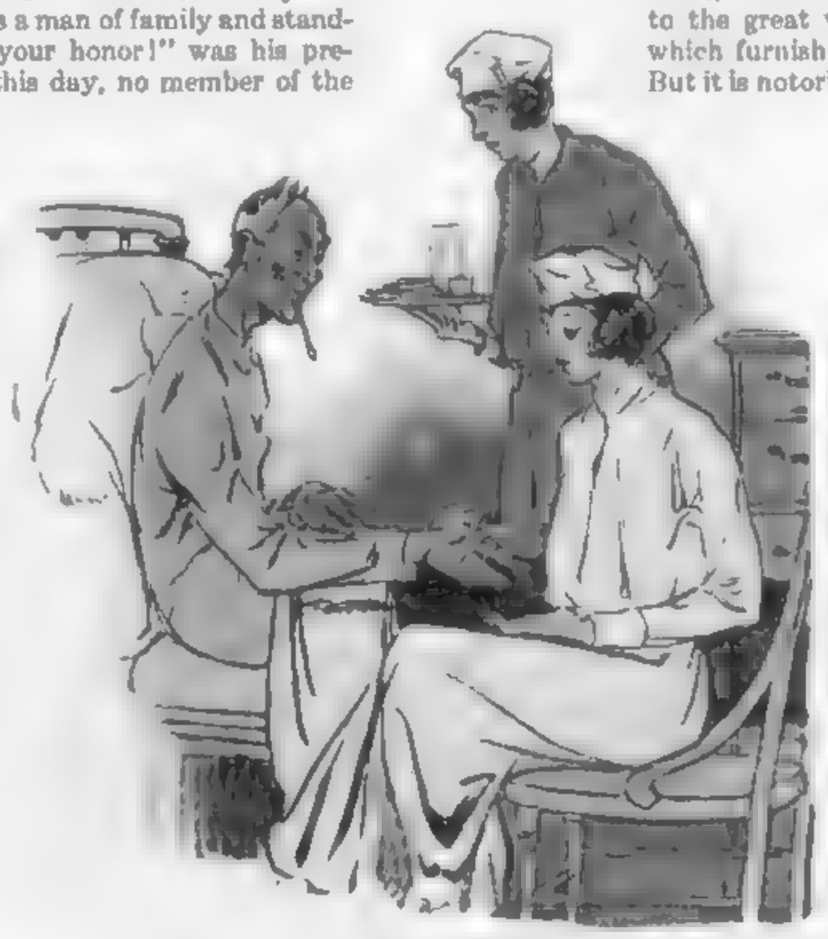
Perhaps in a few instances the swing of the pendulum has carried him too far, but they are a decided exception. Some few years ago great public outcry was raised in the newspapers over the claim that the doctors in a great university hospital were charging their pay patients in its private wards and rooms excessive and extortionate fees. So many and so well supported were the allegations that the board of trustees of the hospital made a full investigation and, while declining to censure any individuals by name, passed a resolution ordering that in future no member of the surgical or medical staff should be allowed to charge any private patient in the pay wards of the hospital a fee of more than one thousand dollars!

Evening Up Accounts

THAT brought the episode to a close in a gentle ripple of popular amusement, for the patient who was wealthy enough to be paid the compliment of a thousand-dollar fee would be, nine times out of ten, well able to pay it without the slightest hardship, as well as fully capable of protecting himself against any overcharge or imposition by either legal or social means. Witness the instinctive promptness with which the scandalized board of trustees came to the rescue of their own social stratum!

Incidentally it has always been one of the curious problems and unsettled financial questions of the practice of medicine, just what fee the wealthy patient shall be charged and how the amount shall be arrived at. On the one hand are the purists and transcendental theorists, who loftily declare that he should be charged just the same fee as anyone else, because no one can fix a monetary value upon human life or estimate human suffering and its relief in terms of dollars and cents. This they buttress with the practical argument that it takes no more time or greater skill on the doctor's part to relieve or cure a rich man than it does a poor man.

On the other hand are the practical, working-compromise souls, who admit frankly that no fee can be based upon the cash value of relief from pain and disability, and that the doctor is simply entitled to a charge which will give him a fair and reasonable return on his time and skill and equipment, without being unfair or burdensome to the great working and middle classes, which furnish 90 per cent of his patients. But it is notorious and self-evident in every community that the doctor is obliged in common humanity to take care of a considerable fraction of the less successful members of the population, the unskilled, the unemployed, the crippled, the defective, either free gratis or at greatly reduced charges; this in addition to all his services given at public hospitals and dispensaries, which are usually absolutely without salary or fee. He must actually allow for a shrinkage of from 15 to 30 per cent on the accounts placed on his books for this cause. Therefore he is justified in loading the accounts of his well-to-do patients with a heavier charge to balance the deficit; though the utmost he can hope for is to recover part of his loss.



The Hospital Case Recovers in Little More Than Half the Time, Thanks to a Trained Nursing Staff

(Continued on Page 135)

A FINGER DIPPED IN GOLD

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

It Was Here a Miner Had Shod His Horse With Shoes of Gold. It Was Here Fortunes Were Made in a Day, and Poor Became Rich and Lovers' Journeys Ended in Wedding Bells

THERE was once a man, wise, philosophical and traveled, who propounded a theory of colonization to explain why men travel far and dangerously into unknown places and there, in face of hardship, remain and flourish, cultivating the soil, raising stocks, harnessing great waters and building towns. The theory is contained in a single phrase:

"When a new land is ripe for occupation, Nature beckons with a finger dipped in gold."

Gold is the lure, not fertile plains and brimming rivers, nor the standing wealth of forests where the ring of an ax has never sounded. The careless find of a lonely pioneer lost in a wilderness—a nugget, a bag of dust dropped on the counter of a never-heard-of saloon—will work a miracle of colonization never approached by posters and propaganda, windows full of apples or colored pictures of wheat fields slanting in the sun.

But in the end it is the land, not the gold, that takes hold of men's imagination. The gold seam vanishes into the reef, the bright dust shines no more in the sands of the river, and beaten men starve and in fear look about them for a way to live. Then the land triumphs—the honest straight-dealing land whose promises are fulfilled with the steady march of the seasons.

Half a hundred years ago Edward Toller, seventh son of Quince Toller, yeoman, of Sompting, Sussex—farmer, fruit grower and man of substance—on a dappled-gray cob with a great barrel of a body rode into Shoreham to demand in marriage the hand of Miss Grace Pelling.

It was an irreproachable proposal, as well it might be, for young Edward had swotted it up in substance and detail from fiction of the day. Also he had rehearsed, with the aid of a manual on deportment, the correct attitude of body to be associated with a humble attitude of mind. As he knelt, his box-cloth leggings pinched the tendons at the back of his knee. But he was brave with affection.

"Miss Pelling—Grace," he said, clasping and unclasping his hands, "I love you and all I want in the world is to make you mine. Had I a great fortune I would lay it at your feet. Be my wife and I will labor to give you all your beauty deserves." All this and more to the same effect.

But never a word spoke Miss Grace Pelling. With lower lip drawn in between teeth which were as pearls, she sat and listened, her eyes fixed on an oleograph of the coronation of Queen Victoria which bore the astonishing title, Try Hughes' Teas. To speak would be to destroy a dream, and she was young enough, tender enough and practical enough to leave that job to somebody else. All too soon the somebody else arrived.

Her father was hot from bringing to the shore the tarry old dinghy in which he was occupied catching dabs with a hand line. Her father was wearing a moleskin vest and a reefer jacket bearing brass buttons embossed with anchors. His hands were silvered with the scales of a herring which had been used as bait. His paper collar was crumpled and he wore a beard instead of a tie.

He had seen Edward Toller's gray cob hitched to the railings before his house, a sight to madden any man at an hour when the fish had begun to bite. He burst into the room like a sudden wind.

"Get up out of that," he said.

Edward Toller was glad to rise if only on account of the tight leggings; but observing the expression of the face of old Pelling, he pondered the advisability of kneeling again with a different object.

"Sir," he began, "I have had the honor of asking your daughter ——"

"Gracie, go to your room, d'y'ear? Hook it!"

"But, papa ——" said Grace.

"Hook it!" he repeated.

So Gracie hooked it, with a sigh, a tear and an over-shoulder glance. Much of sweetness vanished with her.

"Now," said the old man, "to settle with you."

Edward Toller assumed a brave front, but it availed him not. He could give no satisfactory reply to the questions asked of him. Had he any money, position, prospects? He had not. Was his father likely to endow him? No, he wasn't. Then what the devil had he got? Any amount of love. Old Pelling was nearly sick.

"Out—before I kick you out!" he thundered.

So Edward Toller rode disconsolate away, and old Pelling shouted up the stairs, "Mind I don't see him round here again!"

And Gracie cried and old Pelling went back to his boat, but the fish had given up biting. So everybody was unhappy.

Edward Toller did not ride straight home, for that is not the way of the broken-hearted. He turned his horse to the downs and galloped perilously through the clumps of knotted gorse, to the great concern of rabbits. He galloped past Erringham, up the long slope to Thundersbarrow Barn and thence down the steep declivity to Bushy Bottom, where he fell off—an accident which knocked all the breath and a great deal of nonsense out of him. He was helped to rise by an old gypsy woman whose name, of course, was Lee. Retaining his hand, she told him she was a clear-bright who read the stars, and that he was born under Jupiter but ruled by Venus, that he had a lucky face and would cross the ocean. So Edward gave her a crown and two florins, which was nearly all he had, and full of her words departed thoughtfully.

That meeting was the finger of Providence acting as a signpost. Before an hour was out it pointed again through the medium of a sandwich wrapper, which a day before had been a news sheet of The Times, and now, rather buttery and crumby, littered the bar parlor of the Wagon and Horses at Beeding.

Edward Toller, who had gone in there for a gloomy quart, spied the sheet of paper and picked it up. In it all his future was contained: The Romance of a Nugget. Great Australian Gold Rush. Fortunes Made in a Day.

Never was a man who more earnestly desired to make a fortune in a day than Edward Toller. A year, a month—even a week was too long. One day—then riches, and after that wedding bells. There was no fortune to be found limewashing the stems of fruit trees in a Sompting orchard. Who said patience is a virtue? The farmer is a fool who plods where wise men run.

Celerity, the instant return—that was the thing. Gold and Grace! Australia! Rush!

Edward Toller's mind was made up—half a hundred years ago.

And so, one of a strange, rough company, Edward Toller sailed for Australia, taking with him the blessings of no men and two women. Also he took some bright new shovels, a pick and a pan. His father cursed him for a fool and gave him a hundred sovereigns in a canvas belt to wear about his middle; his mother kissed him good-by and gave him a Bible. And Grace Pelling sent him a note on the night before his departure which said, "I will wait for you."

And in something less than due course, the hundred sovereigns found its way into the pockets of men of greater experience, the Bible was lost and Grace Pelling married the unromantic son of a dealer in dry goods.

Penniless and unbelievably alone, Edward landed in Adelaide, where there was talk of gold and many fights and much drinking. Here Edward learned to be handy with his fists and nimble at raising his elbow; and presently he and another man who had become partners bought a large Waler from a man who was drunk enough to give them credit, and both astride its broad back rode east into the unknown.

It was a simple trail to follow, being blazed by the litter of thousands who had gone before. There were ashes of dead camp fires, bits of discarded clothing, rusty tins, the bones of animals and sometimes mounds which marked the resting places of men who had fallen by the way. Then there were others like themselves—stragglers and small

bands, mounted and on foot, and even hooded carts carrying women and children.

On that endless easterly trek, Edward learned hard lessons of human nature and the want of it. Suspicion was in the eyes of all; rivalry, greed and rank distrust. Men avoided one another, neither asking for nor giving help Each for himself was the dominant note. The road to fortune was paved with ugly shards.

At long last came the journey's end—a rocky defile drawn across a plain of waving grass, a rusty fissure on the face of the earth with busy men swarming like ants over its uneven slopes. It was here a man had pillowed his head on a nugget worth fifty thousand. It was here a miner had shod his horse with shoes of gold. It was here fortunes were made in a day, and poor became rich and lovers' journeys ended in wedding bells

Looking down on that turmoil of gold-lusting humanity, Edward Toller felt a stab at his heart. So unlovely it was, so barren, so desolate, with the kind earth flung this way and that, torn, riven and blasted, with the gentle rolling landscape cut into shreds as though a madman were performing upon it a loathsome autopsy. Beyond the gold field was a chaos of tumbled habitations, tents and shacks, clumsy log-built cabins, tin huts and vulgar marquees. All decencies of earth and home had been jettisoned by the common impulse of greed. Here was nothing but vulgar haste, dilapidation and squalor. Law, order and seemliness had gone by the board that men might scratch in the dirt for hasty riches.

There was no great philosophy in the composition of Edward Toller, but that first sight of the gold fields at Wangarina inspired in him a sense of disgust and of disquietude. He had not associated the idea of a fortune with all this hideous disorder. Gold at the price seemed dear, obscene. Here were men seeking to rob treasure from the earth by a dip of the spade, a lucky blast of dynamite. It was grotesque; very marvelous, of course, but grotesque. Riches and security without the price of labor

It was the old yeoman stock in Edward Toller that started that vein of thought; the dogged yeoman stock that through slow and patient seasons bent the reluctant countryside to accept its rule. His thoughts, unwilled, flew back to the Sompting flats, the even aisles of fruit trees and the glass frames that shone like jewels in the sun. There had been a few acres of gorse at the back of the old farm, bitter ground riddled with rabbit holes and starred with flints. His father had tamed it with plow and dressings and now it was a sturdy orchard. How weary young Edward had been of the old man's pride in that performance, fulfilled at the cost of five years' labor.

"Said it were impossible—said nothing 'ud grow there. My answer is the blossom on those young trees."

Five years' labor for a revenue of what? Twenty—thirty pounds a year? No, a revenue of achievement, conquest, the creation of something permanent.

Young Edward Toller and his partner rode down into the mining camp of Wangarina and there with alternating success and failure they lived, working, quarreling and squandering most of what they earned in bare necessities of life. Eggs were ten shillings each and there were no vegetables. For a while it was cheaper to drink champagne than water, wherefore it was cheaper to be drunk than sober.

Throughout that time in Wangarina there was a great deal of gold and not a little lead flying about. The atmosphere was forced and unreal and bore no resemblance to the atmosphere of a workaday world.

Also there were women bad enough in themselves to make men forget their duty to the good ones. And some men prospered and took to drink and were robbed, and others worried along, doing neither well nor badly.

A few great fortunes were made on distant exchanges and a great many little fortunes were lost. The heat, the congestion and the conditions were frightful. And then the gold ran out and there was famine, panic, frenzy and a fine crop of suicides.

Edward Toller had not waited for the final collapse. The land had been whispering promises in his ear, conditional promises; nothing to set a man crazy, but none the less worth listening to on that account.

When the crash came Edward Toller owned something he called a farm with a rough fence strung round it and a matter of two hundred grazing sheep. How he obtained them does not concern this story; somehow he convinced their previous owner he was a man who could be trusted.

Those sheep he guarded with a .38 rifle, which occupied a great deal of time, but not so much as to prevent him digging up a few acres and planting them with sweet potatoes, maize and green vegetables.

It is an undeniable fact that Edward Toller experienced more satisfaction examining the earth for the first signs of his seedlings than he ever found in his search for gold. When the famine and the panic came, the farm witnessed some extravagant auctioneering of its stock and produce. The prices paid were fantastic and would have continued fantastic had not others, driven by necessity, started in the neighborhood on similar lines. But despite local competition, Edward Toller made enough to pay his debts, quadruple his stock, purchase a few farm implements, hire some hands and get to work

And so began the conflict of man against Nature, and Nature gradually absorbing man in the very process of her own conquest. Nature had beckoned with a finger dipped in gold, had promised a kingdom and created a slave. And soon, where chaos had reigned, was rule, order, decent habitations, young fruit trees, orchards of oranges and lemons and great areas of wheat slanting in the breeze.

He Accepted Her Rebuke Humbly, Saying, "I Suppose I am Ignorant, Though No Man Likes to be Told That"

In the year 1910, Hilary Toller, son of John Toller, grandson of old Quince Toller, now deceased, came down from Cambridge to face the necessity of making his way in the world. At the university he had already made his way, having accomplished the glorious achievement of founding a wine club under the title of the Yquem. The Yquem sported its own colors, old amber with a maroon line, and these were worn as socks, handkerchiefs and neckties. The objects of the club were simple and few. It was a strictly nonintellectual organization, designed to promote good fellowship, sartorial correctness and the ability to take one's glass like a gentleman. Within its sacred walls was much talk about good form, which is to say, good dressing. A member of the Yquem inspired the abolition of the slit skirt of the lounge coat long before The Tailor and Cutter ever dreamed of such a thing.

Hilary Toller, as president, introduced collars to match shirts, the revival of the double-breasted dress vest on narrower lines, the two-stud dress shirt and the bat-wing tie. He was also responsible for many agreeable innovations in modern diction, noticeably the guillotining of the letter *g* in all words relating to sport. Shootin', huntin', fishin', rowin'.

"But in references to arts and sciences, as painting, acting and the like," he remarked when introducing the measure, "the *g* must always be sounded."

Here is a sample sentence:

"Sargent has done a thundering good painting of that huntin' johnny in this year's show."

After that, Hilary Toller's reputation was secure, and when a year later he announced that Yquems would drop the offensive habit of omitting the prefix "miss" before the names of actresses, his fame as a leader of good form reached a pinnacle.

Thereafter you could always tell a Yquem by hearing him speak of Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Gabrielle Ray, Miss Birdie Sutherland. Gertie, Gabs and Birdie were heard no more.

But now these glories were over and Hilary was to decide which path he would travel in the ungenerous world. His choice led him first to a florist's and thence by taxi to the Gaiety stage door. And here, thanks to an acquaintance who was familiar with the locality, he made friends and dates with a number of exquisite young ladies in whose company he ate luncheons and teas at various expensive restaurants. And in every instance they behaved beautifully for about an hour and a half, displaying characteristics of modesty and demureness, which dissipating under the influence of light wines left them rather flushed and silly. Thus Hilary Toller would often find himself embarrassed in public places by having half-bitten eclairs thrust into his mouth or crowns of smilax, robbed

(Continued on Page 114)

LOVERS' TIME

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

HARDTACK stepped back from the window and switched off the light. "What's the matter?" demanded Wally.

"Sh-h-h!"

The moonlight silvered the narrow street, so that its white houses shone like mountain snow. A man was leaning against the wall of the house opposite, keeping in shadow. His hands rested on the cement and he seemed to be measuring the distance to the balcony above his head. His actions were stealthy.

"What's that guy up to, anyhow?" Hardtack whispered.

"Shucks, he's only courtin'."

"Courtin' who?"

"Some girl in that house."

"Then why don't he go upstairs and take a chair?"

"Because, you big boob, it ain't done, that's why."

"Do you mean to say he aims to stick where he is and do his love makin' at long distance?"

"I sure do. What's more, he'll probably be there every night this year, rain or shine."

"Without ever comin' to a clinch?"

"You've said it."

"How long," demanded Hardtack in a tragic voice, "has this thing been goin' on?"

"How do I know? A month, maybe. Maybe a year."

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch! Why, back home a guy can do more with a flivver in three minutes than this bird will in a year."

"Civilization's a great thing," agreed Wally.

Hardtack continued to stare a while longer, but it was a waste of time. There was absolutely nothing to see.

"Let's go. I'd as lief watch a chess match," he exclaimed in disgust.

They seized their hats and went out. And within two hundred yards they passed from the quiet backwater of the city, where their hotel was situated, into the full stream of its life. For a while they let themselves drift with the currents.

The night pulsated with the clicking of castanets and measured beat of hands. From patio and roof burst gusty sounds of the dance; from alameda and cabaret and open street—no matter where they turned—the intoxicating rhythm assailed them, quickening their heart throbs.

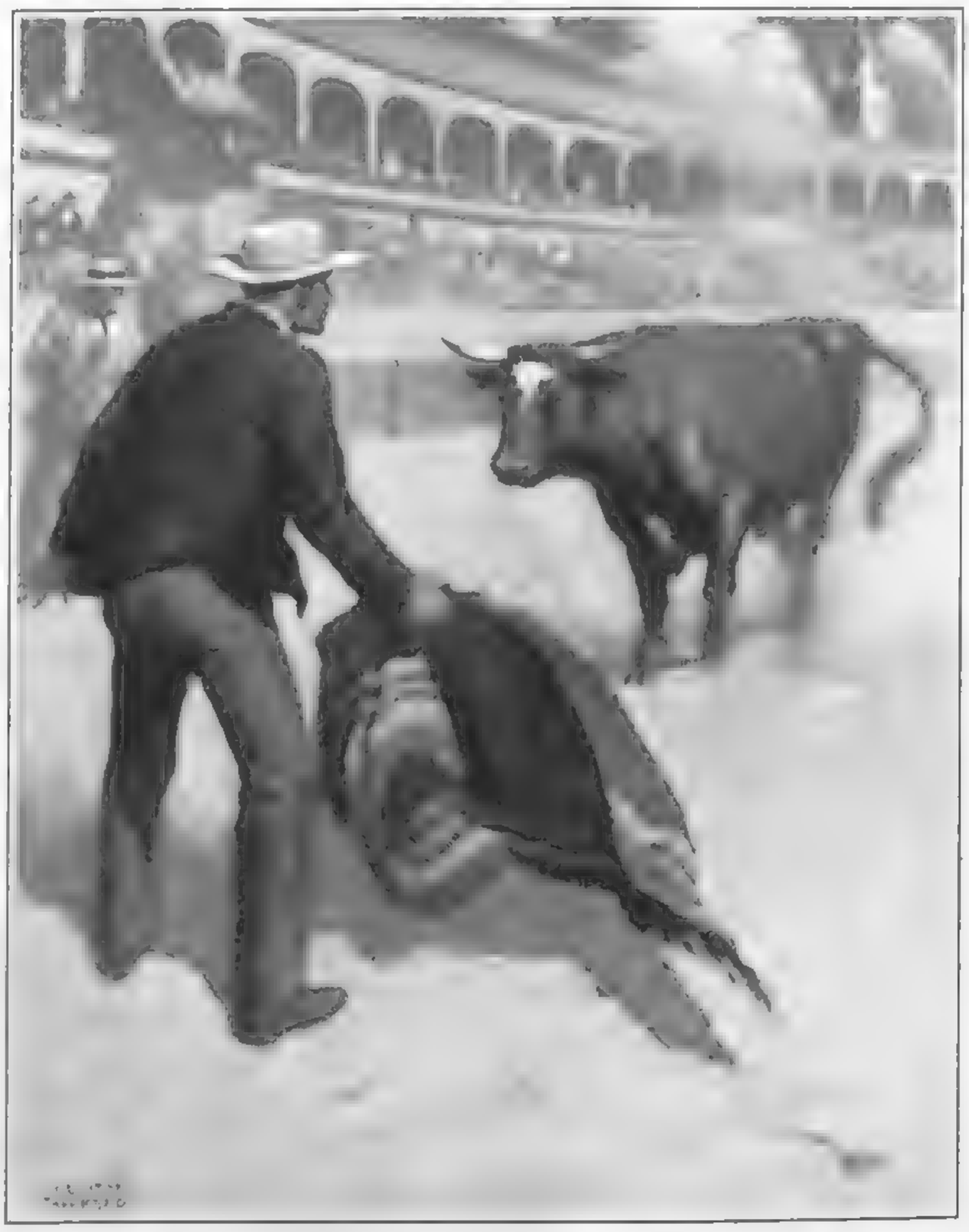
"When I think," said Hardtack indignantly, "of all the time we've wasted on tombs and cathedrals! Say, take a squint up there, will you? Ain't those shirts? Sure, they're shirts. What do you know about that?"

On top of a tall building, white figures swirled against the star-powdered sky. A salvo of applause and laughter drew their attention to a walled garden across the street; from it came the regular clap of palms and chant of chorus which always furnish the accompaniment to a gypsy dance in Spain.

An alley skirted this garden. At the end of it, they could see through an open door the patio of a tenement, brilliantly lighted and bedecked with streamers, in which youths and maidens were weaving and clumping their heels in front of an altar blazing with candles around a statue of the Virgin.

The air was languorous with the perfume of ripe oranges and flowers, yet seemed to tingle to electric currents of excitement. People hurried past them as though fearful of missing something; the carnival spirit ruled everywhere; Seville was celebrating las cruzes de Mayo.

"All night long," murmured Wally, "and every night for a month! Boy, if my stren'th holds out!"



The Bull Had Stopped and Was Regarding Roberto With the Utmost Surprise

"Me and you both," assented Hardtack. "Keep your eye peeled, son, and if you see my shoes start to smoke go fetch the fire brigade, because I don't aim ever to quit."

"Which one'll we go to?"

"Why, every one, of course."

"But there're thousands."

"Well, if we work hard, maybe we can make the rounds in a month. Anyhow, we can try, and no man can do more."

"I seen a good one in that Calle San Vicente we come through. Let's start there."

The two headed back along their tracks. It was about eleven o'clock and the night was warm. In the meaner quarters of the city the inhabitants sat out in the streets in their shirt sleeves, gossiping and hoisting drinks. To these people it was only the shank of the evening; urban Spain never fully wakes up until after dark, except for a bullfight; and in the very hot months the poor spend the entire night in the streets, men, women and children bedding down on the pavements.

Lovers murmured through barred windows. Children romped and shrilled in the gutters. One or two night birds flitted from dark doorways to query the pair. At the door of a more pretentious house than its neighbors they passed a swain and a girl standing with their faces almost touching, hands locked, gazing with rapt expressions into each other's eyes. Never had Hardtack seen such intensity, such oblivion. He stopped to gape.

"Come on, it's just a servant girl," Wally urged.

"Gee, that was a sure-enough hot one he handed her then!" said Hardtack with a tinge of envy.

"What did he say?"

"Why, he told that gal her eyes burned into his soul. Can you beat it?"

"Oh, well, every guy gets feverish sometimes," replied Wally. "A year from now he'll be wanting to know what the Sam Hill she's staring at."

A little farther along another lover was courting from the sidewalk through the bars of a window. He had managed to grab the girl's hand and was kissing her arm.

"She'd best yank it back if she don't want to lose it," opined Hardtack, observing this performance with a professional eye. "Look at that bird, will you? He acts like a nigger with a corncob. Say, these fellers don't do so bad in spite of their fool customs."

"I just got to find me a girl," declared Wally irritably.

"Well, you couldn't pick a better time, buddy."

Indeed, spring madness was upon the city. It was the great festival of the May dancing, which follows after the gorgeous Easter ceremonies. This ancient festival is really the mating season for the poor people; but it is held under civic and religious auspices, and prizes are offered for the best dancers, and a committee of judges go about from hall to hall, and from patio to patio, to pass on the merits of the performers. All night long the clanking melodies of the hand organ are heard in the land.

The two friends threaded their way through the throngs until they reached a tenement in San Vicente Street. A mob pressed around the entrance. When at last they struggled through, the pair was halted just inside the door by some clamorous girls at a table, who shook and rattled bowls filled with pennies and silver pesetas. There was no fixed charge, yet everybody was expected to chip in something. If one did not, they alanged him until he was glad to sneak out into the street. Hardtack flipped in a duro.

"Gracias, señoritos!"

They passed on into the patio around which the tenement was built. It was long and narrow and paved roughly with stones. A gallery encircled it, dividing the calcimined house into two stories, and all the dwellings opened on the court. The doors of the rooms were a vivid blue. Colored paper streamers arched the patio and were strung from every beam and projection and nail; paper banners hung in festoons from the gallery and the lamp-posts. At the far end stood the altar with the figure of the Virgin, all in white and blazing with brilliants. Scores of wax tapers burned on this altar.

Right in front of it they were doing a fox trot. Several couples shimmied, but with a studied restraint characteristic of Spanish reserve, which made the effort ludicrous. A fox trot looked woefully out of place there, but in the last three years American jazz has permeated to the ends of the earth, and in Southern Spain it has almost supplanted the Andalusian folk dances. That very day a newspaper had inquired in a scorching editorial how the judges could possibly arrive at a decision in this contest when nobody thought of doing any of the old dances nowadays, except from a sense of duty or in a desire to win a prize, and then in the proportion of one Andalusian to ten of the modern hold-me-tights.

"Well," said Hardtack, "we're here. How about partners?"

"Grab one, of course. How do you usually go about it, you poor fish?"

"That's all right too. But I don't crave to have one of these guys stick a knife into me."

"Come on," said Wally, "let's take a chance "

There was no difficulty whatsoever. Some girls were dancing together, others stood with their parents or relatives on the sidelines under the gallery; and when Hardtack and Wally picked out the ones they wanted and asked them to dance they immediately accepted. Their guardians looked on smilingly, nodding approval. It really didn't much matter what Hardtack and Wally might do, for it would be overlooked on account of their nationality. Who would expect anything better from those crazy Americanos? It was their way to do foolish things—they never meant any harm.

The majority of the women were dressed much as East Siders would dress for a jaunt to Coney Island. Some of the matrons in the galleries, and a few of the young girls, sported the traditional costume of many colors, with huge comb and mantilla and gorgeous shawl, among them being Wally's partner. The men stuck to modern garb, with a preference for narrow waistlines and high-heeled shoes. They're the only males in the world who can affect that style without appearing effeminate.

All these people belonged to the poorer class, and every girl there worked for her living; yet not one of them was without a chaperon, for Seville isn't like those modern emancipated cities, Madrid and Barcelona, where women are claiming the same freedom as men. They cling to the old traditions there, and a lot of buncombe with them; the Moorish influence shows in all their customs and prejudices. A girl who ventures out by herself on the street after nightfall isn't rated as honest

Hardtack spoke some Spanish he had picked up while a mule skinner with the expedition into Mexico, and he talked it that way. However, Rosita seemed to gather his meaning, and that's what language is for. As for Wally, he couldn't speak a word of anything but English, and was proud of it; but he shook a loose shoulder, and whenever the pair became jammed in the press, Wally did some exhibition shimmying. The rest of the time he stalked around in solemn silence, his lips seeming to nibble at his partner's comb.

A narrow corridor led through the house to another patio, and here tables were set out under some orange trees, at which drinks were served. A constant stream of people kept coming and going all the time, yet nobody grew tipsy, nor was there a sign of rowdyism. In fact, despite the splendor of the decorations, and the music and the drinks, it was a tame and decorous affair

"Who's that little fellow over there?" Hardtack inquired of Rosita.

"Which one?"

"The one leaning against the post the one who's trying to look like a hard guy."

"Oh, him!" exclaimed Rosita, with a laugh and a blush.

"Yes, him. Who is he, and what's he got on his mind?"

"That's Roberto."

"And who's Roberto?"

"Roberto Alcázar."

"That don't mean anything. What's he to you?"

"Nothing."

"He is too."

"He is not."

"What does he do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Don't he work? How does he live, then?"

"Oh, he's a sort of bullfighter," answered Rosita evasively

Hardtack glanced over his shoulder at Alcázar.

"If that guy's a sort of bullfighter," he declared, "then I'm a sort of Firpo. Yes, ma'am, I'm the original wild bull of the pampas."

The youth to whom he referred was a short fellow of compact, well-knit figure, with a knightly nose and big, gloomy eyes. He wore very tight gray trousers, a short black coat and a black silk band around his slim waist The bull-ring effect of this combination was heightened by a wide white cordovan hat. He was surveying the scene with an aloof, morose expression, his arms folded across his chest.

Rosita's mother and father watched him with fierce delight; they hoped that rascal perceived how their daughter favored the American; perhaps the low-life would leave her alone now

Roberto did his best not to look at his rival, but his gaze would keep traveling back. And every time the girl put her face up to talk, he blanched and his lips and muscles tightened.

"Say," exclaimed Hardtack, surprising him in a baleful glance, "that kid looks mean."

"He's harmless."

"Who told you so?"

"Well, he wouldn't try any monkey business with you, anyhow."

"Why not?"

"Because you're American."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You'll be going away soon, won't you?"

"Oh, I see," he muttered.

So a Spaniard might pick a quarrel with another for the favor of his sweetheart, but not with a transient foreigner! Far from valuing this immunity, Hardtack resented it—he didn't want anybody giving him special consideration when it came to a fight. The next time they passed the brooding Roberto he gave him a very dirty look. Alcázar let his hands drop to his sides and took a quick step toward them, but immediately controlled himself and disappeared in the crowd

"See here," said Hardtack to Rosita, after a couple of visits with the whole family to the drinking place, "I ain't so sure about this going away soon. Huh?"

"Go on! You're only fooling."

"Honest, I mean it. Can I come around tomorrow, señora?" he inquired of her mother.

He had to repeat this question twice, as Señor Pérez and his wife found it hard to understand his broken Spanish. They laughed, but eagerly consented that he should come. This rich American a suitor for little Rosa! The neighbors would die with envy!

"Let's get out of here," suggested Wally a few minutes later

"What's your hurry?"

"None of these girls can talk a word of English and I'm sick of the sign language."

"You used to could git along fine with it in France—I'll say you did!"

"Well, I'm going, anyhow. Coming?"

"I reckon so. Just one more dance and then Rosita's going home. Wait for me."

They visited three more halls after that, but all were overcrowded for dancing and Wally grew surlier every

(Continued on Page 168

Hardtack Spent His Evenings in the Patio of the Tenement, Watching Rosita by the Hour

WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

Russell, Warfield and Fields in the Wine-Buying Scene From Whirl-i-gig

NEW names and new faces in this second season of the Weber and Fields' Music Hall. Only Tommy Ryan, among the principals of the first year, is missing. John T. Kelly, Sam Bernard, Charley Ross, Mabel Fenton and Weber and Fields are back; and with them Frankie Bailey and her legs; Bessie Clayton and Julian Mitchell; Honey Stromberg and Edgar Smith; Peter F. Dailey.

O, rare Pete Dailey! Inimitable Peter! Born comedian, the quickest-witted man that ever used grease paint; splendid voice; an acrobat and agile dancer despite his two hundred and fifty pounds; no performance ever the same; needing neither lines nor business, but only to be given the stage; convulsing his fellow actors as well as the audience with his impromptu sallies; an inveterate practical joker; a bounding, bubbling personality.

Dailey, the son of a New York auctioneer and politician, made his debut at the Globe Museum in the same year Weber and Fields did, and at a like age. The first of nut comedians, years before these eccentrics became a stock vaudeville type, he did on the stage of Miner's Bowery in the 80's all that they do today. As one of the American Four he had been Joe and Lew's companion on the disastrous Bridgeport turkey-show enterprise of ten years earlier, then had turned to the legitimate. The season of 1896–97 he had been out at the head of his own company in The Night Clerk. His salary was three hundred dollars a week, and none would think of offering him less; yet Joe and Lew, taking a page from the practice of John L. Carncross, named two hundred and ninety-eight dollars.

Merry-Andrews of the Old Days

"IT'S just a superstition of ours," they said when he lifted his eyebrows at the odd sum.

Dailey slept most of his days, stayed up all his nights and was perpetually late for rehearsals. But for matinées and rehearsals, his would have been an Elysian life. The moment a performance was over it was his custom to order a quart of whisky and a quart of champagne—quarts, not pints or half pints—from the bar. Before he left the dressing room he would have, unaided, emptied both, using the champagne as a chaser, and be apparently nothing the worse. Anyone happening in would be invited to join him, but should they accept, he would order a fresh bottle. The two quarts were his own. Thus fortified, Peter would set out on his nightly peregrinations.

"A workingman knocks off at six and has his evening for fun," was his defense. "When I get done work at eleven o'clock I want my fun." His wife, Mary, complained once that she saw little of him as a result of his nocturnal habits. "Come along with me then, my dear," advised Peter.

Mrs. Dailey accompanied him for three successive nights while he closed up Broadway, then returned to the hearth side, to remain without further complaint.

His foot on a brass rail or under a café table, the company of his fellow man, and the mellowing glow of alcohol—this were paradise enow for Peter, this was his fun. A highly social, gregarious creature; large-hearted, expansive, effervescent, his own high spirits did the rest. He spiked the stale beer of the casual barroom group with the old wine of his personality and yawns fled before him. When others failed him in the small hours he gathered delighted bell boys or nighthawk cab drivers about him, as did Nat Goodwin, and regaled them by the hour—Daileyan Nights Entertainments that would have opened any door in New York to him—or forgathered till dawn with the night-working newspaper men about the round table at Andy Horn's saloon at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge.

When Peter did go to bed he demanded undisturbed repose. His wife would refuse to wake him on any pretext. When on the road it was her habit to patrol the hotel corridor in front of his door, enforcing quiet. They seldom lived farther than a block from the theater—across the street if possible. On matinée days Mrs. Dailey would call him at the ultimate moment. Dashing into his clothes, Peter would burst into the theater, his eyes still heavy with sleep, his stomach breakfastless.

Dailey's impromptus were often personal and no one of his acquaintance was safe from his wit and fooling. In instance, he was in the midst of a song one evening when he caught sight of one of the writers entering the Music Hall. The next verse should have been, "Way down in Georgia where the watermelons grow." Instantly he improvised, "Way down in Philadelphia where the Felix Ismans grow."

A kindly wit, assaying not a trace of the arsenic of malice to the ton; but woe betide the actor who tried to discomfit him on the stage. Charley Bigelow essayed it on his first appearance at the Music Hall, but never again. Bigelow was as bald as a door knob, and wore, on this occasion, a red necktie. In the midst of a scene with Dailey, Bigelow departed from his lines to address some forgotten personal gibe to Pete. Dailey's reply, however, has not been forgotten. It was instant.

"Put on your hat," he shot back, "you're half naked." Bigelow made some feeble retort. Dailey snatched the red tie out of Bigelow's vest and roared, "Your nose is bleeding."

Both rejoinders are in the repartee of every newsboy now, but their long life only emphasizes how devastating they must have sounded the first time. The flustered Bigelow was willing to call a truce, but Dailey continued to heckle him.

"I've a mind to report you to the board of health," was another of his barbs and when he advised his victim to light his cigar in the middle, the latter forgot the lines and exited in a rage.

The name of Peter Dailey, then, had been added to the roster at the Music Hall, a comedian made to order for the Weber and Fields festivities. Dailey, Bernard, Kelly, Weber and Fields—five merry-andrews of the first water.

But are we forgetting Frankie Bailey, whose legs go marching on? Frankie sang little and acted not at all, but what would you? Ask fruit of the magnolia? Horsepower of the butterfly? Calories of the golden apples? Frankie's legs were copyrighted at the Library of Congress. Plays were written for them. Were they truly such noble limbs, such peerless members, such nonpareils? Voice not your skepticism in the presence of your elders. They were!

The Second Wrist Watch on Broadway

IN MIDSUMMER of 1897 Weber and Fields learned that Augustin Daly was dangling a London offer before Joseph Herbert, who had written the book of The Geezer, the success of the first season. Knowing Herbert would accept, they fired him before he could resign, a typically theatrical gesture involving no ill feeling. In Herbert's place, Kenneth Lee was hired. Lee was an Englishman who had had much success as a vaudeville sketch writer. He was engaged to write the book and lyrics, with the aid of Charley Ross, to rehearse and stage all chorus numbers, and was delegated complete authority.

Lee was an Englishman of a type then more frequently met with on these shores. He copied the dress and manners of the gay Albert Edward, then Prince of Wales, and was slightly patronizing to an America that aped the every posture of England and the English. Lee appeared at rehearsals in evening dress and a cloak of reserve, tucked a bordered linen handkerchief up one sleeve and wore a wrist watch, the second ever noticed on Broadway. Walter de Freece, manager and husband of Vesta Tilley, had brought the first over some months earlier. The new director combined the decorum of his race and class with that of the more formal stage to which he was accustomed. The insouciance and go-as-you-please rehearsal methods at the Music Hall were strange and scandalous to him from the first. He and Ross labored mightily and produced an enormous book of a conventional burletta, to be called Mr. Coughupsky. The first rehearsal was set for eleven o'clock of an August morning. At that hour the company, with the notable exception of Peter Dailey, was assembled. Lee tapped his ever-present cane in annoyance and waited.

(Continued on Page 66)

FRUITS OF THE DESERT

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Dipping Sheep in the Sunt Mountains

THE white man is frequently less wise than he thinks he is. For many years the white man looked coldly at the wastes and the tumbled volcanic rocks of the Navaho country and declared bluntly and coldly that if the Navahos wanted it they might as well have it.

It is unsafe, however, to brand any portion of the United States as worthless, owing to the fact that somebody may discover scenery in the vicinity of the despised portion, or decide to build a factory on it to extract nitrates from the air, or run a railroad through it, or develop a health-giving sulphur spring and a gambling privilege on it, or irrigate it so successfully that nine crops a year can be raised on it in place of the thirsts and sandstorms that had been its chief products for countless years. Millions of acres of worthless land have become highly prized holdings from unexpected causes in America; and every section of the country is heavily populated with financially depressed gentlemen who are fond of pointing out property that is valued at $500 a front foot and explaining morosely that they could have bought the whole durned business twenty years ago for seventy-five dollars.

Consequently the Navaho country may be worthless, as the superior white man has been claiming for so many years; and then again it may not be. If the coal mines of Pennsylvania and West Virginia were to become exhausted, for example, the persons who are interested in such things would discover that almost the entire Navaho country rests on an enormous bed of excellent coal. The San Juan River, near Shiprock, has cut through one of the upbent pieces of the earth's surface known as hogbacks. One of the layers of the hogback is a vein of coal thirty feet in thickness. The Indians hacked a square hole in this coal vein, and from it they extract all that the Shiprock Indian Agency needs. All over the reservation there are exposed coal veins, occasionally forty and forty-five feet thick, ready to the hand of anyone who needs coal.

In addition to the coal, there is oil—a fact that has only recently been discovered, and that has proved to be something of a shock to the proud white man who had maintained so persistently for so many years that the Navaho country was the absolute apex of worthlessness.

There is, of course, keen interest among the Navahos over the discovery of oil on their land; but their interest follows slightly different channels from that of the white men. The Indians' interest seems to be concentrated on the fact that when the white man drills for oil he frequently strikes water, which then proceeds to flow out on the desert and provide forage and drink for the Navaho sheep.

Any news concerning the bringing in of an oil well on Navaho land is received with complete indifference by the Navaho braves, who kick their Roman-nosed ponies in the ribs and go on about their business with immobile faces and no expression of opinion save one or two low grunts, which may mean anything.

But information to the effect that an oil company has struck water and that the water is flowing will make any Indian climb right down off his horse and smoke all the cigarettes he can borrow and gabble gayly for as much as five or seven minutes.

The oil excitement in the Navaho country began early in 1923, when the experts of a big coal company began to nose around the desert in the vicinity of Shiprock, and finally leased from the Navahos for drilling purposes a dome known as the Hogback.

The Watchdog of the Navahos

NOW the Indian has made no great record for successfully getting the better of the white man in business deals; and it may even be said that whenever the Indian has had business dealings of any extent whatever with the white man, the transactions have terminated with the Indian holding the sack with a dreamy and far-away look in his eyes, while the white man, chuckling merrily at his astuteness, hastens off to his next engagement, with all the Indian's ponies, jewelry, war paint, feathers, spare scalps, bears' claws, leather leggings, cash and land, if any.

Consequently, when the Great White Father at Washington observed that oil had been discovered on the Navahos' land, he took immediate steps to prevent the Navahos from being deprived of their eyeteeth by their avaricious white brothers.

The first step in the protection of the Navahos from the more astute white man was the appointment of a commissioner to the Navahos. Here again the Great White Father at Washington surprised those whose eyes were focused penetratingly on him; for instead of appointing a red-faced, thick-necked and thick-headed politician whose chief qualification for office consisted of the ability to sandbag large numbers of Mexicans into voting the proper ticket, he appointed a tall, slender, amiable, soft-spoken diplomat named Herbert J. Hagerman, who had been second secretary of the embassy at St. Petersburg before Russia fell among thieves, and whose standing in court circles may be gauged from the fact that a popular pastime among the little daughters of the Czar was sitting on the Hagerman knee. From his father, who was a mine owner, a railroad builder and one of the genuine pioneers who was determined to accomplish the impossible in a rough and difficult country, Hagerman inherited a large ranch at Roswell, in the Pecos Valley, New Mexico.

New Mexico politics, in the days when young Hagerman had just returned from the glittering courts of Europe, was excessively sour, and there was a strong desire in high places that something be done to sweeten it. So President Roosevelt proceeded to appoint young Hagerman to the position of governor of New Mexico for the express purpose of rooting out the evildoers; and young Hagerman, with all the enthusiasm of youth, poised himself on his left foot and kicked some of the sourest politicians of New Mexico out of office with considerable violence and the utmost dispatch. Not being a practical politician, young Hagerman didn't know one of the cardinal principles of practical politics, which is that nobody in a political job can kick an influential politician without getting himself kicked into the middle of next week. If, for example, a distinguished soldier is called on to stamp out corruption in the police force of a big city, he cannot effect essential reforms without bruising the delicate sensibilities of the bosses. That was what happened to Hagerman. By ridding New Mexico of some of her most offensive politicians, he set in motion certain obscure cogwheels and cam shafts, which quickly resulted in profound disturbances in high places; and shortly thereafter he himself was removed from office for doing the very thing for which he had been appointed. The politicians promptly returned to power, and politics in New Mexico has exuded a distinct odor of Stilton ever since.

(Continued on Page 149)

One of the Hogback Wells in the Navaho Country

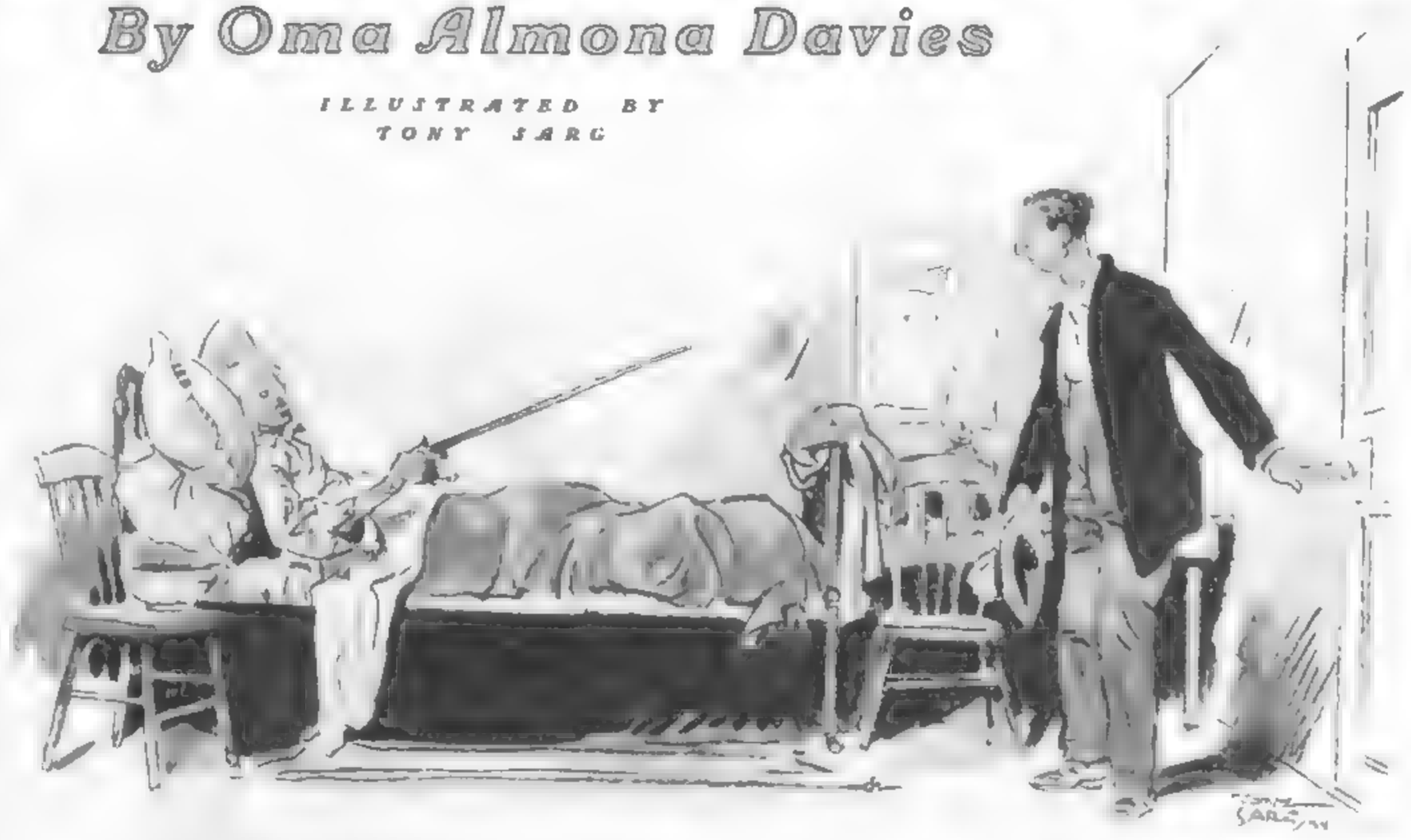
PHOTO BY COURTESY OF KARL J. VOGT

Navaho Rug Weavers

KIND FUR KIND

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



"Hey!" His Father Rasped. "No Silver Handles Now! No Fineries! I Ain't A-Goin' to be Made an Expensive Fool of on My Way Ower"

EBBIE SHREIER did not know whether to get the casket for his father or to propose to the Widow Stettler. The two notions, both new to him, both thrust upon him suddenly, rushed to the exact center of his brain, locked there, and locked him to his chair. He perched meagerly upon its edge, each thin hand clenched upon a thin knee, and stared, as always in time of stress, upon his father. And as always, in time stressful or unstressful, his father decided for him.

His round, liver-spotted old face turned upon the pillow. His eyes, startlingly dark under his loose white curls, squinted upon his son.

"And fur why ain't you gittin' yourself off to the undertaker's then?" he husked testily. "Here when I got to lay with such dumb legs at, then you go to work and set on me. Ain't doc told you a'ready when I git strokened fur the third time I'll be done fur? Well, then! I ain't a-goin' to my glory till I git my evens with Helfenstein, that I give you! Sixteen years back a'ready that mackerel got the fifty dollars off me fur that there stringhaltered horse. And now when I git my first chancet to even myself, then you up and set down and just set. Make hurry now! And make it quick!"

Eben rose uncertainly.

"Yes, well ——"

"Fur the first time—and fur the last time yet—I'm a needin' what Helfenstein has got it," chuckled Jacob Shreier grimly. "But now mind! Don't leave him do you nothing! Don't go payin' ower no money! He's got the boxes there plenty good enough fur the fifty; I seen 'em a'ready. And don't go sayin' nothin' about the stringhalt. Leave him make out it's on account, or what you call it. Them undertakers ain't ever expectin' to git their pay till the estates is upsettled."

"I'm onto the hint of all that," pleaded Ebbie miserably. "But this here matrimony now. I wasn't ever conceitin' I needed a female around."

The old-Roman head chafed the pillow fretfully. He addressed the ceiling.

"Och, my souls! Just the same like his mom was yet! Can't otherwise git no two notions into their head together! Looky here! How old was you?"

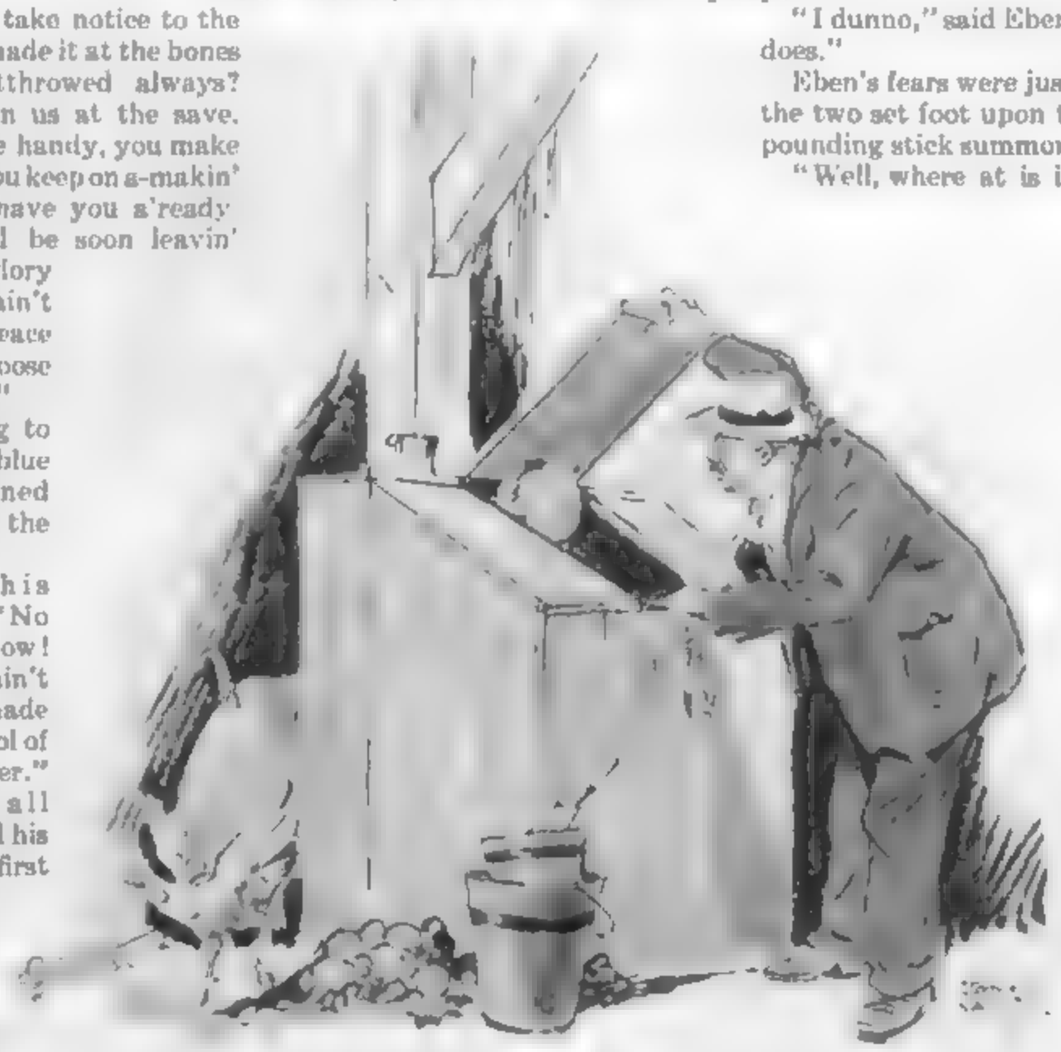
"Thirty-nine. Just behind forty."

"You ain't. You're forty a'ready. You was borned the year the pigs got the thumps and died fur us. You took their place, the missus said. Forty! And you ain't ever been one to steer fur yourself. Now that there one"—he nodded toward the kitchen—"she's a steerer, and a saver yet. Did you take notice to the soup how she made it at the bones where we outthrowed always? She flaxes even us at the save. Now she's here handy, you make up to her and you keep on a-makin' up till she'll have you a'ready soon leavin' youse fur the glory shore. And I ain't leavin' in no peace if I am lettin' loose strings behint."

Tears sprang to Eben's smoke-blue eyes. He turned hastily toward the door.

"Hey!" his father rasped. "No silver handles now! No fineries! I ain't a-goin' to be made an expensive fool of on my way ower."

But after all Eben disobeyed his father for the first time in his life. He scarcely understood himself how it had happened. He tried to explain it three hours later to Mrs. Stettler as the two stood in the barnyard and solemnly eyed the quilt-covered object in the rear of the spring wagon.



"Swadlin' the Law, Was You?" Panted the Undertaker. "A-Tryin' to Jeak Out of That There Fifty, Was You?"

From beneath the edge of patchwork which Eben lifted, glinted, undeniably, dull silver.

"I don't know right why I done it," he confessed in one of the longest speeches of his pent life. "If Helfenstein wouldn't 'a' went and fetched me into a room where I seen this here hunerd-dollar one, I wouldn't 'a' near thought of takin' my own head fur it. But it looked so neat that way, and I just up and give him the fifty exter." His troubled glance stole toward the bedroom window. "'Course I let the stringhalt fifty like he told me. Helfenstein says, 'We'll let it to some such time,' he says; and I ain't saying him nothing. But mebbe I better go packin' this here fancy one back."

Mrs. Stettler shook her small dark head decisively.

"You done right," she said kindly. "A smart man like him had ought to be in silver handles. And he won't ever know anyways."

"I dunno," said Eben vaguely. "He mostly does."

Eben's fears were justified. No sooner had the two set foot upon the back porch than a pounding stick summoned from the bedroom.

"Well, where at is it?" demanded Jacob.

"What, then?" faltered Eben.

"What? He says me what yet!" groaned Jacob. "The box off of Helfenstein, to be sure. Ain't you gittin' it? Well, then, pack it in along."

"Notin—here?" gasped Eben.

"Och, my! To have a son where's a dopple yet! After sixteen years, and he ain't fur leavin' me set eyes onto it! Is it mine, I ast youse, or is it yourn? Fetch it and make hurry at it."

In the kitchen Eben and Mrs. Stettler stared at each other dumbly. Then the latter whirled toward a pot cupboard and snatched forth a small round box and a brush.

"I'll quick make black stove polish at the handles. We kin offen it later."

Jacob eyed the new purchase, elevated at his direction upon two chair seats. He tapped it with his stick.

"It's a good box. Sound," he appraised after a moment. "Are you gittin' it off him fur the stringhalt?"

Ebbie started. His eyes scurried in panic.

"Well, I ——"

"You're a good guesser, Mr. Shreier," broke in the widow. "Fifty he give a'ready."

Jacob cuddled his chin to the pillow.

"After sixteen year!" he breathed. "The only feller where ever tricked me!"

After a moment, he chortled, "Now take and shove it the bed under. I want to lay atop of Helfenstein."

As they tilted it he espied a metal plate upon its top.

"What's that there agin?" he demanded sharply.

Eben choked.

"It reads AT—AT REST oncet."

"At rest!" scorned Jacob Shreier. "Make quick down with it and git the screw driver. To be sure, I'm goin' to be at rest. Ain't I been fur always a Bible Christian? Well, then! If the Word passes me out the promise, I guess Helfenstein ain't got the need to write it onto me. A-mockin' the Word, the pighead!"

During the afternoon Ebbie or Mrs. Stettler or both ran to the room some half dozen times. But Jacob was not summoning them. He was tapping with his stick at the box.

"Best not," warned Ebbie. "It might make somepun at your heart."

The old man chuckled faintly.

"You leave go my heart and tend to your own. Ain't you popped yit?"

"No," said Eben. "I ain't seen my chancet."

"Och, the dopple!" sighed his father. "When you ain't got a chancet in this here world, make it. Make your own chancet and then you'll see it plain enough. I ain't anyways goin' till I git everything settled up. Looky here! Did youse pack that there gander to Sadie Ofendahl?"

"Yes, a'ready."

"And the crock sausage we was owin' to Tippie Kutz?"

"Yes, a'ready."

Jacob's eyes turned peacefully to the afterglow.

"You been a good boy, fur all, Ebbie. And don't go fur-gittin' to remember this: Give always kind fur kind, and you ain't gittin' no trouble. But"—he squinted shrewdly—"if you git off of somebody a little crock sausage, don't go anyways packin' back a big one." His head tilted toward the kitchen. "Now you go on out there and make you a chancet, Ebbie. Make you a chancet."

Ebbie went out to the kitchen and sat down upon a horsehair sofa gray brown with age. His eyes followed Mrs. Stettler as she moved swiftly from one spot to another

in the large room, her mind and her fingers accomplishing, apparently, many things at once. She was a small person, compact with life.

Even her hair seemed unnaturally alive as it crisped upward in black ringlets from a natural marcel, which she hated, into a tight knot at the back of her head.

"The Weekly's come a'ready." She darted a knife blade toward a folded newspaper upon the table.

Eben said nothing.

The broken bristles of the horsehair prodded him painfully, but he was unaware of them, so much more acute were the bristling prodings of his conscience. Just how did one make a chance?

"There's Sheriff A-Settin' and Up There a Pieceways Is the Jail Yet"

Mrs. Stettler, efficient in all ways, both conscious and unconscious, made it herself. After their silent supper had progressed for some moments, she slanted an uneasy look toward Eben.

"I guess I made too quick with my tongue whiles I up and told him you give the fifty to Helfenstein. That there was a black lie to my credit."

Eben set down his cup and pondered.

"Not so wery black, was it?" he comforted finally. "I did give him one such fifty."

"Well, it wasn't Ewangelical, anyways," the widow lashed herself. "I wouldn't have near done it if I wouldn't have had so glad fur them silver handles and them fancy gray linings with the pillow yet. He's so worthy fur them, no smart at his head! In my nine years of nursing, all, I ain't ever seen such a case of brains coming out on the top of a ten days' stupor that way. And so handy with his tongue! A-jokin' yet onto his last bed!"

"He was always much fur his jokes," contributed Eben.

"Yes, but he's so purpared a'ready. Just a-r'arin' fur to git to his heavenly home! 'I ain't ever been so much fur harps,' he says day behint yesterday, 'but I'll have glad fur the wings all right,' he says. 'When I want to git some place or wherever, I want fur to git,' he says. My, the gumption how he has got it! And the saint he is yit!"

Eben lowered to his plate a knifeful of scrapple which he was in process of hoisting. He braced hard against the back of his chair.

"I'm his son a'ready," he proffered pallidly.

"Yes, well. A body would never guess it," the widow observed absently.

Saved for the moment. Eben gustily attacked the scrapple.

"Yes, I could never have believed such a man was livin' on this here earth. Such a life as I spended with my departed fur seven years a'ready! Och, my, them staggerin'-drunk nights!"

Eben's time was fully come. He set down his cup and braced again.

"I ain't addicted to drinkin', nur smokin', nur chewin'. I don't know evil drink by sight, nur smell, nur neither by taste yit. I ain't addicted to nuthin' that ain't Ewangelical."

Having thus bared his soul, he crouched in naked terror before her.

For an agonizing instant the widow suspended the knife above the pie she was bisecting and turned upon him, her head knocked askew by surprise. Then she laughed shortly.

"A deacon purposed to me one night, a-usin' the same if not similar languages; and the next day I found a still into one of his feed bins." She deftly transferred a juicy quadrant to a small plate and passed it. Then she placed her elbows upon the table, her chin upon her folded hands and twinkled at Eben over the top of them. "If any feller kin prove to me he ain't knowin' strong drink by sight nur smell nur taste yit, the chances is I'd be all fur him, fur I just ain't naturally natured to be awerse to the males. But this here's the kink in the tail: There ain't no way of provin' it to me, fur I ain't taking none of their words fur it. No, not on top of oaths, even." She laughed gayly. "So I guess I stay single a while yet, ain't it?"

"I'll sample another cup coffee," said Eben. He spooned into his pie and ravished it.

That night Eben was awakened suddenly. Jacob's arm was stretched from beneath the bedclothes. Upon the floor beneath his pendent fingers was the stick. It was pointing toward the box under the bed.

Mrs. Stettler found Eben drooping in the darkened room the following day as she noiselessly entered with a cake of scouring soap in a small pan. She looked down at the pinched figure and her own eyes misted.

"Don't cry no tears now," she urged softly. "Mind of how happy he is. Mind of how he's flyin' with them wings at. And I make no doubt he kin git dare fur to shed the harp if it kreistles him to pack it. Yes, I would guess anyhow! An A number-one saint like what he is!"

Eben raised dreary eyes to the scouring soap.

"Let the handles. I know I ain't foolin' him none, but leave them black anyways."

Even then the slow conviction was rooting in his mind that he had not carried out either of his father's last wishes. He had given fifty dollars for the casket when Jacob had emphatically stipulated that he was to give nothing. As for the matrimonial obligation, clearly now he remembered the words: "You keep on a-makin' up till she'll have you a'ready"

Vague panic thridded him during the weeks that followed.

Jacob Shreier, dead, had more hold upon his son than ever Jacob Shreier, living.

Crystallized finally from the murky flux of indecisions two clear courses of action. He would keep on making up to the widow. If she would not have him, and she had hearteningly promised that she would not, he at least would have obeyed. As to the casket, nothing would ever force him into paying the fifty dollars on account. As for the other fifty, he would watch all his life for the chance to get it back.

Four months was Eben in arriving at these decisions. He had first to make the mental grooves over which decisions passed.

In the meantime he had received a bill from Helfenstein, which he had thriftily transformed into three lamplighters and placed with other paper spills in the red tumbler beside the lamp. He had received also a letter written upon paper too flimsy to be transformed into any useful article whatever. The wording was:

"Dear Sir Eben Shreier I am setting my nefhew Arley up in a branch off my same business in Andore City so I am needing money so please take notice again to that fifty you are owing me I am needing all money where owes me for the reason that setting up a branch costs very dear so I ask your attentions to said prompt debt

"yours truely
"RUDOLPH HELFENSTEIN."

Eben carefully replaced the letter within the envelope and carefully disposed of it within the kitchen stove. But he could not dispose of the author of the letter so summarily. Indeed, during the months that followed he sometimes had the misgiving that he would never dispose of him in any manner whatsoever.

"Now looky here!" a voice panted behind him one Saturday when he was loading groceries into the tail of his wagon. "I been a-holdin' off and a-holdin' off fur the reason that you Shreiers has the name of good pay, but I ain't fur holdin' off no longer." Mr. Helfenstein always panted. He was a large man with a tan-red face composed of puffy segments among which lurked eyes the color of raisins. The two segments which composed his chin were punctuated by a dimple so deep as to appear dark in the center. Mr. Helfenstein's visage in fact was not unlike a lumpish cooky baked to a turn. "And I guess it wouldn't set so good with youse if I went to work and give you a shamed face in front of the town. Ain't that a fact?"

"Yes." Eben climbed to the seat and took up the reins.

Mr. Helfenstein snorted and pushed back his hat.

"Well, then! Take notice to it. Fur if you ain't"—he chested toward a populous porch—"a-takin' notice from your own accords, I know somepun where'll fetch you. There's sheriff a-settin'"—he jerked his head toward Sheriff Kutz, astride his roan at the hitching post—"and up there a pieceways is the jail yet." He twiddled his thumb over his shoulder.

Eben started. A communal gasp from the porch was followed by a salvo of disapproving expectoration.

"Now, here!" Deacon Wackernagel got his voice. "Youse could get put off of church fur somepun like that. A-sickin' the law onto a brother Ewangelical! I guess you'd be losin' some church corpses ower it too. I ain't a-puttin' none of my dead family to youse, I pass my promise on that, if youse go to work a-lawin' in the church."

Helfenstein swished a wrathful coat tail.

"And where would youse be puttin' them then? I got the business all in this here front end of the county, and now my new branch has got it at the hind end."

"I ain't so sure"—Boomershine, the storekeeper, confronted him. "Your branch nephew ain't the onliest undertaker in Andore. And even if that there other one is a furriner from Ioway, I guess he could split off some business fur you, fur all."

"Now, gents"—Sheriff Adlai Kutz urged the pacific nose of his tall roan forward—"what does this here spite talk make? It don't go no furder. Helfenstein knows a'ready it ain't no money nowhere till the harvest is all. Ain't so, Helfenstein?"

The segments of Helfenstein's visage rose and fell cubistically as they digested this new point of view. His raisin eyes stirred in search of graceful escape.

(Continued on Page 125)

For an Agonizing Instant the Widow Suspended the Knife Above the Pie She Was Bisecting and Turned Upon Him, Her Head Knocked Askew by Surprise

JOHN BULL'S BETTING BILL

By E. C. Buley

THERE is one story told in Great Britain which is always sure of a laugh, no matter how often it is repeated or in what company it is related. It has to do with a benevolent old lady whose mind was sorely exercised about a shabby man whom she saw every day standing at a street corner in her London suburb. Rain or shine, the man with the broken boots and the pathetic face was always there, scanning with wistful eyes the features of every passer-by. One day as the old lady was passing his corner she heard him ask the man who walked in front of her, "Anyfink fer me ter-dye, guv'nor?" A surly headshake was the only reply; but the dear old lady hurried off home, quite sure that she had found at last the answer to the problem which had so distressed her. The shabby man must be one of the million unemployed; a gallant soul who refused tamely to submit to the curse of idleness, but went out into the highways and sought work from all who passed his way.

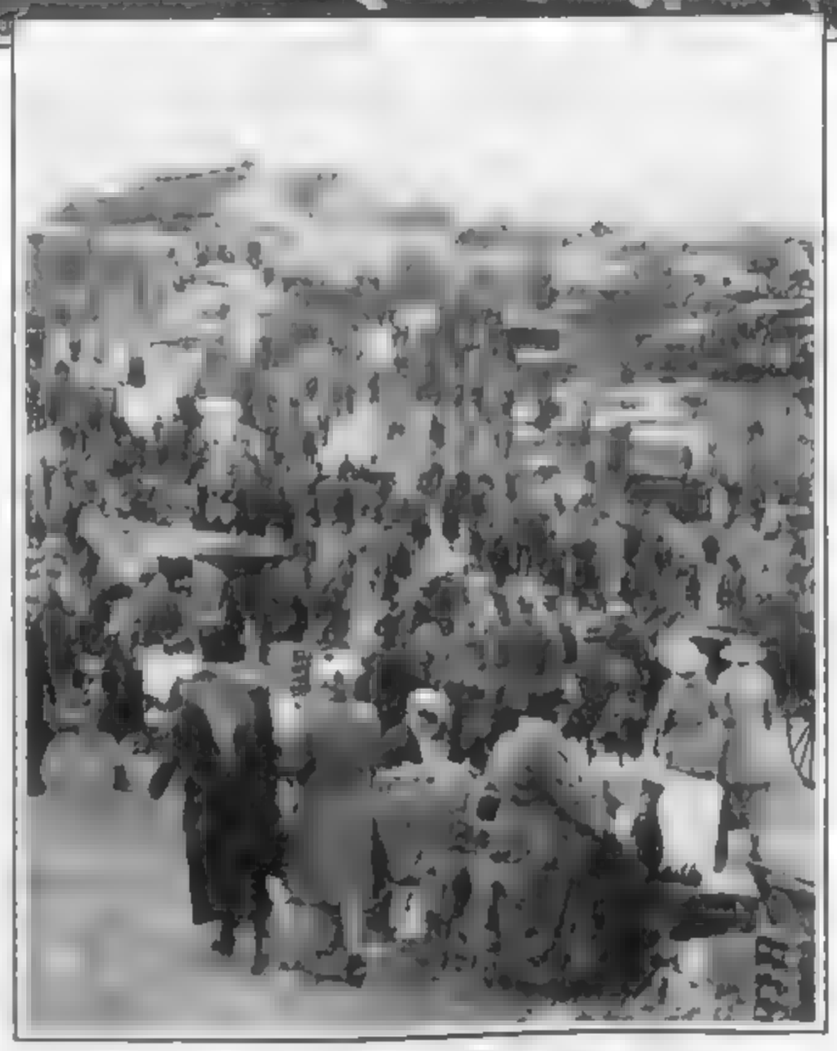
With a trembling hand the old lady wrote upon a sheet of paper her simple message of good cheer in two words—"Never despair." In the paper she wrapped ten good English shillings, and then trotted out again, to slip the package unobtrusively into the poor fellow's hand.

"What Do You Know Today?"

NEXT day when she walked that way she was much embarrassed to see him cross the road in order to intercept her; and more embarrassed still when he slipped into her hand a little wad of Treasury notes, murmuring in a hoarse voice, "'Ow do yer find them that wye, lydy? Twenty ter one; and won wiv 'is 'ead tucked under 'is wing, I'm told. What do yer know ter-dye, lydy?"

Yes, we all laugh very heartily whenever that story crops up. It's a good old wheeze, don't you know, because it's so damn absurd, if you follow me. As if any old lady, however innocent, could fail to identify a bookie's runner when she saw him working his joint at the street corner. Children in arms know the bookmaker's man, and what he is for. Wherever you turn, there is the runner in receipt of custom; in every workshop and factory, and in every block of office buildings. You can see him loafing on every likely street corner; and in the guise of milkman or baker's boy he connects up with the betting housewife at the back door of the British suburban home. It is far easier to make a bet in Great Britain than to buy a postage stamp; for the facilities for betting are equal to a swiftly increasing demand. Have you been told that the British invariably open a conversation with a remark about the weather? Don't believe it. They come at you with the blunt, money-losing question, "What do you know today?"

Quite recently I was held up on a walking tour by torrents of rain and forced to spend an afternoon in a little alehouse in a village of the Cotswold Hills. The whole place consisted of a store, half a dozen thatched cottages and my little inn. After prowling about the house for something to read, and finding nothing better than a catalogue of artificial manures, I said to the red-cheeked girl



A General View of the Crowd at Epsom Downs. Above—the King and Queen in Their Royal Coach Arriving for the Opening of the Ascot Races

of the establishment, "Isn't there a book of any kind in this place?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with the defensive readiness of one meeting an intolerable insinuation against her home town. "Mr. Giles, who keeps the store, has a big connection hereabouts. But there's no need for you to go out into the rain, sir. The guv'nor lays them himself."

So this little hamlet, containing possibly a hundred people, boasted two prudent acquisitive souls who "laid them." Most of the ninety-eight others, I found on inquiry, were get-rich-quick idealists who "backed them." They are the kind of people who are born, we hear, once a minute in the United States of America; and more often, proportionately, in the British Isles. Only the British suckers refer to one another, briefly and contemptuously, as mugs.

John Bull has to foot a betting bill which is growing each year by leaps and bounds: and the mugs pay every penny of it. It maintains directly the sport of horse racing and the great army of professionals of all kinds who live and prosper on the sport; and indirectly it contributes to the breeding of horses for cavalry purposes, and of hunters and the more expensive kinds of saddle horses.

Guesses

HOW big John's betting bill has grown, nobody knows exactly. A year or two ago its dimensions attracted the notice of the British Treasury, on the lookout for fresh sources of revenue, and an official proposal to tax betting was promulgated. Various people, all of whom ought to have known, hazarded guesses as to the possible revenue from a 10 per cent tax on betting. Sir Walter Gilbey, a racing authority, thought about $100,000,000. A leading bookmaker said it might possibly run up to $10,000,000. The revenue officials declared that they would never have mentioned such a proposal if they had not been sure of at least $25,000,000.

The outcome of the proposal was the appointment of a royal commission to inquire into betting and the revenue to be derived from taxing it. Before dealing with the history of that inquiry I must attempt some outline of the conduct of horse racing in Great Britain. On every week day of the year, except Christmas Day, Good Friday and an occasional Monday, there is an official race meeting. Often two are held on the same day, and sometimes even more than two. The book of Racing Form shows that more than 5000 race horses are always kept in training; and the average cost of a race horse—keep, entries, traveling expenses and jockeys' fees—may be set down at $300 a year. Thus the racing of horses costs their owners $15,000,000 a year, against which may be set $5,000,000, approximately, distributed in prize money.

Here is an annual deficit of $10,000,000, for a start. In the good old days—when the number of horses was far smaller, of course—the patrician families of the country met this charge almost entirely out of their own pockets. They still govern the sport of horse racing through the Jockey Club, a fine old institution of less than a hundred members, at the head of which stand the king and the princes. But the dukes and earls and barons whose family names are written so large on the annals of the British turf can no longer afford to maintain big strings of race horses. Most of them are content with one or two, just to carry their historic jackets at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood and Doncaster. The principal owners nowadays are successful business men, who race on entirely different lines. They cannot get into the Jockey Club, of course, and that body maintains the tradition that the sport goes on unaltered in any way. At the inquiry to which I have already referred, their titled senior steward gravely told the commission that the Jockey Club "took no cognizance of betting."

Yet the majority of present-day owners look to betting in order to make both ends meet. They know that every

day a big pool of money is subscribed by hundreds of thousands of mugs and intrusted to Britain's army of bookmakers for distribution. By far the greater part of this pool is bet away from the course. The betting owner can avail himself of it away from the course, and secretly. And I shall hope to show that although there are still owners who do not bet, or who go openly into the betting ring and confide their expectations of winning to their friends, owners as a body recoup themselves from the betting pool for their outlay on racing, and annually take more out of the sport than they put into it.

The bookmaker makes this possible. Great Britain first invented the bookmaker, and remains the only country which protects the profitable gambling monopoly he holds; for Great Britain alone refuses official sanction to the totalizator or pari mutuel—the device for mechanical betting adopted by every other country in the world. According to evidence furnished to the commission, there are 6000 bookmakers in Great Britain. I have seen an authoritative list showing 8000 names, kept by a man who used it for money-making purposes; and he admitted it was incomplete. Some of these men rent big suites of offices and employ small armies of clerks. They advertise spaciously in the most expensive newspapers; they are able to keep race horses themselves and to live expensively.

An Aerial View Showing the Thousands of Cars Parked Outside the Grand Stand at Epsom Downs During the Derby

Hopes and Fears of the Bookies

THOSE who follow the meetings have to meet heavy traveling expenses and admission fees for themselves and their workers—clerks, runners and hangers-on. Every bookmaker is an employer on a scale more or less elaborate; and a conservative estimate might set the number of persons who exist on the bookmaking industry at 70,000, without reckoning their dependents. One hesitates to estimate the sum they annually deduct from the pool intrusted to them for distribution, in order that the sport of kings—and also of mugs may prosper and the great industry of horse breeding may suffer no setback. But the cost of the bookie is undoubtedly the biggest of the items in John Bull's betting bill.

When the proposal to tax betting was put forward the bookmakers held a meeting in camera to consider their attitude toward the plan. If you imagine that they decided to oppose the proposal, tooth and nail, you have another guess coming to you. The mere possibility of a tax being imposed upon betting did not trouble them in the slightest degree. They should worry when the easiest thing in the world would be to pass the buck. The mug would have to pay the betting tax, like everything else. But the proposal held two possibilities of immense importance to them.

On the one hand, a betting tax might end their existence altogether. The authorities might take the simple and direct course of making bookmaking illegal and of installing the totalizator, thus collecting the whole of their tax without any difficulty or possibility of evasion. That was what the bookmakers feared. What they hoped was that the collection of the betting tax might be left in their hands, just as the collection of the heavy taxes upon drink is left in the hands of the British publican. In that case they could see their position in the British law being regularized at last. They could see their profitable monopoly confirmed, and handed over to them with official sanction. It was a glorious dream while it lasted, and the bookmakers all agreed to say nothing unkind about the proposed betting tax.

Something of the nature of their dream was actually proposed. An official scheme was actually put forward for the licensing of betting houses, where the bookmaker could receive cash and give out betting tickets, each carrying a stamp worth one-tenth of the sum risked by the mug. The commission gave one hasty glance at that scheme, and then heard evidence on the amount of revenue it would yield. The evidence was contradictory, but it enabled the commission to decide that the total sum would not justify the means proposed for its collection. Since it would be necessary to make betting houses at least as common as drinking houses, nobody found any fault with the conclusions of the commission.

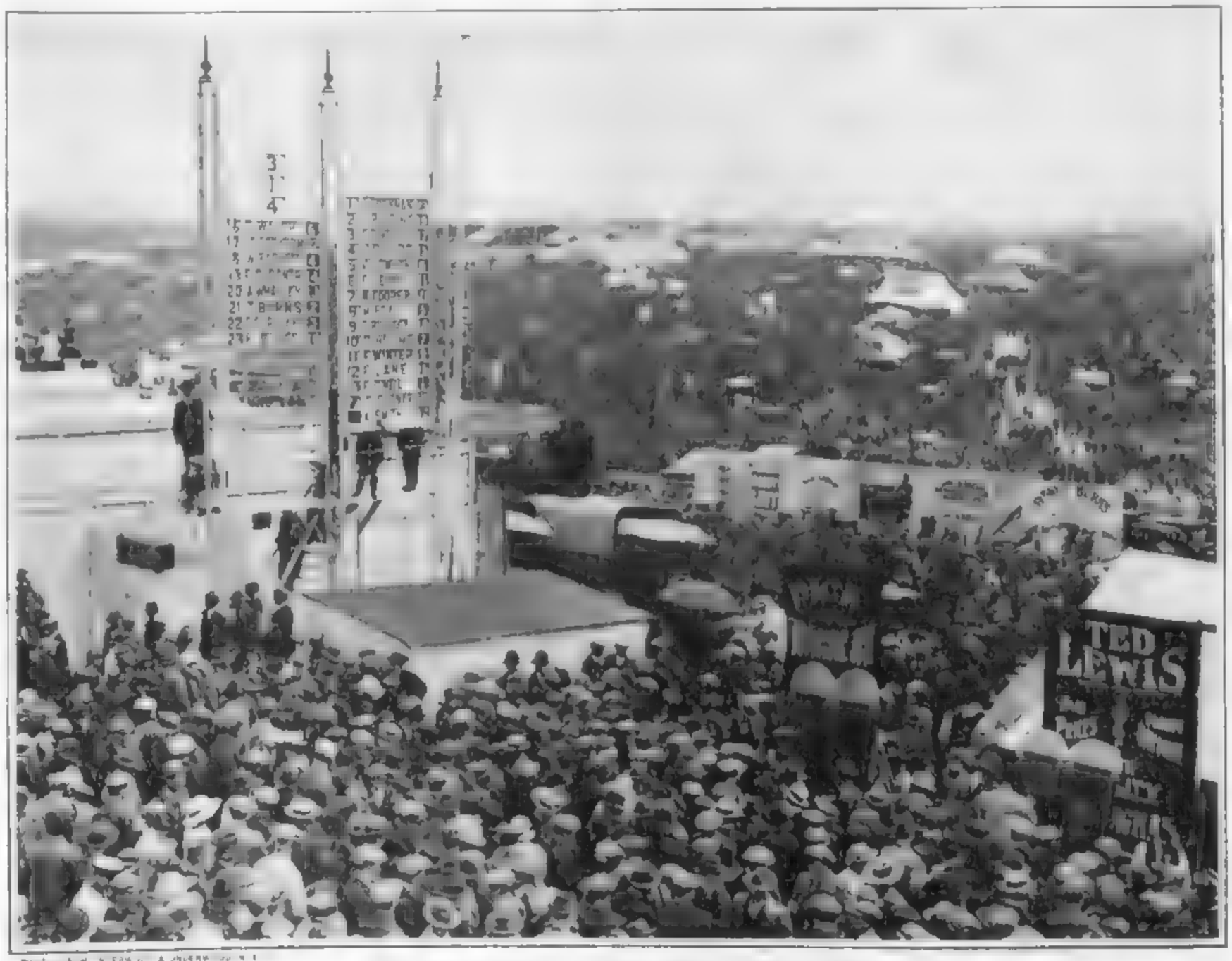
What is a Place?

THE bookmaker found himself just where he had been before, with neither his hopes nor his fears justified. There are three varieties of him in Great Britain, and the attitude of the law to each variety is remarkable and illogical. First comes the bookie who bets openly on the course, accepting and paying cash openly, as he is allowed—under a legal fiction which rules that a race course is not a place, while a street corner is a place.

Next comes the man who calls himself a turf commission agent or a turf accountant. He rents office buildings and maintains countless telephone wires. The legal fiction which protects him is that the bets telephoned to him are simply commissions, which his agents execute with real bookmakers on the course. He may do this kind of betting as long as he conducts his business on credit lines. If his credit customers decline to meet his weekly accounts the law refuses him any process, since it does not recognize gaming transactions

The third kind of bookie—the street-corner man—asks for no fiction of the law to cover his transactions. He simply defies the law. The most important and surprising evidence offered to the betting commission refers to this type of bookie, and it was provided by the police. They agree that the street-corner bookie is the only person who ever succeeded in undermining and breaking down the innate law-abiding instinct of the British people. All the police efforts to check illegal bookmaking are rendered useless by public sympathy with the bookmaker. One has to understand just how much the British public will endure at the hands of the law in order to grasp what this means. One instance may suffice. A law says that tobacco and cigarettes may not be sold after eight o'clock at night. The opportunities for buying and selling tobacco after that hour are

Continued on Page 79



The Number Board for the Derby, Epsom Downs, England

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

A Story of Graustark—By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"Rodkin Told Me Today That One of His Acquaintances, a Red of the Deepest Dye, Came to Him Last Night With a Rather Ugly Story"

X

TEA at the castle was a delightful, informal little function, shorn completely of the ceremony and severity that one would naturally expect in a royal household. The only shadow of constraint was that cast by the pair who had just come in from a stroll through the grounds, and even that was rendered unnoticeable by the extremely clever acting of the pair themselves.

Virginia was especially gay—a circumstance which added considerably to the depression that had settled down upon her fellow performer. However, his own well-simulated air of indifference had an equally distressing effect on her. Each therefore was wholly successful in deceiving the other, and each was inwardly miserable. Outwardly, both of them were without a care in the world. Standing in their own shadows, each gazed disconsolately into the sunshine that surrounded the other.

She was sorely afflicted with self-pity growing out of the consciousness that she had made a fool of herself in his eyes. She had behaved in a most undignified manner. She had been very silly and schoolgirlish in prompting the now detestable scheme that had succeeded so happily on the day of his arrival in Graustark. What a fool she had been even to imagine that he was heart whole and fancy free! Of course he was in love with someone else. There must surely be a girl at home—an American girl. It was all poppycock his saying—or if not actually saying, at any rate implying—that he had been true to Rosa Schmitz all these years. Persiflage! Idle flattery! Testing her vanity as if she were a harebrained, unsophisticated ninny! Somehow chagrin was uppermost over regret in her meditations.

Yorke, on the other hand, by a singular coincidence in speculation, attributed her eagerness to have the ridiculous marriage legally dissolved as quickly as possible to a decision on her part to marry someone else. No doubt the husband already had been selected; plans probably were fairly under way for the royal nuptials; all that remained to be done was to get rid of a pernicious obstacle bearing the name of Yorke. There was something significant, and decidedly nauseating as well, in her request that he refrain from mentioning the scene with Prince Hubert in the park

Now that he had had time to think it over, the reason she had given was an exceedingly flimsy one. She had said:

"I think it would be a mistake for you to complain, Mr. Yorke. Let me be the talebearer. Prince Hubert, after all, is the guest of Graustark. If anyone is to report him, I think it would be much better if I did it rather than you."

Was Hubert the husband they had chosen for her? Was that the reason why she seemed so nervous and self-conscious when she asked him to say nothing about the brute's conduct? Hubert? That gorilla! Good Lord, what was the matter with Virginia's mother that she could countenance such a hideous sacrifice?

Under other conditions, Yorke would have enjoyed the cozy, informal little tea for four, served in Princess Bevra's boudoir. He would have been able more fully to appreciate the delicate attention his charming hostess had paid him when she admitted him, a wayfaring stranger, to the privacy of an apartment in which none save the most intimate of her friends were received or entertained.

He was not, of course, unmindful of the distinction accorded him, nor was he without a very deep and glowing sense of satisfaction. He was conscious of a feeling of exaltation such as he had never known before. He had been secretly apprehensive. He had anticipated something stiff and formal and, in a manner of speaking, starchy. He found exactly the reverse. After what he had seen of the great castle, in all its lofty, somewhat somber stateliness, this warm, friendly little room was a surprise and a delight. Virginia had hurried him through spacious halls and galleries, peopled by glittering attendants, rigid guardsmen and forbidding vacuums accoutered in suits of mail; up the long, gorgeous stairway that ascended from these overpowering regions of pomp to vast carpeted corridors whose turns and angles seemed endless and confusing; and in time to what she described as the left wing, where generations of Graustark's princes and princesses had lived and died just like other people.

Here, at the end of the impressive journey, they came to the real domicile of the princess, a home within a home. Here was Graustark's hearthstone, her nursery, her sanctuary. And here he found a cheerful, unregal welcome that banished all his misgivings; here was an amazing contrast to the frigorific austerity that had daunted him below, that had made him feel small and insignificant.

A wood fire blazed merrily in a shallow brick fireplace, incongruously reminiscent of flat life in New York. Nothing medieval about that saucy little fireplace, nor about the things that stood on the white mantelpiece above it; dainty up-to-the-minute little things that bore testimony to the extreme modernity of the fastidious young woman who reigned over this bright corner of the grim old pile. A rich Chinese rug of a delicate rose hue covered the floor; the hangings were exquisite; the few pictures on the walls were gay in color and subject; the furbishings were bright and jaunty; the chairs comfortable, the chaise longue seductive, the divan luxurious.

An escritoire over near the window revealed a condition of disorderliness that existed nowhere else in the room; it was littered with letters, note paper, envelopes, blotters, pens and pencils, to say nothing of a partially obscured engagement book, a calendar and a small but well-worn dictionary—that most indispensable friend of all females in distress. Altogether an ineffably feminine room and therefore appealing to men.

A fender bench guarded the fireplace. On this Virginia sat down, her back to the fire. From time to time she altered her position to crack her heels against the frame of the fender as if beating time to some mute melody that was running through her head. She had not removed her smart little hat. Her coat and gloves had been carelessly cast on a chair just inside the door. Her cheeks were still tinged with the rosy flush that the kiss of the wind had kindled.

"Would you prefer something else?" Prince Robin had thoughtfully inquired of Yorke as tea was being brought in by a flunky.

"Tea, thank you, your highness."

"All you have to do is to say the word," continued the prince, lifting his eyebrows encouragingly and hospitably.

"Mr. Yorke prefers tea, Bobby," announced Princess Bevra. "Didn't you hear him say so?"

"I heard him say he'd take tea, but I didn't hear him say he preferred it, my dear."

"But I do prefer it," Yorke made haste to assert. "I am already intoxicated with joy, of course."

It was at this precise juncture that Princess Virginia first began to beat time with her heels against the fender.

"We thought you would like it much better if just we four made a little family party of it, Mr. Yorke," Bevra had explained, as he was presented by her sister. "Much nicer than a regular tea battle, especially when two-thirds of the enemy forces can tear you to shreds without your understanding a word they're saying. Besides," she had gone on, with the most disarming smile he had ever seen, "you are a sort of brother-in-law, don't you know"

"What one might call a sort of foster husband," added Prince Robin, laughing.

"Don't be idiotic," said Virginia.

Yorke could not help comparing the two sisters. Bevra was beautiful, fascinating. She was several years older than Virginia, slender and graceful, merry-eyed, soft-voiced, and with the most infectious of gurgles when she laughed. She lacked the vivid, radiant coloring of her sister—but there he stopped, realizing that he was prejudiced. She was exquisite in a filmy tea gown of azure blue. Her arms and neck were perfect.

Prince Robin was a strikingly handsome fellow, with dark, smiling eyes and a joyous laugh. He was not more than thirty-two or three, tall, smooth-shaven, clear-skinned and—at the moment—as rumpled-haired as a boy. His greenish, sun-stained Norfolk jacket was sadly in need of cleansing and repair; a jagged rent just above the right knee of his knickerbockers bore evidence of having been hurriedly mended by an unskilled tailor—who, in this case, happened to be his wife—and one of the side patch pockets of his jacket bulged with a pair of heavy fleece-lined gloves. There were mud streaks and splotches on his golf stockings, and the pumps in which his feet were incased had seen better days, but not recently. He wore a soft collar and a rather gay-striped necktie. Certainly in a sartorial sense he fell far short of typifying royalty as we commoners are prone to look upon it from an ancient conception of purple and fine raiment. He slumped indolently down into his chair, one knee over the other.

Yorke took a tremendous liking to him from the start. He was a regular fellow, to quote from the American's stock of unvoiced impressions. He possessed a rare charm and the even rarer faculty for making it felt without the faintest trace of condescension. He treated Yorke as if he were an equal in all respects. Something passed between these two young men as they shook hands and looked into each other's eyes that made them bond fellows in spirit.

Yorke was not long in discovering that the home life of royal families differs very little from that of ordinary beings. He was permitted to witness a rather unconventional little scene between the rulers of Graustark. Bevra had taken Robin to task for appearing in such an outlandish costume—"especially those disreputable pumps."

"Really, Bobby, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are perfectly disgraceful."

"But, hang it all, Bevvy, I was late. I didn't have time to change anything except my shoes. You ought to thank your lucky stars I didn't blunder in here tracking mud all over the place"

"But you've got a dozen pairs of decent-looking shoes, old dear."

"Takes time to lace 'em. I'm sure Mr. Yorke doesn't think the less of me for putting on a comfortable pair of pumps. He's a man—he knows."

"Even muddy boots would have been better than those awful things."

"Lord, I've seen you take Danny over your knee many a time for coming in here with muddy shoes."

"Virgie, don't forget to remind me to have them thrown into the fire tonight."

"He's got a worse pair than those, Bev—the ones you gave him for Christmas the first year you were married."

"Nobody shall destroy that pair," declared Robin. "They are going to become the most cherished of our family heirlooms. My great-grandchildren —— Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Yorke; I forgot to offer you a cigarette. We all smoke in here. It's good for the ceiling."

Whereupon Bevra pinched his ear and announced that if it took her last penny he should have a new pair of carpet slippers for his next birthday.

It developed later that the prince was not only a great admirer of Colonel Roosevelt but an emulator as well. He had been off in the hills with some woodsmen that afternoon, chopping down trees!

When, after a most charming and delightful hour, Yorke rose to take his departure, Prince Robin volunteered to conduct him on a sight-seeing tour of the castle, after which a car would be in readiness to take him to the Regengetz.

Left alone with her sister, Virginia's demeanor underwent a swift and startling change. Her gayety forsook her almost as soon as the two men disappeared down the corridor.

"Bevvy dear," she said, solemn-eyed and serious, "you remember what I told you a long time ago? Well, it's true."

"I don't know what you are talking about. You've told me a lot of things, you know."

"I mean about him."

"Oh? Well, he is all you said he was, dear—perfectly delightful, and ——"

"For heaven's sake, don't you remember me telling you that I was in love with him?" cried Virginia impatiently.

"Oh, that! Certainly I remember it." She looked deeply into her sister's eyes, and then said slowly, "And you are still in love with him—is that what you mean?"

"Yes, that's just it, Bev. I am in love with him—only more so than ever. For a long, long time he was a—well, a phantom, a sort of dream man. I never expected to see him again. And now he isn't a phantom, nor is he a dream any longer. He is real, and he is here where I can touch him with my hands, and speak to him, and hear his voice, and ——"

"Go on, dear. Why do you pause?"

"I was just about to say precious little good it does me," sighed Virginia. "I think—in fact I am sure—he loves someone else. Oh, don't laugh, Bevvy! I'm frightfully unhappy."

"But, Virginia dear," cried the princess, instantly sober, "what difference could it possibly make to you if he were in love with you and not with someone else? You couldn't—you couldn't marry him, you know."

"Oh, I couldn't, couldn't I?" cried Virginia, a combined note of triumph and defiance in her voice. "Why, bless your stupid old heart, I don't have to marry him! I am already married to him. That's what all the hullabaloo

(Continued on Page 158)

"Surely You Wouldn't Have Been Such a Goose as to Get Up at Four o'Clock to Have Breakfast With a Couple of Grouchy Men"

THE BLACK CARGO

IX

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

I THOUGHT I had closed my eyes for a second only, yet, when I opened them again, the sun was coming through the windows. I was still sitting in my chair, for I had learned to doze away in such a fashion when the night was stormy and we might be called on deck. Murdock's daughter was still sitting looking at the fire. Indeed only the daylight was there to tell me that I had been asleep at all. There was no confused groping in my mind which so often follows sleep, so that I sometimes think I must have been half awake all the while, according to the habit we learn at sea. I only remember being aware that the time had come for everything I had expected.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" I asked.

"You were very tired," she said. "You were talking about a ship, and then I saw your eyes were shut. There was no reason to wake you."

And then I saw that she was tired also. Her gray eyes were heavy with watching, and her slender shoulders drooped with weariness, but her lips were bent in a smile such as I had seen on the night before, a mirthless wistful smile, which seemed to make her aloof and sufficient unto herself.

My Next Recollection Was of Holding Eliphalet Greer by the Shoulders, and of Mr. Parton Leaning Against the Wall

"I had many things to think about," she added. "Yes, a great many."

I rose stiffly, walked over to the window and looked out. The sun was higher than I had thought. I knew he would be coming soon. I remember wondering what would happen when we two met, but I only wondered incuriously, for I was certain of only one thing. I could not leave without seeing him, and though I did not know what I was going to say or do, I was not worried, for somehow it all seemed settled.

The breeze was very light that morning, and the storm was gone like some vision in the night. I hardly need to describe it, for you know the way a seaport town looks after a northwester in the spring. There is never another time when it seems half so clean and bright. The water is never so blue as it is then, and the sky is never so clear and soft. The sunlight is peculiarly mellow and kindly as it strikes upon the houses, like the sun of some more genial land.

The grass had taken on that first faint green of spring after that stormy night. The branches of the elm trees seemed less bare as they moved with the breeze. There were bits of cloud still in the sky, torn and fragile as down, and as white as sun-bleached linen, and the whitecaps on the harbor waves, which kept jumping up and vanishing again, were as white as the clouds themselves, and the water sparkled like tinsel beneath the sun. I could hardly remember that there had been a stormy night until I looked out toward the center of the stream. It was only out there that I could see the aftermath of the evening's gale.

The Ruth was lying at anchor, but she had the look of one of her crew after a night's debauch ashore. Two of her main yards had gone, and still lay tangled in her broken shrouds. Her foretop had snapped clean off, and was still lapping against her side, half out of the water in a tangle of ropes and lesser wreckage. Her bowsprit was crushed into yellow splinters, and her paint was scratched and smeared. I could almost think she had been treated to deliberate violence if I had not been acquainted with the vicissitudes of storm.

Then about a cable length below her I saw another vessel, which I had never noticed cross our bar before. She was a brigantine, painted black with white ports with sharp-cut bows and narrow in the beam. She was one of a class of light fast trading vessels such as I had seen building in the Delaware, designed for quick sailing and light cargoes. It did not take more than half a glance to see what had happened, for the paint was clean off her port side, and her bulwarks were in slivers. Her mainmast was sprung so that it tipped far to the starboard, and her crew were already at work clearing her bows of wreckage. Yes, she was the ship that came from God knows where. I almost forgot my own thoughts as I watched her. Whoever stood aft that night must have known our bar better than I did to push her through in the teeth of a northwest gale without a pilot or a chance to take a sounding.

I have found that things often happen when you are least alert, and I have always found it hard to think of other matters when a strange ship comes to port. I was still staring out the window, and was just about to call to Murdock's daughter to come and look also, when I heard a footstep and the click of the latch on the kitchen door. I turned about slowly, and stood very still, but I could feel my hand trembling, and my heart beating in my throat. The latch had been raised softly and now the door was opening deliberately and smoothly. I knew before I ever saw who was there that Murdock would never open a door like that. Then the door opened wider. Eliphalet Greer was standing on the threshold.

I cannot tell how I expected him to look, but somehow his appearance surprised me. His clothes were newly brushed. His hair was smoothed back from his forehead. His gold watch chain seemed more solid than ever as it stretched across his black waistcoat. He was holding his tall hat and his cane in his right hand, and his hat was as smooth and glossy as his broadcloth coat. Something of the early morning sunlight seemed to be reflected from his face. I had never seen him more tranquil or more like a man who has slept well and who welcomes what the day may bring. The very way his gray hair was parted from his forehead gave him an air of reposeful dignity. He was looking at Captain Murdock's daughter except for a second only when his glance turned to the broken cup on the hearthstone.

"Good morning, Prudence," he said. "What a morning it is to be alive in!"

But she did not reply. She only stood as though turned to stone.

"You look pale, Prudence," he added kindly.

And still she did not answer, and still he never turned his head toward the window where I was standing.

"Come," said Eliphalet Greer. "The sun is out again. And your father—is he out too? He cannot have left without waiting for me."

And then she spoke, but before she did so she darted a glance toward the window where I was standing. She must have read the way I felt, and if she did she had a reason for what she said.

"Yes," she replied hastily, "he's gone outdoors. He wants you to look for him down at the wharves. He wants you right away. Please go! Oh, please hurry!"

"Prudence," said Eliphalet Greer, "you look very lovely this morning; yes, as beautiful as the virgin that filled her lamp with oil. What makes you so, I wonder? Your hair's no longer brown, it has a golden touch. It makes my mind go back a long, long way to see you. So he's gone out? Well, it makes no difference."

"But it does!" she cried. "It does! Oh, please go!"

He knew there was something wrong then. I could see his eyelids flicker and his lips grow taut. He turned quickly, and then he saw me by the window. It will be a long while before I forget that old man's face. There was no surprise upon it, nor was there fear or anger. Rather it had the look of the face in my dreams as he held the wheel of that phantom ship. He seemed to be staring straight through me, as though I were only a bit of haze obscuring something which lay far beyond.

For a moment he stood quite rigid, and then there was a clattering sound. For the second time I had known him Eliphalet Greer had dropped his cane. It dropped to the floor, and his high hat dropped with it, and rolled toward the table, catching up the dust and in a moment turning old and battered. For a second longer he stood so, clasping and unclasping his hands, and then he spoke.

"God's will be done," he said, and that was all.

There was no hypocrisy about that speech. For the moment I could not answer. It was so different from what I had expected that I only stared at him, for suddenly the lines of his face had deepened, not with anger, not with hate. Instead it was lined with pain, as it had been in his countingroom, as it had been when the sun struck upon him on the deck of the Felicity. Something had seized again upon him. Out of the shadows which surrounded him some unseen hand had struck.

"Prudence," he said, "bring me a chair. I seem to be growing very old."

He sat himself down stiffly and his chin sank into the folds of his neckcloth, but his eyes were still upon me, unwavering, as though he could see somewhere beyond.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," he said. "Yes, God's will be done."

He was still clasping and unclasping his hands, and now he moved his right hand uncertainly toward his chest.

"Mr. Greer," I said, "put down your hand."

Eliphalet Greer gave a slight start, as though I had aroused him from some reverie

My voice grew louder, and had a ring to it which made him look up. "If you strike at me again, if you set a paid murderer on me, if you attempt to poison my food or drink, I'll know what to do, no matter how old you are. I'd do it now if you were standing on your feet!"

With a quick intake of his breath he pushed himself up from his chair, and stood facing me.

"Well," he asked, "what are you going to do?"

There was no bravado in his action, neither a trace of a sneer nor of defiance in his voice. He was a venerable man as he stood there, in spite of the restless furrows about his eyes and mouth.

"Strike me if you like," he said. "I have been struck before. Strike me, Charles; I shall turn the other cheek."

His speech has a theatrical bombastic sound as I write it now, but I know he did not intend it then. I know it, though many people in those days delighted in using Biblical periods. Yet even then I was not sure he was wholly without guile. Somehow I knew intuitively that he was thinking and planning all the while.

"Sit down, Mr. Greer," I said. "You know I cannot strike you now."

But he only stood looking at me and spoke again very gently. "Charles," he said, "I am sorry, very sorry."

Something inside me broke loose then.

"I know what you're sorry for," I snapped out. "Only be careful that you don't grow sorrier still." I stopped in an effort to control the anger in my voice. "I've said all I'm going to say to you," I went on. "I know what you are. I know so much that you're afraid to stay here while I stay, too; but if this town won't hold us both, Mr. Greer, you're the one who's going to leave."

Eliphalet Greer raised his hand with a peculiarly gentle dignity.

"There's no need to speak so, Charles, at a time like this," he said sadly. "You misunderstand what I was saying. I'm not sorry for what I have done. I'm sorry for what you have done, nothing more. I'm sorry, because I never meant it to end the way it has."

"Mr. Greer," I interrupted, "do you think I believe a word you are saying?"

But Eliphalet Greer disregarded my remark.

"Yes," he went on more loudly, "I know how the shadow will haunt you. I know how the memory will sting, now that your hand is branded. You'll see him in the river mist, you'll see him in the waves. You'll see him in the candle flame, and on the pages of your book. It makes no difference whether you struck rightly or wrongly. I know, I know."

He turned and looked gravely at Murdock's daughter.

"And you'll see him, too, Prudence; you'll see him too," he ended.

"What are you talking about?" I asked uncertainly

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer more gravely still, "if you'll only trust me I'll be your friend through this. You must leave at once. You must get to sea before they find his body."

And then I knew what he thought. All of a sudden his words fitted together and flashed before my eyes in a shape that lent logic to everything which had gone before

"So you think I killed him?" I asked

"You and I both killed him, Charles," said Eliphalet Greer very quietly. "His blood is on the hands of us both."

"And now," I inquired, "as long as I don't leave one way, you think I'd better leave the other. All's well that ends well, Mr. Greer."

"I'll help you," he said. "Of course you can't stay now."

I watched him very carefully as I spoke, because I knew it was hard to tell what he might do when I had finished.

"Mr. Greer," I said, "we always seem to misunderstand each other about death. Captain Murdock only had an accident. He drank his liquor from the wrong cup, and I had him sent aboard the Ruth."

■

I DON'T know what I expected him to do when I sent home that blow, but he did nothing. His eyes were still upon me, but again he was not looking at me, but rather at something beyond. His lips tightened for a moment and then relaxed, nothing more. Was it self-control that made him so, I wonder? Or was it something else? I find it hard to tell.

"I'm glad," he said at length; "I have enough upon me without that."

And he sighed deeply, like a man who is very tired. Sometimes I think he was tired then and that everything he said was truly spoken.

"Mr. Greer," I continued, "I wouldn't try to touch me again."

"You wouldn't, huh?" came a voice behind me. "Now why the hell wouldn't he?"

I sprang hastily backward. I don't believe any of us knew that Murdock was there until he spoke, for we all had been watching one another, and had forgotten the open door. But there he was with his cheeks puffed out and his hands in his pockets.

He was a sickly looking sight. His clothing was wrinkled and creased, and covered with patches of dirt as though he had rolled on an unswept floor. His hair was wet and matted, and his face, generally so red, was of a whitish, greenish hue

For a second Eliphalet Greer stared at Captain Murdock without speaking, but any Christian feeling he may have experienced previously seemed to have passed away.

"So there you are, you bungling fool!" he cried. "Haven't you made enough of a mess without coming here and making it worse?"

Eliphalet's speech appeared to jangle discordantly on Captain Murdock's nerves

"Fool yourself!" he snorted. "Didn't I tell you the best thing was to do it nice and clean, like gentlemen always do it? A good crack on the head—didn't I tell you it was the way?"

The wrinkles around Eliphalet's eyes deepened.

"Be quiet!" he hissed. "And close that door!"

But Captain Murdock was engrossed in his own thoughts. He had perceived his daughter, and the sight of her caused him to give way to a burst of righteous indignation.

"You Delilah!" he roared. "Don't you look at me like that or I'll punch in both your eyes!"

"Be quiet!" hissed Eliphalet Greer, striding toward him.

"Like thunder I'll be quiet!" retorted Captain Murdock in righteous wrath. "I've had enough of this sort of prayer meeting. Didn't want to hurt the boy, did you? Well, stand to one side, and I'll treat him gentle!"

Just then Captain Murdock's daughter seized my arm.

"Run for the door," she whispered. "Don't you see they won't let you go?"

"Murdock," said Eliphalet Greer, "lock that door, and send that girl upstairs."

His jaw had thrust itself forward and he had half closed his eyes.

"Charles ——" he began, and then he stopped, for Murdock's daughter had stepped between us

"Prudence," he said, "I wish to speak to Mr. Jervaile. Murdock, take her out of the room."

Captain Murdock made a gesture of profound irritation.

"Women!" he cried in a terrible voice "Ain't I always said she'd be crawling over everything? That's what comes of having women around. Gentlemen can't do anything they want to do."

Eliphalet Greer seemed singularly revived.

"Did you hear me, Murdock?" he said more loudly.

"Miss Murdock," I said, "please don't worry on my account."

But Captain Murdock's mind was always slow, and now it was aflame with definite resentment

"Miss Murdock be damned!" he roared, and his face became purple.

I can never tell why, but I became aware of another force in the confines of that room. Captain Murdock had made the balance shift. Eliphalet had turned away and was towering over Captain Murdock. He had forgotten me then. They had both forgotten me. I could have walked out the door without either of them giving me a thought. Eliphalet's voice had a snap to it which would have carried through a hurricane.

"Will you be quiet!" he thundered. "Have you forgotten that she's listening?"

Eliphalet Greer had seized him by the shoulder, but Captain Murdock wrenched himself away.

For an instant they both eyed each other. Eliphalet Greer's hand was still in the air, and I could see it was trembling. His lips were moving back and forth as though they were struggling with half-formed words.

"No, I won't be quiet," returned Captain Murdock. "I don't care what you do to me. I'm gettin' too old to be scared. I've got sins enough of my own without bothering

(Continued on Page 56)

"Look, Murdock!" Cried Eliphalet Greer

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina Bolivia, Brazil Colombia Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua Panama Paraguay Peru Republic of Honduras Salvador Spain and Uruguay $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds

To Canada—By Subscription $2.80 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4, 1924

What is a Luxury in Japan?

IN IMPOSING a tariff of one hundred per cent on luxuries last July the Japanese Government did not attempt to define a luxury. Charles Gide, the distinguished French professor of economics, points out in his Principles that, while the word "luxury" in its ordinary acceptation means anything that satisfies a superfluous want, such a definition is not satisfactory, because even the poorest man longs for—and from time to time gets—some small superfluity over actual necessity. He remarks also that the luxury of today is the necessity of tomorrow; "so, if asceticism had prevailed and had succeeded in repressing all luxury wants, it would have nipped in the bud all wants which make man civilized, and we should today be still in the position of our ancestors of the Stone Age. Luxury is the flower that contains the fruit; and to destroy all the flowers is to destroy also all the fruit." In short, without this gradual transformation from luxury to necessity the progress of civilization would be retarded, and luxuries, so far from involving a waste of labor, are a powerful stimulus to labor, quickening men's appetites and desires. Another less convincing argument for luxurious expenditure is that it benefits the poor by distributing the superfluous wealth of the rich in the shape of wages. Of course there are luxuries and luxuries. Some, like golf or tennis or a holiday in the country, are not merely innocent but health-giving. If not indulged in to excess they are productive of efficiency. Then there are harmless luxuries, which are neither beneficial nor mischievous; and there are harmful luxuries, which undermine morality or health. But on the whole most of us mean by luxury an extra pleasure or comfort. The growth of civilization is always accompanied—as Professor Ely has remarked—by "a continual transfer of articles from the list of so-called luxuries into that of comforts and necessities." This transfer comes about through a change in the social judgment of a community, so that the three questions, What is a necessity? What is a comfort? What is a luxury? are answered differently in different countries and at different times. In short, when we define a luxury as something which satisfies a superfluous want, we have to remember that the judgment of men and women upon what wants are superfluous varies from place to place and from time to time.

The framers of the new luxury tariff in Japan took the line of selecting a list of articles. These they branded as luxuries, and then clapped upon the whole list a uniform tariff of one hundred per cent. To the American or European mind a more amazing description of luxuries than this list affords could hardly be imagined. If the Japanese Government had deliberately set to work to show the American public how completely different is the Japanese standard of life from ours, and how much lower are their standards, it could not have achieved its purpose more successfully. Of course there are in the new luxury tariff a good many things which may fairly be classed as luxuries, such as jewelry, tortoise shell, ivory and eau de cologne. But when we find that raincoats, shirts and underclothing of all kinds—provided it contains a slight admixture of silk—collars, stockings, socks, shawls, neckties, braces, belts, garters, hats, shoes, shoe laces, handkerchiefs and soap are classed as luxuries in Japan, we must confess to a mixture of surprise and sympathy.

The impression is heightened by a perusal of the speeches and explanations in which Mr. Hamaguchi, the Japanese Finance Minister, interpreted the luxury tariff and its purposes to members of the Diet. He declared that the hundred per cent duties are not levied either for the purpose of protecting Japanese manufacturers or for the purpose of raising revenue. Their object is prohibition and prevention. According to Mr. Hamaguchi the use of such noxious luxuries as soap, the employment of pocket handkerchiefs, the wearing of socks, shoes, collars and braces, ought to be checked and if possible brought to an end. If the import duties do not achieve this result he promises excise duties to follow, in order to suppress the fabrication of similar luxuries in Japan.

The Japanese Government's list apparently expresses public opinion. It is true that a few mild criticisms were offered in the Diet and in the Japanese newspapers; but the tariff was passed with a celerity which suggests that it will be a very long time before the Japanese imitation of Western civilization bears an even remote resemblance to the original.

The Unquenchable Element

ALL who are interested in large corporate and financial operations have read with absorbed interest for some months past the reports of progress made in effecting a merger or consolidation of five railroad systems into one great whole, somewhat after the manner and the scope suggested by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Whatever the import of these transactions may be to the financial markets and to the transportation situation, they suggest a human-interest side that cannot but have a wide appeal.

Everyone knows that the principals are two brothers, relatively young men, who not so long ago were real-estate dealers in an Ohio city. Their transformation into railroad kings has been through a logical enough process, but today there is not an observer who fails to comment on the persistence of individualism and free enterprise in the economic system, as so markedly exemplified by the activities of these two men.

It is recalled that when James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman passed from the scene no more of their kind were expected to appear. It is recalled that highly individualistic enterprise in railroading has long been considered extinct. From the depths of despair as regards railroads, prevailing financial opinion has changed its tone considerably along with activities as spectacular as those referred to.

The proof of a pudding is in the eating. History is the best appraiser of the works of men. Almost invariably achievement is either exaggerated or seriously underestimated in the actual making. Not every enterpriser and promoter builds a structure that will stand up against the winds that blow. Men with equal abilities may see their boats stranded with a falling tide or carried to the desired haven with a rising flood. The current observer and chronicler is like to be carried away with the enthusiasm of the moment. Even when great works are in the building it is better to reserve judgment and let time do some of the passing.

But enterprise is a quality, an element that is hard to quench in our American setting. It may meet with excessive or with meager, starvation reward. Its possessors, by accident, may rise with the flood or fall with the ebb. But it is a quality that all but the most sour and doubting and incurably, pathologically discontented must welcome, as they do so much else of which as a country we are proud.

The Tariff on Sugar

THE Tariff Commission is known to have adopted a report recently in favor of a reduction of the import duty on sugar. The recommendation goes to the President for action under the sliding-scale provision of the law. One member of the commission is stated to have taken no part in the deliberations on account of the holding of shares in a sugar company by some member of his family. Three members of the commission interpret the data on production costs of sugar here and in Cuba in favor of a lower tariff; two members of the commission do not so interpret them. The Tariff Commission was supposedly set up as a nonpartisan body; possibly it has become a bipartisan body.

Last year we produced some 216,000 tons of cane sugar and some 880,000 tons of beet sugar. From our island possessions we drew some 910,000 tons of cane sugar. From Cuba we imported some 2,640,000 tons of cane sugar. The contest is essentially between Cuban cane sugar and beet sugar produced in the United States.

Three members of the commission, supported by the interests associated with Cuban sugar, regard the tariff as higher than the difference between the production costs of Cuban cane sugar and domestic beet sugar. Two members of the commission, supported by the American beet sugar producers, hold that the difference in production costs is fully as high as the duty under the present tariff.

Raising sugar beets is an important item in the mixed agriculture of numerous states as far apart as Michigan and California. No hasty action should be undertaken tending to repress diversification in our agriculture.

Sugar is a relatively cheap food. Our consumption of sugar is heavy; we use nearly half as much sugar as wheat flour per person per year. We ought to make as much of it as we can on a reasonable price level. Sugar price has declined during recent months; it is not easy to see why sugar should be singled out for price attack when so many other foods are relatively more expensive than sugar.

The Federal Government needs revenue. We must raise money to pay war debts, bonuses, and for the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers, in addition to covering the costs of government. Sugar duties are an easily and cheaply collected form of excise. A tax on an article that, plus the tax, is relatively cheap represents a good source of revenue.

If a lowered duty should discourage the growing of beet sugar, that would increase our dependence on imported foreign sugar. In the nature of the modern development of industry, the integration of Cuban sugar is some day likely to eventuate. This would mean common ownership or control of refineries and Cuban plantations. If, as, and when this occurs, the unified Cuban sugar industry would lie outside the province of congressional and judicial control of monopoly. In other words, increased dependence on Cuban sugar might result in subjugation to a foreign monopoly.

The division of the Tariff Commission gives food for reflection. Three-to-two decisions in matters of fact do not appeal strongly to the economic judgment. The tariff policies of the old parties are involved. It would seem to be wise to refer the matter to Congress. If the case for a lowering of the tariff rate is good, little harm will be done in deferring action until the public comes to understand that the action has been taken on the technical merits of the case. If the contention for lower duty is not sound, a great deal will have been saved by avoiding the experiment. The theory of the sliding scale of tariff duties under executive determination is quite new. It ought not to be employed in an experimental manner. It may be a good innovation and it ought to be protected against precipitous application; certainly against political application. For these several good reasons it may be urged that revision of the tariff on sugar is a case for Congress.

TARIFF FACTS AND FALLACIES

By William R. Green

CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS

NOTHING has been more productive of discussion than tariff problems, yet nothing is so generally misunderstood The importance of the tariff is such that elections have been decided by it and Presidents have been made and unmade. Numberless speeches have been made upon it and thousands of pages of the Congressional Record have been filled with debates.

Unfortunately, the tariff is in politics, although it ought not to be. Tariff debates are too often merely appeals to prejudice and selfishness, based on reckless assertions, mingled with charges and denunciations which are more likely to confuse than to inform the hearer. Though this article is written frankly from a protective standpoint, its purpose is to present the facts necessary for the intelligent determination of the principles which ought to guide our nation in deciding tariff questions. Argument will be avoided as far as possible and the reader left to determine the application for himself.

The extreme protectionist often asserts that the issue is between free trade and protection, but this is no longer the division

There have always been free traders abroad, and fifty years ago they were numerous in this country. Then there were few colleges whose textbooks and professors did not teach that doctrine, and numerous publicists and statesmen who advocated it. But no one now prominent in public affairs would say, as Champ Clark once said, "If I had my way I would abolish every customhouse," or like Roger Q. Mills, at one time chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, "I desire free trade and will not help to perfect any law that stands in the way of free trade."

Too Many Bills Spoil Business

SUCH statements were often made by other eminent political leaders, among them Speaker Carlisle, Henry Watterson, Henry George, S. S. Cox and numerous others. But free trade as a definite and general public policy has been abandoned. Nobody now proposes to abolish all protective duties, and no party platform advocates a tariff for revenue only, though some party leaders still adhere to it. We have gone a long distance in the past thirty years toward final and definite adoption of the policy of protection. In fact, there is no end of controversy over the tariff, although the issue is not clearly defined, and it will remain in politics until we have a settled national policy with reference to it.

As a result of our nation having no settled tariff policy, in the past thirty-five years we have had five complete tariff bills enacted, and with one exception each has radically differed from the preceding law. On August 27, 1894, during President Cleveland's Administration, the Wilson Bill went into effect, reversing the policy of the McKinley Bill, which preceded it. The policy of the Wilson Bill was in turn reversed by the Dingley Bill, enacted in July, 1897; this was followed in 1909 by the Payne Bill, drawn on similar lines, but with somewhat lower rates. In October, 1913, the Payne Bill was superseded by the Underwood Bill.

This bill again made a radical change in policy; and in September, 1922, the Fordney Bill, which is the present law, once more completely changed our tariff plans and rates.

All these bills produced a large amount of revenue; all contained duties intended partly or wholly to equalize the difference between the cost of manufacturing here and abroad. To a greater or less extent, all these bills tended to protect our manufacturing institutions; but the primary purpose of the Wilson and Underwood bills was to obtain revenue, while the primary purpose of the Dingley, Payne and Fordney bills was to protect our manufacturing industries and maintain our wage standards. Whatever may be the merits of these bills when considered separately, it is perfectly evident that we ought not to have these frequent changes in policies and rates.

They are demoralizing to business, for the business man does not know how to conduct his operations. He can neither buy, sell nor manufacture with freedom, for however much disagreement there may be as to the effect of tariff rates, everyone agrees that they change the course of trade. We may therefore start with one general principle—that tariff changes ought to be avoided if possible.

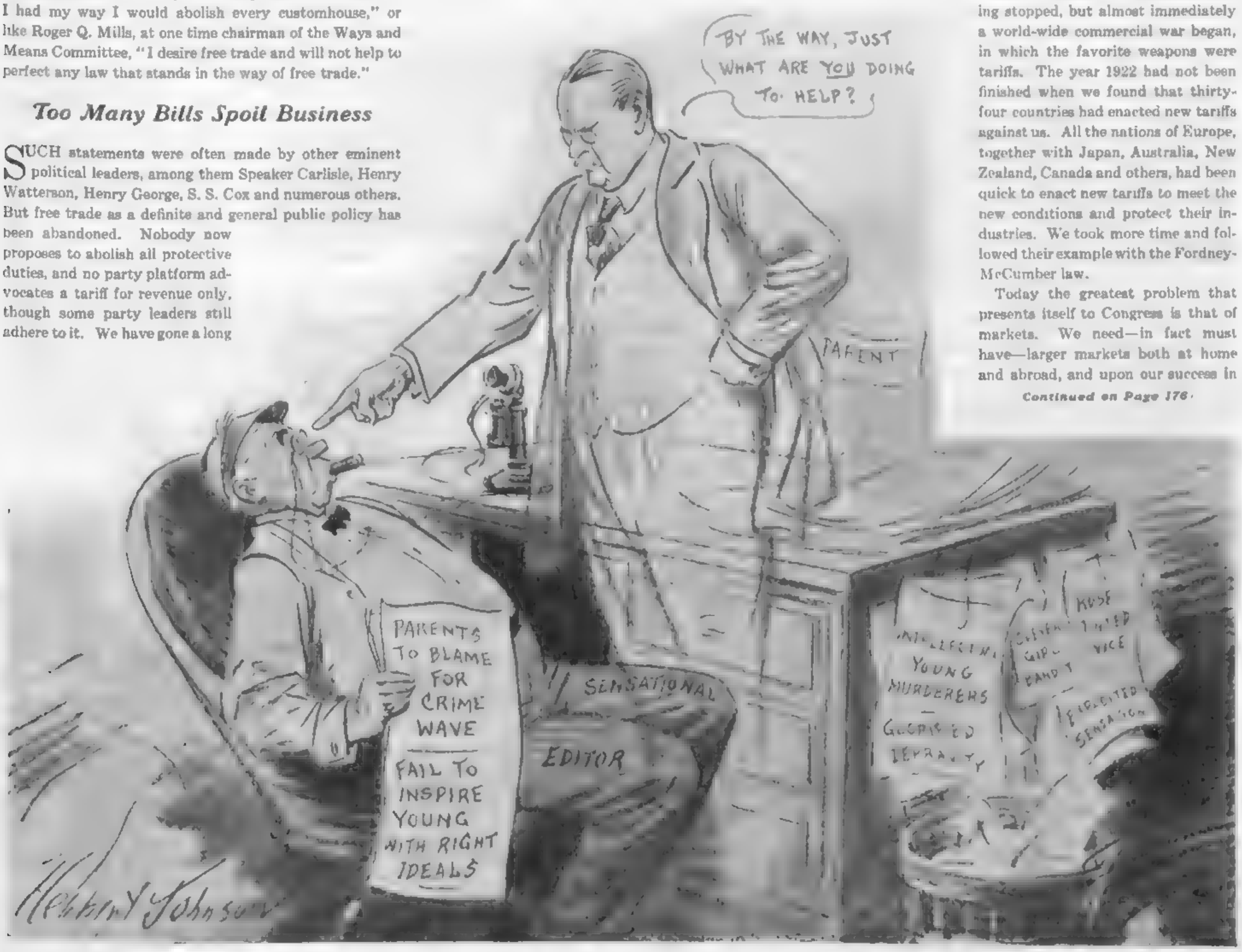
A War Fought With Tariffs

WAS this last change necessary, or should we, on the other hand, have another reversal of our tariff policies? This can best be determined by a brief review of our experience in the past and conditions that prevailed at the time of the enactment of the Fordney law.

The Armistice of November, 1918, ended the World War, only to bring on a very different but almost as important a conflict. The actual fighting stopped, but almost immediately a world-wide commercial war began, in which the favorite weapons were tariffs. The year 1922 had not been finished when we found that thirty-four countries had enacted new tariffs against us. All the nations of Europe, together with Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and others, had been quick to enact new tariffs to meet the new conditions and protect their industries. We took more time and followed their example with the Fordney-McCumber law.

Today the greatest problem that presents itself to Congress is that of markets. We need—in fact must have—larger markets both at home and abroad, and upon our success in

Continued on Page 176


BY THE WAY, JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HELP?
PARENT
PARENTS TO BLAME FOR CRIME WAVE
FAIL TO INSPIRE YOUNG WITH RIGHT IDEALS
SENSATIONAL EDITOR
YOUNG MURDERERS
Hershey Johnson

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Quadrennial Query

WHO will be President?
Dry or a souse?
Who's the next resident
Of the White House?
Tell me some more; will he
Act like a sphinx?
What sort of score will he
Make on the links?
Who'll prove the merrier
Four-footed chum—
Airedale or terrier?
Laddie or Bum?
What sort of visitors
Will he receive?
Senate inquisitors
Come on a peeve?
What will his attitude
Be on bobbed hair;
Europe's ingratitude;
Japanese scare?
Think that he'll break up the
Oil-grafting throng?
Think he will take up the
Game of mah-jongg?
Who, I reiterate,
Who'll grab the reins?
Someone illiterate?
Someone with brains?
Well, voters, as the best
Man, here's my choice:
Someone who has the best
Radio voice! —*Max Lief.*

How Times Have Changed!

1900

CUSTOMER: I'd like to look at a suit; something for Sundays.

CLERK: Here you are, sir. One of our very best blue serges. All the men are wearing them, and it's one of the best buys a man can make. It's a particularly good suit for church and funerals. If you go to ice-cream socials much, you can get a pair of white trousers to go with the coat. Shall I wrap it up?

1924

CUSTOMER: I'd like to look at a suit; something for Sundays.

CLERK: Here you are, sir. This jumper is made of extraordinarily strong khaki, and it won't show the oil spots for a long time. Nothing like it for changing a tire, and it launders well. The fabric is specially treated to resist sulphuric acid. It's just the thing to wear when you monkey around with either the radio or the car. Shall I wrap it up?

—ROY H. FRICKEN.

The Hurryup Complex

The Hurryup Complex Runs Ahead of His Victim, Urging Him to Catch Him if He Can. Another Runs Behind Shouting "Think of All Your Expenses! Taxes, Rent, and Everything! Faster!" A Hurryup Complex Insists That You Keep Going, Even Though the Cause for Hurry Has Subsided

Blue Smocks

BOOTHBAY holds the harbor in the deep curve of her arm;
Boothbay town has crooked streets and, lest you come to harm
From drinking too much loveliness of emerald lanes and sea,
Her traffic cops are artists who say to you, to me,
And say it no wise bashfully—these young smocked ones in blue—
"May I trouble you to move, my lad? You intercept my view."

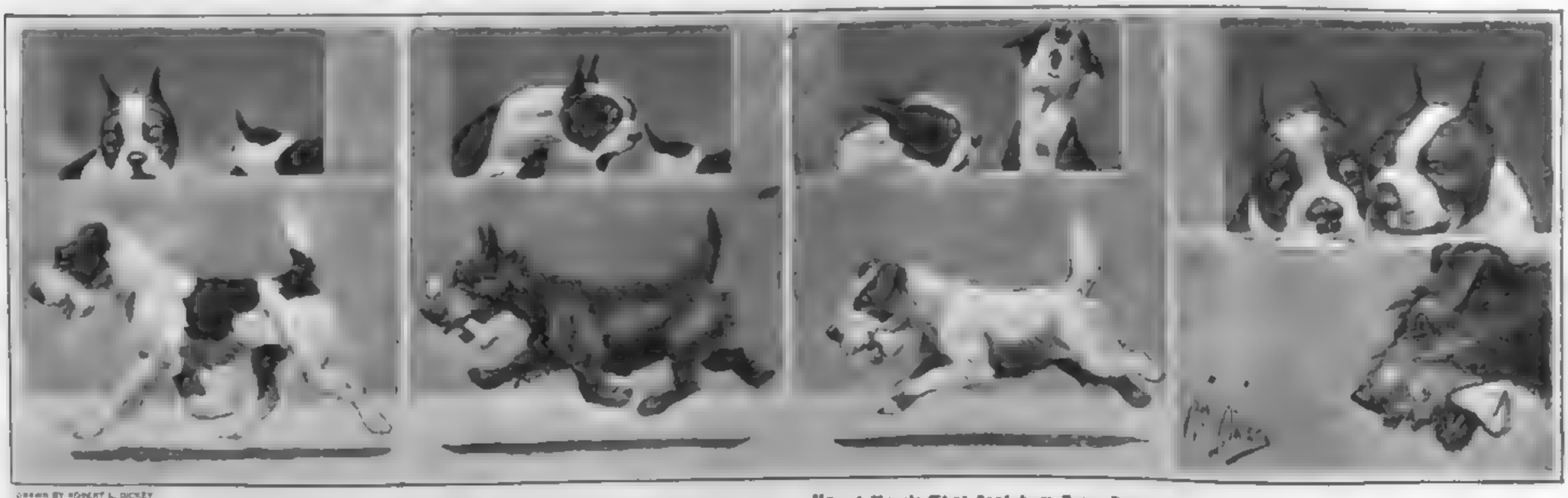
The Salome Sun

IT'S Lots of Fun running a Greasewood Golf Course with a Blue Rocky Inne attached—just Looking at and Listening to some of the Folks that has got this Golf Disease and comes a 1,000 Miles or two away out here just to Chase a golf Ball 23 Miles up and Down these Mountains and around through the Greasewood and Canyons. I guess the Feeling is Mutual because they keep on Coming and Paying until Some Times I get ashamed and think Maybe I ought to Pay them instead of them Paying Me—they all have to Work so Hard to have their Fun, besides all the Rail Road fare they have to pay to get here. I'd like to Discover the Corn Plowing Germ and Inoculate a few of these Golf Folks so as they could have Just as Much Fun chasing a Corn Plow as they do now chasing Golf Balls—and then maybe Corn wouldn't be $1 a Bushel and Beef would go Down.

On account of it being So Far Around and taking 2 or 3 Weeks to play the Grease-Golf Course, we don't serve No Regular Meals at the Blue Rocky Inne (Hotel). All Guests is Furnished Free—Included with the $25 Per Day—with a Camp Cook and a Can Opener and a Pack Burro or 2 and told to Help Themselves out of the Commissary to whatever kind of Canned Goods they Like to Eat best with a Pair of Reclaimed Army Blankets—and we stay at Home and Rest and take in the Money and have a Good Time and No Meals to Get or Beds to Make and Everybody Happy—Why Not? They would all rather Camp Out and Sleep on the Ground and Pay Me $25 a Day for Letting them Do It because they can Sleep in a Bed At Home for Nothing, and that ain't No Fun for Nobody. Whenever any of them Gets Fussy and wants to Sleep in Bed I tell them that it's Safer and Healthier to Sleep on the Ground—More Folks Dies in Beds than Any Other Place, according

(Continued on Page 157)

Mr. and Mrs. Beane



"Oh, Beane! Here Goes Ragsy Jones With a Tremendous Bone

"Yes, and Scotty McPhee With Another. They Must be Collecting Their Fall Stock

"Say! Here's That Sealyham From Down the Street With a Big One. If You Snooze Around All Day They'll Have Collected All the Bones in the Neighborhood"

"Don't Worry, Vi—I'll Get Mine. I Know Where They All Bury 'Em"

Who wants all the work of making soup with 32 different ingredients?

Yet this is just the kind of vegetable soup everybody wants to eat!

Vegetable is a soup that has always been popular, but it was such a task to make it that women could not serve it nearly often enough to suit the family.

But now Campbell's have made vegetable soup a regular family dish, instead of an occasional one.

No trouble at all for you to serve it—and, how everybody does like it!

It would be difficult, if not impossible, for you to obtain such splendid vegetables—and it would be very expensive.

You couldn't devote all your time to the study and blending of soup—as Campbell's chefs do.

Thirty-two ingredients—fifteen tempting vegetables, choice cereals, rich beef broth.

You'll often make it the one hot dish of the meal.

Luncheon Dinner Supper

12 cents a can

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

"No Matter What They Prove About Curved and Limited Space, They Can't Prevent You From Imagining Your Absolutely Straight Line to Infinity"

XVIII

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AS ON the previous morning, Clyde and I were early at breakfast, I as eager as he, by this time, to enact my rigorously rehearsed rôle before an actual audience, and after a hurried meal I was once more driven to the side street, some distance round the corner from the grocery establishment conducted by Mr. Ezra Marsh.

"I hate to ballyhoo myself, but watch my stuff get over," remarked Clyde as I descended with my basket, which contained the tin of peaches with the slightly defaced label concealed under a bunch of celery I had purchased the day before. "And don't go up in your lines," he added as I moved off.

Mr. Marsh was rearranging his scenery of fresh vegetables at the moment I entered, but at once wiped his hands and wished to be told my wants. "I would like," I explained, "two more tins of those peaches I purchased yesterday. I found them most luscious."

"That there brand is one of the best," he said, and passed behind his counter to a shelf from which he handed me the tins I asked for. These I placed in the basket, and after a moment's mental effort, as if I sought to remember other desired articles, I said, "Oh, yes, and a pound of your best cheese."

"There ain't none better than this Eastern cheese of mine," he replied, and went to weigh out this comestible, adding genially, "That rain passed over us, after all."

I made no reply to this, remaining by the counter where I had first halted and being now engaged in rather absently shaking close to my ear a tin of peaches; not the one I had just received, but the tin with the faintly marked label. Mr. Marsh glanced at me as he wrapped the cheese in paper, but made no remark until he brought the tied package to place in my basket.

"Sounds good, hey?" he demanded, noting that I still listened to the gently shaken tin.

"It does sound good, my friend," I said coldly, "but it doesn't sound like peaches," and I handed it to him. "I am afraid I shall have to ask for another in its place."

Somewhat mystified—and his professional pride a bit touched—he took the tin, shook it briskly near his own ear, looked carefully at the label and then curtly demanded, "Don't sound like peaches, hey? Well, it sounds like peaches to me, all right. You must be one of these here nuts, I guess. How did you expect a can of peaches to sound, anyway, for time's sake?"

"Like peaches," I dryly persisted, again taking the tin from him and listening while I shook it.

"Well, great suffering guns!" he exclaimed in his uncouth way. "I don't keep no music store. I don't guarantee to have my canned peaches sound any certain way."

"They should at least sound like peaches, though," I retorted, still listening.

The fellow was now showing a considerable irritation. "Well, if you're so smart, what do them peaches sound like?" he inquired with some truculence.

"Like tomatoes," I told him; whereupon Mr. Marsh burst into hearty laughter.

"Ho, ho! Sound like tomatoes, do they? Say, that's a good one, all right, all right! I s'pose you could tell the difference," he concluded with biting irony.

"Naturally, my dear man," I replied, "or I wouldn't be assuring you that this tin contains tomatoes instead of peaches."

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed again. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me ——"

We were interrupted by Clyde, who stepped lightly into the shop, bearing a case to make him resemble a traveling salesman. "Good morning, Mr. Marsh," he said at once, ignoring me. "I am representing the Helm products. Ah, I see a line of our goods on your shelf there. I hope they are giving satisfaction."

Mr. Marsh beamed whimsically upon the newcomer. "You're right in time," he said cordially. "Yes, your goods are giving first-rate satisfaction, but I just got a customer here that's trying to be funny about them." He gestured toward me with a blunt thumb.

"Why, how's this, how's this?" demanded the interested salesman.

"Oh, just a poor lunatic," explained Mr. Marsh. "He claims that can of peaches don't sound like peaches when he wiggles 'em up by his ear. Ain't that a good one? He claims they sound like there was tomatoes in that can."

The salesman here indulged in a burst of the most convincing laughter, in which Mr. Marsh joined him, and then spoke to me:

"Come, come, my man, what is this about our peaches being tomatoes?"

"Simply," I said, extending the tin, "that although the label here says peaches the sound is that of tomatoes."

"Nonsense!" he retorted, frowning. "Such a mistake couldn't possibly happen at our establishment." He laughed again, though still frowning. "Tomatoes in a can labeled peaches! I should say not! I'll tell you, friend, just run home with your can of peaches and if they turn out to be tomatoes our firm will pay you one hundred dollars That's fair, isn't it? Such a thing never has happened and never could happen."

"Just what I told the old nut," remarked Mr. Marsh.

"Nevertheless," I quietly insisted, "there are tomatoes and not peaches in this can."

The salesman now eyed me quizzically and, winking broadly at Mr. Marsh, suggested, "Come now, Silas, if you're so sure, how would you like to bet a small bit of change on it?"

"Willingly," I said. "When I am reasonably positive I am always glad to place a small wager on my opinions."

And from a coat pocket I unpinned and brought out a roll of notes, from a trousers pocket another roll, and still another from an inner waistcoat pocket. I was some moments engaged in this work, and as the heap of money grew on the counter before me I observed that the eyes of Mr. Marsh began to glitter with a strange light.

"Say," he broke in, "if there's any betting just count me in, will you?" at the same time withdrawing a stout leather wallet from a pocket beneath his apron

(Continued on Page 35

For the bathroom—"double action" cleanliness

Sunbrite cleans and scours; it also sweetens and purifies

The pride and the despair of a good housekeeper is her bathroom.

For nothing short of perfect cleanliness can be tolerated there. It is not enough to see that tub and bowl and fixtures are clean. We want to feel that they are absolutely sanitary. We also want to know that the "under" places and out-of-the-way corners are just as clean and fresh as the places more apparent to the eye.

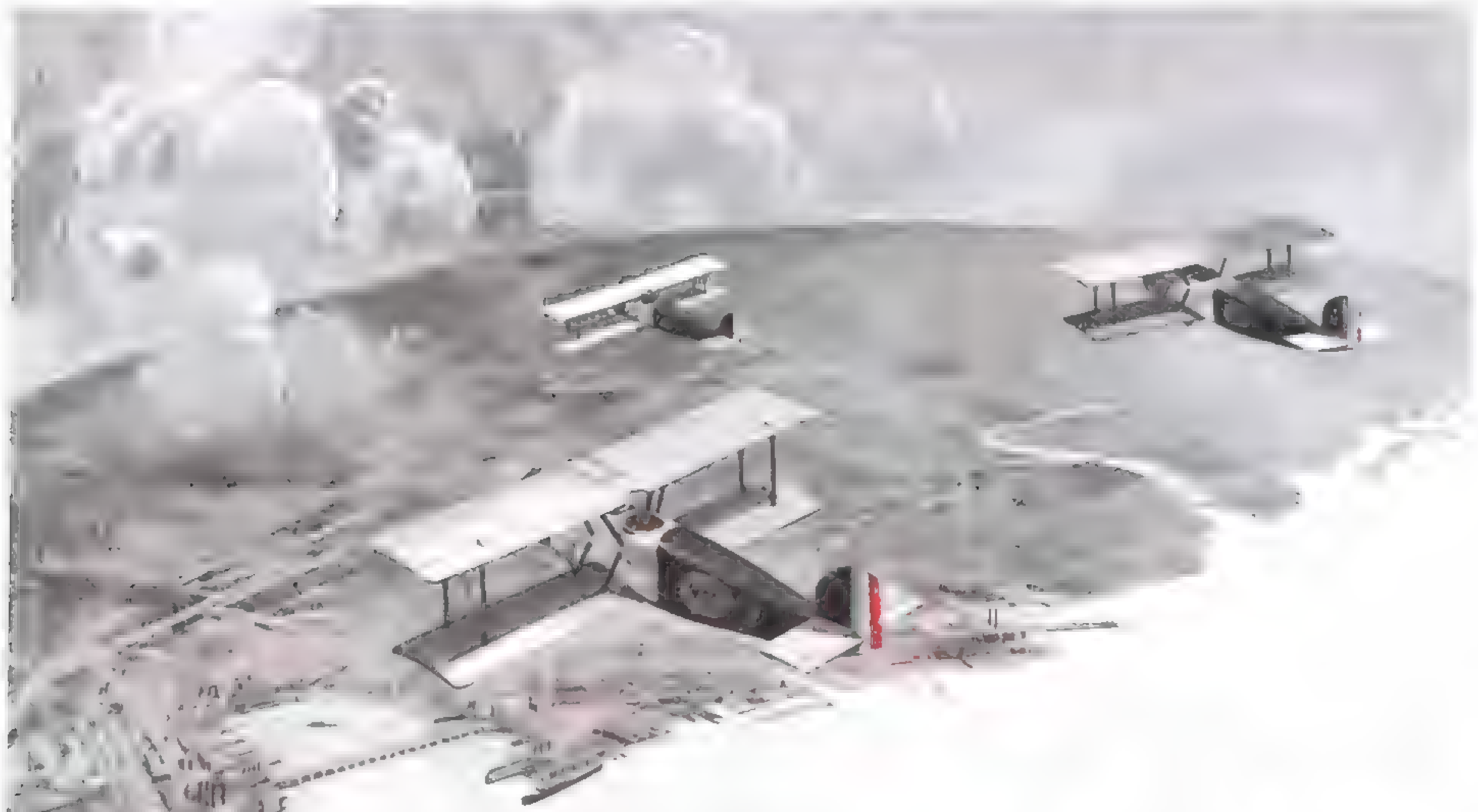
Sunbrite, the *double action* cleanser, was perfected to do this very thing. It cuts the grime and grease, just as every good cleanser does, but it has another quality more far reaching in effect. In its composition is a sweetening, purifying element that renders what it cleans fresh and odorless and sanitary. And it will not hurt the hands.

Not the least of **Sunbrite's** advantages is its low price—decidedly less than you sometimes pay for cleansers. And every can carries a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

In your bathroom and kitchen, **Sunbrite** means *complete* cleanliness—not only visible but in a sanitary sense. Try this short cut cleanser that in one process scours and, in addition, purifies.

Swift & Company

Double action *yet costs less*



Magellans of the Air

U. S. Army Fliers supply heroic chapters in aëronautical history

MAGELLANS OF THE AIR! As sails gave way to steamboats, so airplanes proceed to circumnavigate the globe. And it is our own U. S. Army Fliers who write their names in undying letters upon the pages of aëronautical history.

Early in March they left. Theirs was the first timetable and itinerary of its kind in history.

Seattle, Cordova, Chignik, Yokohama, Shanghai, Bangkok, Rangoon, Delhi, Bagdad, Bucharest, Belgrade, Paris, London, Scapa Flow and Reykjavik, were but a few of the many points they touched. A 25,000 mile adventure!

But the Round-the-World Flight was even more than a great adventure. It proved that both the planes and the fliers of the United States Army could operate in any climate on the face of the globe—through the gales and snow of the Aleutian Islands, through the typhoons and torrential rains of the China Sea, through the equatorial heat of Indo-China, Siam and Burma, and even through a desert sand storm encountered after leaving Umballa.

The Dawn-to-Dusk Flight

While the Round-the-World-Flight Fliers were somewhere in Asia, another U. S. Army plane in the hands of Lieut. Russell L. Maughan left Mitchel Field, Long Island at 3:59 on the morning of June 23rd, 1924. 21 hours and 48½ minutes later, Maughan landed at Crissey Field, San Francisco, his actual flying time having been 18 hours, 26½ minutes. The flight covered 2850 miles.

For both the Round-the-World Trip and the Dawn-to-Dusk Flight, Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" was the oil officially selected and supplied by the U. S. Army Air Service.

This Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" differed in no way from the Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" which is used every day by so many of your own friends who own motorcycles, farm tractors, or certain types of automobiles for which this Mobiloil is recommended.

To use the grade of Mobiloil recommended for *your* car is to secure the same dependability of engine performance that was demanded in the U. S. Army World Flight.

Domestic Branches:

New York
(Main Office)
Albany
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
Dallas
Des Moines
Detroit
Indianapolis
Kansas City, Mo.
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
New Haven
Oklahoma City
Peoria
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland, Me.
Rochester
St. Louis
Springfield, Mass.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 32)

"All right, all right, Mr. Marsh," agreed the salesman. "Of course this man is rightly your meat because you found him first, but you ought to be fair, old top, and let me have a piece of him. Perhaps together we can teach him a lesson. The firm really wouldn't want talk of this kind going around. Hurt our products, you know." So saying he brought out some notes of his own and both men now looked questioningly at me as I counted my money.

"There's a hundred bucks," I said at last, "and I wish to bet them that this tin of so-called peaches is really tomatoes. I have still more money if you wish to wager more against me."

"I'll take it all," interposed the salesman quickly, but he was rebuffed by our grocer.

"No, sir. You said yourself he was my meat. I'll cover that hundred; then, for all I care, you can bet him as much more as the darned fool's got on him."

"Very well, very well, Mr Marsh. I can't complain," the salesman assented. "I'll have to be content with what he has left over."

This, having unpinned two more pockets, I now saw to be forty dollars, and the stakes were neatly laid out, one hundred dollars from the grocer who was having this mad prank played upon him, and forty dollars from the pretended salesman.

"Now," said Mr. Marsh, "I'll just take this can into the back room and open her up and show this smarty he don't know everything." As he turned away the salesman shot a quick glance at me, whereat I remembered a cue I had nearly forgotten, and at once spoke up severely.

"If it's just the same to you, sir, you open that tin right here in my presence."

"Ha, ha! I'm afraid old Silas is right," laughed the salesman.

"Oh, very well," agreed the now eager Mr. Marsh, his eyes gleaming newly each time they flitted over the heaps of currency. And from beneath his counter he withdrew a tin opener. Poising its point on the top of the upended tin he allowed himself to gloat briefly over the stakes, then struck the opener a sharp blow with his fist and vigorously began cutting the tin around its edge.

But as he worked it seemed that his gnarled hand became stricken with a palsy; slower and slower went the cutting edge; Mr. Marsh paled visibly above his ragged beard as the forthright scent of tinned tomatoes ascended to his shocked and incredulous nostrils. It was not needed that he should pry back the circle of tin he had cut out, yet he did this automatically, as one dazed from a blow. His sense of orientation had become all at once seriously affected. He moved like a mechanism, his complicated reflexes being acted upon solely by the simplest of physiological stimuli. I am certain that when he raised the tin with its opened top and peered into the exposed mass of tomatoes his mind had entirely ceased to function, nor could he have been aware that he extended the thing to the salesman with the face of one who has heard a sentence of death passed upon him.

At a side look from Clyde I quickly swept the currency to one heap and stuffed it in a pocket. Then, taking my basket, I remarked, "I was positive they didn't sound like peaches," and turned away.

"Queerest thing I ever heard of," the salesman was murmuring to the victim of our practical joke. "But don't worry, Mr. Marsh. I shall rush over to the telegraph office and let the house hear about this by wire. You can be sure they will make the loss good." Mr. Marsh, at my last glance, drooped above his counter staring fixedly at the tin opener, which he slowly turned from side to side.

Clyde had been right about the little sketch. Now, and not until now, did I perceive why he had soaked those labels off. True, he had replaced them, but the rogue had not replaced them on the same tins. I saw it all now. Back yonder in the tent we had a tin of peaches falsely emblazoned with a monster tomato of ripe perfection. Who, I wondered, would be the next grocer to have this mad prank played upon him? Someone of the ilk not above winning the money of a seeming poor hick, would confidently open that tin only to be stricken by the discovery of peaches where, by all sound dependable laws of trade, tomatoes should be.

I placed my basket in the car and even as this was done I heard the rapid footsteps of Clyde approaching. Flushed with triumph I turned to be met by the ingenious fellow's hearty congratulations.

"Pop, I'll have to mitt you!" he exclaimed as he wrung my hand. "You open cold and give a wonderful performance."

"Your own part was splendidly acted," I hastened to assure this generous critic.

"Author, author!" he whimsically cried, and bowed to imaginary plaudits. "You know, pop, I'm simply wasted at a piano. I've always said so."

"Here is the kale." And I handed him the immense quantity of notes I had won.

He took them and, abstracting a bill which I saw to be for twenty bucks, pressed it upon me, saying, "That's your percentage of the gross."

"Really," I protested, "I don't feel that I have fairly earned so large a sum." But he silenced me with a sweeping gesture, declaring, "You earned your bit, pop—and let's not stick around this corner too long. Good old Ezra hadn't really got his bearings yet when I left to wire the house about their carelessness, but he may come to, any minute and scream bloody murder." With this he drove on up the street and turned another corner.

Remembering the falsely labeled tin we still possessed I was now all eagerness to play my part again, such was the hold it had taken upon my histrionic longings. Clyde also, it seems, had considered the matter.

"This town ain't as big as it should be," he observed critically, "but at that I guess it ought to be good for two shows—if we pull the other one quick. In about an hour from now Ezra will know he's been stung, but he'll probably be too ashamed to spread it around. I noticed a dive down here at the other end that looked good for a turn."

He halted the car in another side street and emptied my basket of the cheese and celery. The cheese, I suddenly reflected, had not been paid for. I had actually defrauded the grocer of it. But I felt that this would be hardly the moment to return. Far better would it be to send the fellow his money by mail. Clyde was now directing me.

"This dive is two doors up on your right from this next corner, with a lot of berries and green stuff out in front. The come-on is short and fat with a red face. Do the first act like you did yesterday. Get a couple of cans of stuff and tell him it looks like rain. Then say there was something else you wanted to get but you've forgotten what it was and you'll be back this afternoon when you remember. We'd better not wait any longer than this afternoon because the Gaspard back there might be a gossip, at that. We'll simply do two a day in this town."

Once more, then, I entered the shop of a greengrocer in my casual manner. The egg we were now to sting was, as Clyde had described him, short and bulky, with a high voice and a rather nervous manner. His face was almost too red and I could not but wonder if his heart were sound. It seemed to me that the shock in store for him might prove alarmingly serious to one of his full habit. However, I made my few purchases and chatted a moment with him, finding him affable but ready to be unduly excited, even about the weather, which had much displeased him of late.

"It's annoying," I said on leaving, "to have forgotten some other items I needed, but I shall return this afternoon without fail." And the poor yap smiled and rubbed his too fat hands at me as I left.

It is proper to admit at this point, I believe, that among my always to be baffled curiosities is the precise manner in which this evidently overnerved organism would have reacted to the catastrophe then seeming so inexorably to impend. It is a taste for morbid psychology, I presume, but in this instance promising to be made doubly piquant by certain physical complications all too eloquently threatened. The chap's blood pressure must already have been over the normal and his emotional balance was obviously unstable. He would undoubtedly have afforded an instructive interplay of the physical and mental, and from that high moment—how swiftly fleeting—of my own security I looked forward to our later meeting with something akin to fascination. Once more I had attained a normal elation. My spirit bounded exultantly where, before the achievement of this new triumph, it had groped in depths of cold despondency.

Dashed fool that I was, I had not the wit to reflect that this mountain summit of rejoicing would inevitably mean a compensating abyss. I should have known—but did not—that fate had a way of leading me to dizzy heights, then, while I lost myself in admiration of the view, lightly pushing me over an edge. At this moment I had never been so free of misgiving, never so confident of unbroken felicity in the way of life I had chosen. Yet the stimulation I felt was from an intoxicant whose ferment was all too volatile.

Humming lightly, my valuable basket on my arm, I went around the corner to our car. "The first act went off smoothly," I reported to Clyde as I took my seat. "But this come-along is a vastly different type from the other. I dare say —" I stopped, hearing rapid footsteps as of someone running to our car.

"Mr. Simms, Mr. Simms! One moment, Mr. Simms!" I glanced around again to see the slimy news reporter who had so impudently accosted me the day before.

Even now my spirit was so lifted I felt no more than a hot irritation. "Be off with you, fellow!" I cried, and found myself wishing I had a stout cudgel at hand with which I might give such a rascal the good drubbing he richly deserved.

Seeing that I meant to rebuff him he continued rapidly on past our car, which was now in motion, quickening his pace to a fleet run, and calling loudly to someone beyond him. As we improved our own speed I saw the figures of two men turn at his hail and stand to await him. We were now abreast of them and though they had not yet regarded me, their eyes being still on the approaching reporter, I was once more plunged into a yawning abyss. These two men were the weak-chinned busybody, Hemingway, and the preposterous Bertrand Meigs.

"Drive like mad!" I gasped, and Clyde increased our speed.

"Is it them?" he demanded.

"All of them," I replied dully. My erstwhile buoyance had gone. I seemed to know as well then as later that Fairwater had clutched me. Yet I ignored the certainty, something stubborn within me still fighting. "The h—l hounds are closing in on me," I muttered, my mouth dry, "but I shall yet lead them a stern chase."

"Of course you will, pop," Clyde cheered me as he skillfully evaded traffic and brought us beyond the town's edge.

"I shall keep on raising my opponents as if I had the winning hand," I persisted.

"I got it," said Clyde, turning to the side road that led to our show lot. "I'll stop and tell Vera and get a few things, then you and I will jump the show. Just like that. We got a superior attraction anyway—a surefire hit in any of these towns. Trust old Clyde and he'll have you hard to catch in no time."

I recalled Irene's description of the light-minded youth as a bird of aquatic habits. He truly was, it appeared, and once more I might be taken swiftly beyond the pursuit of fulsome meddlers. I felt a little cheered—yet, always beneath, was that looming black conviction that the game was up. It was not, I saw now, that I could not elude those who harried me; it was that some inner fire of mine had died out, leaving but a smolder of despair.

Yet at the Reddick lot a new shock was in store for me, and one that a little revived my primitive ardor. Quickly descending from the car to wait within the tent while Clyde should conclude his arrangements for our flight, the booming notes of a familiar and long-missed voice fell upon my ears. Only half believing, I peered cautiously around a flap of the canvas and beheld the wide-spread ringlets of Sooner Jackson gently stir in the breeze as he stood with his hat off in talk with Vera. She, I observed, held in her hand several vials of our Joy-Charm, and at the moment she was saying, "Really, you'd never believe how hard it is to get a good permanent wave out here in the sticks."

"You'd ought to see some of these beauty parlor dames give me the icy eye when I go in for a hot oil shampoo," was the sympathetic reply.

"Sooner!" I breathlessly called, and my friend's saturnine face lighted rather wonderfully as he turned to behold me.

"Well, you poor old roquefort! Of all the ——" He broke off in a sudden thwarting realization that a lady was among his listeners.

"There's not a moment to be lost," I said. "I have just been discovered in yonder hick village." Vera glanced up in quick concern from where Clyde was now explaining our plight.

Sooner Jackson remained his cool self, and never had he more finely revealed a talent for leadership. He listened in silence while both Clyde and I acquainted him with the details of our encounter with the fiends. Fully informed, he said at once, "Then they'll be here with hot feet."

On this he studied his own car, which had halted at a little distance. In the front of this sat the so-called Indian, old George Cook, listlessly indifferent to my peril. After a moment's survey my friend seized my arm and propelled me to the car, saying, "Get a move on! Work fast and don't let the act flop."

So quickly did he work, himself, that almost before I could divine his intention he had me secreted at the bottom of the tonneau under a burden of canvas, blankets and bags that promised to crush me as if I were an insect. Cramped as I was, a bag with sharp corners gored my side quite agonizingly, and it seemed that I should be able to breathe there but a few moments. Yet when I protested in faint tones my friend merely replied, "Close the mush!" and left me there to smother had I not by a series of the most difficult contortions succeeded in bringing my face to where an ill-fitting door let me have a bit of air.

Scarce had I drawn my first full breath when I heard another car come up and stop near by, after which I could plainly distinguish the voices of Meigs and the reporter in voluble talk. Sooner Jackson, meanwhile, had engaged Clyde in a low-toned conversation as he stood beside the car. I had been unable to catch any words, but now the voices of both were raised.

"Yes, Kansas City," I heard Clyde say. "I dropped him at the depot on my way here and he caught the 10:30 just as she pulled out. He'll be sorry he missed you."

"Well, I'm sorry, too," replied Sooner. "Don't it beat the dickens!" he continued in tones of deep impatience. "After all the trouble I've had to find that man, then I miss him by just a hair's breadth, you might say. Do you know where he is going to stop in Kansas City?"

"No," answered Clyde. "And he isn't going to stop long, either. He's going on to New Orleans."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Sooner in loud tones of regret. "That's just my luck. And I had an important message to give him. Now I bet I don't get sight of him for another three months. Well, much obliged for the information, anyway. And I'll have to be getting on. I'm going to K. C. myself—but of course I'll get there just in plenty time to miss him."

"Too bad," Clyde said sympathetically. "I tried to keep him over, but he suddenly got into an awful hurry about something or other and wouldn't listen to me."

On this I felt the little jolt of Sooner entering the car, and heard him, still loudly, inquire the road to Kansas City. Good-bys were then said, in which Vera joined. "Tell my old pal if you do see him," she urged Sooner, "that I shall miss him a lot."

Then we got slowly into motion, at first backing, then going forward with a jerk that discommoded me, after which we again backed, so that I was beginning to feel a nausea. But at last we moved steadily forward and I could feel that our speed increased momently.

I had no way of knowing how long my confinement lasted and I became more and more irked by my cramped position and the weight of objects carelessly thrown over me with not the least system. Could it be possible, I wondered, that Sooner had forgotten all about me? Yet when I had decided to endure the imprisonment no longer and to open the mush again, I became aware that the car halted, and presently felt the weight above me being lightened. Freed, finally, I raised myself and saw us to have paused between spreading green fields from which our town could be dimly descried in the hazy distance.

"Ain't I some little body snatcher?" demanded Sooner as he warmly shook my hand.

XIX

WE PUT George—the poor old sturgeon had never looked less an Indian—into the rear seat while I sat beside Sooner, who now informed me, though jokingly, I believe, that his real name was Barnaby Oldham and that if I didn't believe it I was to watch him burn up the miles. And he did speed swiftly from the neighborhood of those who conspired against me, although not too swiftly for the talk we needed to have.

"I been combing three counties for you," he petulantly complained. "Not that I blamed you after I had a chat with that lady conversationalist I left you with. Between the two of you, you certainly dutched up that layout, what with your sour old Simms prattle and her being a manhandler. You had a license to skitter along, but why in Pete's name couldn't you leave me word where to find you? I wrote you I was coming."

"Yes," I protested, "but your letter was delayed. I read it only last Saturday evening, and that same night our man walked into the tent where I was doing Moowoo with the Burke Carnival ——"

"You must have been good," he interrupted. "And I had to miss it! Oh, well, I guess I already had my share of laughs. Probably this one wasn't coming to me. Anyway, that's where I cut your trail. Your lady friend back at the auto camp said she last saw you there, so I chased the Burke outfit, thinking someone would find you and knowing anyone that did would keep you—you being just that good. I fell in with the frail that runs a meat joint and she told me all about your doings with them and how she shifted you to the Reddick show and how you are now going under a new Elias which is Hector something or other That was one happy surprise. I expected this time you'd make up a good name like Jesse James or John G. Vanderbilt or something—you're just that cunning.

"Anyway it was Sunday I met this Hamburg frail and got her to loosen up about you; I'd have been here yesterday if I hadn't seen your old Fairweather pal on the lot. Him and a ratty old fuss-budget that has also begun to chase you, was going into every snare, thinking you might be the snake eater or something. Of course they'd first tried to con the frail into telling about you. But not her! She didn't know a thing except you'd gone to Omaha, and she blurted that out before she thought, being just a babe in arms. But I want to tell you, Al, those boys are getting so they don't believe half what they hear about your routes. When they couldn't find you on the lot they begun to watch me. The rest of the day we was both stalling. Then yesterday morning your dear old college friend gets a long-distance and they beat it some place and I beat it here—and it seems like this was the place they beat it for too. And if you want to know who steered 'em over here, it was that newspaper pup that was also helping to run you down. I had a talk with him at seven A.M. this morning and he told me so. I put him wise on one thing, though. I told him your right name was Charlie Ross. So now, old pal, that's all. How you feeling, otherwise?"

As he talked I had been marveling at the man's genius for misusing words. The Hamburger Queen a frail! Aroused from this musing, I thought it best to confess that courage had left me.

"Sooner, old fish," I put it simply, "I'm down. My gay banner of daring trails in the dust."

"You don't mean you're licked?" he demanded.

"My state could not be better described."

"Nonsense!" Perilously he took a hand from the wheel to thump my back. "Don't talk silly, Al. I'll bet you my share of the week's takings we never set eyes on any one of those junipers again."

"Sooner," I said, "I'll have to tell you something—I'm married"

He turned beaming eyes upon me. "Why, you sly old cutie! Who'd have thought it? That comes from letting you out of sight. Who's the lady?"

"You don't understand," I said. "I've been married for thirty years."

At once the good chap's manner changed. In a voice vibrating with sympathy he said, "Well, now, I'm certainly sorry to hear that, old man. We all have our troubles, don't we? And you kept it all to yourself like the game little rascal you are! Well, well! I never give you the right credit, old scout. My goodness me!"

"I wonder if you can realize ——" I began, but he hushed me.

"Man, man, you bet I can realize! Don't hurt all your finer instincts by trying to tell me. Old Sooner Jackson ain't always been a carefree mocking bird screeching his happy way through the treetops. Don't you think it. But listen, pal, maybe something can be done about it. Now I knew a case where the parties ——"

And for many miles my friend regaled me with stormy domestic histories which had been brought to a happy termination by one means or another; some fair, some foul; all submitted without prejudice.

As he talked on I had not the heart to let him see how powerless he was to renew in me the rapturous valors of our early association. He was too ingenuously confident that by this show of determined cheerfulness he must perforce raise me to my former reckless fervency.

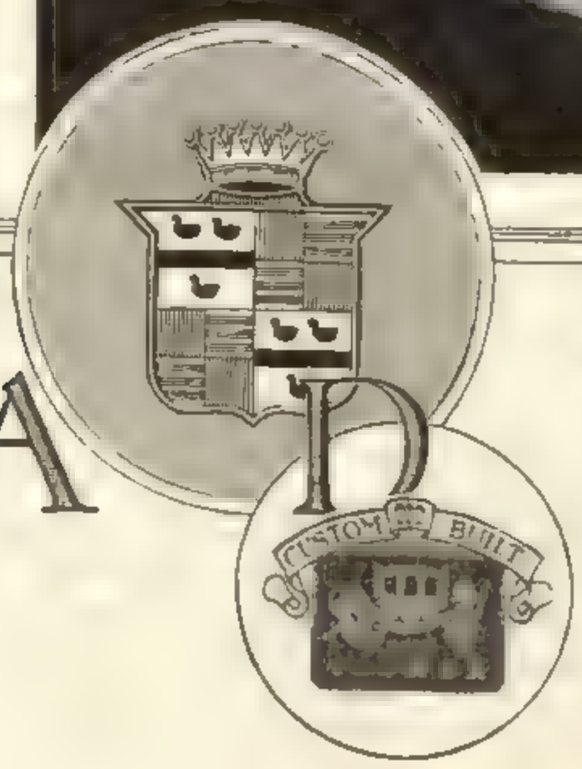
From time to time, while he selected some new memoir with which to revive my fainted ardor, he would steal furtive, troubled glances at me as if to note what success he might be having.

The pathos of these stolen looks prevailed. Compassionately I feigned to be again my old buoyant self. I let him believe that a domestic inharmony had alone depressed me. It would have been too cruel, nor was this the moment to tell him that a new knowledge of myself had sufficed to bring about the spiritual collapse he so shrewdly observed. It would take time and a thoughtful choice of words to convey to him that my lost hardihood was irrecoverable not because I was married but because I was I—invincibly I, beyond reparation or relief.

So, then, I strove for a gayety to match my friend's own, and was repaid for the subterfuge when I observed that his glances at me were no longer troubled.

(Continued on Page 50

"Who am I to Break a Butterfly on the Wheel? And You, You Have Made History. Between You and Me, Old Man, I've Often Wanted to Do the Same Thing"



CADILLAC

The Cadillac Motor Car Company invites you to attend a Style Salon of V-63 models to be held throughout the United States from Oct. 4th to 11th inclusive.

This Salon will also mark the first public showing of the new and distinctive Custom Built Cadillac-Fisher Bodies on the V-63 chassis.

PARADISE ISLAND

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

As Nearly as She Could Remember It, She Excused Herself in the Way She Had Once Seen It Done on the Stage

DWYER halted at the ditch abruptly, as though an invisible hand had seized his arm. An idea rang in his brain: This would be the place to kill a man.

A gully ran through here. But now that Palm Bluff was becoming a city, that would not answer; so they were deepening it and laying a big iron drainage pipe along the bottom, to be covered with earth when the job was finished, leaving the surface of the ground level. At this point the excavation was more than twenty feet deep, sheathed with pine plank to hold the sandy soil. A single plank had been laid across the top bridgewise. An unconnected segment of the new pipe, with a thick iron collar on the end, stuck up through muddy water in the bottom of the cut, and some tools.

Overhead, a seamless loose gray fleece exuded warm mist. One could hardly say it rained; but there was a slow, intermittent drip of water from the leaves. Coming out of doors, one's hands, face and clothing at once grew moist. This plank over the ditch was wet. A man might easily slip on it.

It was the outskirts of town. Only Dwyer's smart new house and three or four humble older ones lay to the north. Beyond them the level ground was still overgrown with tall Southern pine and clumps of palmetto, dissolving into foggy obscurity at no great distance. Only fifty yards to the west the ground broke down into a ragged bluff, its crown thirty feet or so above the sea, which seemed to have stopped and to lie gray, motionless, waiting for something to happen. On that side the picture ended indefinitely in a long, darker smudge, formerly called John's Key, but now, thanks to Dwyer, much known as Paradise Island. It was only two-thirds of a mile offshore, but so vague that a stranger might easily have mistaken it for the extended trail of smoke from a Gulf steamer.

And this general blur—still and vague, but shut in—seemed to sanction the idea which had exploded in Dwyer's mind; seemed to blindfold the world and hold its ears for him. He put up his hand and wiped perspiration from his brow. But he shouldn't be stopping here. In fact he had stopped only half a second, hardly missing a step. He set his muddy shoe on the wet plank and passed over, striding toward his new house.

The shoe was muddy because the sidewalk had been torn up here for the ditch digging. Otherwise it was a smart article of white canvas and black leather. His fine wool stockings had a pattern worked in the tops. There was an embossed monogram on his silver belt buckle. He wore a silk shirt and belted jacket. Such clothes were becoming to his tall, well-made figure. In profile he would have adorned a coin, in spite of his bald head—for which, indeed, his neatly pointed, curly golden beard seemed to compensate; but his face was much too narrow, as though it had been squeezed in a press, bringing his eyes close together. On first acquaintance the disparity between profile and full face was fairly disconcerting, as though he had two faces, and they were even of different ages.

There was a great turmoil within, and a goneness as though a blow in the stomach had taken his wind. Assuredly he had never imagined himself as a murderer. The unspoken word set his heart to quaking furiously now. But he had a baffled feeling of the thing's being thrust into his hands—no other way.

The new house, of hollow tile and stucco, in Spanish style, had four bedrooms and three baths. The local newspaper, in describing the plans and referring from time to time to the progress of the structure, had dwelt upon the three baths as a crowning distinction. The little blue-tiled sun parlor looked out upon the Gulf and contained a broad lounge with many bright-colored cushions. Mrs. Dwyer, in an embroidered blue silk wrapper, reclined upon it, reading a love story in a magazine. Hearing his step, she hid the box of candy under the cushions. Fat was her arch enemy—a hundred and sixty, she confessed to him; but the bathroom scales said a hundred and seventy-four, over which she secretly wept a little in vexation and self-pity. She was a very fair woman, with ash-blond hair and big baby-blue eyes and a beautiful skin.

She smiled at her husband as he stepped in, and hid a yawn with a jeweled hand, mentioning that on such a miserable day it hadn't seemed worth while to dress. He told her that he wouldn't be home for dinner—had to meet some St. Petersburg men; they'd talk over their business while they ate in a private room at the hotel; but he expected to return early.

"Oh, by the way, Langley'll be here to see me at half past nine. Said he'd wait if I wasn't home by that time. I expect to be here by then, but it may be a little later. Have him wait. I won't be long."

Surely that was a very simple message to leave with one's wife; yet he found himself stammering over it, scant of breath, his heart hammering at his ribs. He looked away lest she see something in his eyes. But she evidently saw nothing, for the next instant her voice came indolently to his ears with a laugh:

"He's such a funny little mouse of a man! I ought to have a doll for him to play with."

No doubt Langley had reminded other people of a mouse. His hair and tiny, ineffectual mustache were dust-colored. He wore large gold-bowed spectacles, and walked with a slight, round-shouldered stoop, as though apologizing for his five feet three inches of height. His wrinkled clothes, not exactly shabby, carried out the general effect of insignificance.

Trudging down Seaview Avenue at four o'clock of this afternoon, with a big white envelope in the pocket of his flapping coat, thumb and forefinger absently pecking at the small mustache, he had evidently been lost in thought, and seemed vaguely startled at finding himself in front of an office which, on this overcast day, was flooded with electric light—quite the smartest office in town, with sea-green rugs on the floor, orange-colored wicker chairs and settees, and pictures on the walls. The most conspicuous of them, twenty feet long by four high, was brilliantly illuminated from above and showed a long, narrow, green island in a varnished blue sea. In the foreground stood an immensely long hotel, with towers, minarets and banners, and a huge circular casino built out over the water. A boulevard ran along the beach. Back of it, all over the island, roofs and cornices of villas and cottages peeked out of embowering leafage.

The legend under the picture said "Paradise Island," and in much more modest letters, "As it will appear when improvements are completed." Several people were there, but no one paid any attention to Langley as he ambled through to a smaller room, where a dark, handsome young

(Continued on Page 40

NO MAN, it has been said, feels mortal until after he is thirty. Sickness, physical incompetence, death—they are for others. Then, and perhaps unexpectedly—there comes a realization that stuns!

In some strenuous sport he calls confidently on the physical reserves which have always carried him through. And for the first time his body fails to respond. Or, after a day of nerve-racking emergencies at the office, he sags beneath an exhaustion that he never knew before.

It is at this moment that he realizes the departure of youth—a moment that comes once in every man's life.

All too few are the years of real health for the average man and woman. According to the United States Life Tables for 1920, we enjoy *full* health and vigor only between the ages of 18 and 31. Then, suddenly or slowly, we hit the down grade toward physical disaster!

How many of those who make up the "average" are spendthrifts of health! Even after they have been warned again and again that their physical resources are dwindling, men continue to squander the health they have left. They draw day after day on their physical reserve. They go without sleep, and brag of their stamina. They eat thoughtlessly, even recklessly, whipping their jaded minds to alertness, and silencing their overwrought nerves, with mealtime doses of caffein.

When the Limit is Reached

One day—they seldom know just when—they draw on their dwindling reserve of vital energy beyond the limit of safety. Occasionally there is a crash and a long "vacation," with doctors and nurses laboring to repair the ruin. More often there is a gradual process of decay—the secret attack of some insidious disease on a vital organ—with no active consciousness of the disaster until a thorough physical examination results in a murmured consultation among the physicians, the shaking of heads, and the muttering of scientific terms meaningless to the layman.

The surest way known to science to forestall this disaster—the surest way to extend the span of health to the very frontiers of old age—is to live a *natural* life.

Take enough exercise to keep the muscles supple; breathe all the fresh air possible; get eight hours' sleep every night; watch your diet; avoid the use of drug stimulants—even those which seem the least harmful.

People in 2,000,000 American homes avoid the use of caffein by drinking Postum. Caffein is a robber. Whereas food creates energy, caffein merely *seems* to create energy, but actually draws on the body's own reserve.

Postum is *all wheat*—and wheat is the best-liked food in the world! It has the full-bodied, delicious flavor of this life-giving grain. It is not an imitation of any other drink, but an excellent drink in its own right. Its warmth and flavor make the meal more enjoyable—encourage the blood and digestive juices in their work—without counteracting these good effects by drugging!

You can drink all the Postum you want, every meal of the day. There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour, or a headache in it! The children can have it, too. Made with hot milk instead of water, it is particularly good for them, giving them the added nourishment of milk, and a flavor they are sure to enjoy!

We want you, in the interest of your health, to try Postum for thirty days. We will give you, free, your first week's supply for this thirty-day test. We will have Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator, send you her own directions for preparing it in the most delicious way.

Thirty days is a small time to make a test which may influence your health all the rest of your life. Surely this is an easy step in the right direction! Accept Carrie Blanchard's offer now!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Men have always been partial to my Postum. Anybody can make it as well as I can—but there are a few simple things to remember.

"I have written these things down, and will be mighty glad to send my directions to any one who will write. I also want to send enough Instant Postum, or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil), to get you well started on your thirty-day test.

"If you will send in your name and address, I'll see that you get the kind you want, right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

S. E. P. 10-24

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

Instant Postum . . . . ☐ Check which you prefer
Postum Cereal . . . . . ☐

Name_____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

©1924, P. C. Co.

Convenience and economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is the easiest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is no easy to make, but should be boiled twenty minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks.

(Continued from Page 38)

woman, after stepping back to inquire, said that Mr. Dwyer would see him in a few minutes; then openly mothered him into a wicker chair, where he could wait comfortably. He was flustered and blushing slightly; there had been moments when he had a harrowing prevision that this vigorous smiling Miss Hanson was going to take him into her lap and rock him. But although she made him nervous he liked her too.

Two men came out from the inner office, talking together as they walked past. A buzzer sounded on Miss Hanson's desk and she turned to Langley with a bright, encouraging nod to signify that he might go in.

He drew a quick breath, wet his lips and got up, his heart pounding. Nevertheless, pushing open the door to the inner room, he could not help giving a woodeny smile, nor the silly gesture of raising thumb and forefinger to peck at his mustache. Athletic Dwyer, in smart golf clothes, stood up genially to shake hands, and hospitably indicated a vacant chair by the desk. Being seated, Langley fumbled in getting the big envelope out of his pocket and swallowed and cleared his throat.

"Mr. Dwyer, I've got some newspaper clippings here. They came in this afternoon's mail. I'd like you to glance them over."

Looking owlish for all the world, with his round pale eyes staring behind gold-bowed spectacles, he pushed the envelope across the desk.

Dwyer did not take the envelope immediately. Instead he looked at his young caller in a sudden arrest and astonishment. For there was something in Langley's embarrassed air—well, as though a mouse had abruptly leveled a gun at one's head. Langley's eyes fell before the other man's concentrated, questioning gaze; he moistened his lips and mechanically turned his faded straw hat in his lap.

Very soberly, then, Dwyer picked up the envelope, noting at a glance that its upper left-hand corner bore the return card of a Boston newspaper. It bulged with soft contents that seemed to have been hastily stuffed in. When he shook it a dozen newspaper clippings fell out, and a sheet of coarse paper on which was hastily scrawled with lead pencil:

Dr Jim: Here's the graveyard. Be sure to send it back. Don't know what became of D. Will inquire and let you know.

Yrs.

BEN.

Dwyer knew that in newspaper office slang "graveyard" meant the file in which all sorts of contemporaneous biographical material was kept, so that if Peter J. Filkins, of Essex, Massachusetts, came into a fortune or broke his neck or got nominated for Congress or otherwise burst into print, a reporter could at once lay hands upon items with which to embellish the story. He merely glanced at the clippings, being already quite aware of their purport.

From them it appeared that, not long after the war, one Dwyer, doing business under the firm name of E. Pellman Dwyer & Co., had been arrested on a charge of tempting small investors to part with their Liberty Bonds and savings-bank balances in order to participate in vast, mysterious and fabulously profitable operations in foreign exchange. But the story, as disclosed by the clippings, ended in mid-air. There was the man's arrest and the charges against him, with names of some of the plucked dupes; then his reply, which consisted of a general denial, and the giving of bail. Small items recorded various postponements of the hearing. But whether or not the man had been brought to trial did not appear.

Both Langley and Dwyer knew that at the period covered by these clippings a much more extensive and spectacular swindle, conducted by a citizen of foreign birth, was absorbing the attention of the public and of the newspapers, so that this Dwyer case was only a sort of negligible side show. Also, not long afterward, there were exciting charges of blackmail and bribery in connection with the administration of justice in Boston. It seemed that in the bigger mess Dwyer had been lost sight of.

"I was in Boston at the time—on the Tribune," said Langley. "I never saw Dwyer, but we published his picture. I'd fairly forgotten all about it, as you might say. Down here I didn't think anything in particular about your name being Dwyer too—no connection occurred to me. Then the other day"—he hesitated an instant, painfully—"a lady was saying that Mrs. Dwyer spoke of having lived in Boston. Somehow it flashed over me. The same initials, you see, and something about the picture coming back to my mind. Of course you didn't have a beard then, and had a full head of hair. It flashed over me. Well, I was going up to Tampa next day. I sent a wire from there to my friend." He nodded toward the scrawled note. "I asked him to send me what he had, since 1919, on E. Pellman Dwyer. Seems he didn't understand me very well—just sent me on the old stuff in the graveyard. That's how this happened."

Haltingly, and in a toneless sort of voice, he made the statement; yet with an astonishing air of candor, too, as though, as a matter of course, Mr. Dwyer would understand that he was obliged to find out about his Boston antecedents and come and tell him of the discovery. That candid air really disconcerted the large man behind the desk.

"Why are you showing me these things?" he asked abruptly.

Langley elevated his dust-colored eyebrows in faint surprise and replied monotonously, "To ask whether you are the same man."

Dwyer felt that he ought to be angry, but in a way it was so ridiculous that one couldn't be.

"I am not the same man," he said promptly. "That was my cousin. His first name is Edward."

His own first name, as known in Palm Bluff, was Elihu—Elihu P. Dwyer. But it rarely found its way into print. The name that appeared in bold type in all advertisements of Paradise Island was George Ingram & Co. There was a George Ingram, indefinitely understood to be a wealthy, retired capitalist of New York. Twice or thrice he had appeared in Palm Bluff, vanishing again after a week or so. Dwyer was only the "Co.," and Langley knew that he had privately asked the local newspaper to keep his name out of print, lest Mr. Ingram, who was furnishing most of the capital, should become jealous of a mere lieutenant.

With a mild and owlish innocence, Langley asked, "Where were you at this time, Mr. Dwyer—at the time this thing happened in Boston?"

Dwyer felt something soft and weak but like a leech, not to be shaken off. For the first time he spoke sharply.

"See here, Langley, you know what I've done. I've put Palm Bluff on the map. When I came here fifteen months ago this town was dead as a door nail—four thousand inhabitants. That's as far as it had got in thirty years. And that's about as far as it would get in the next thirty." His voice showed anger. "Everybody's running around in circles now barking over the boom in real estate. They know what the boom's done for Miami and Palm Beach and St. Petersburg and other places. A lot of 'em talk as though it just happened in Palm Bluff. But I brought it here! I started it and I've kept it going!"

Langley gravely nodded.

"I know you did, Mr. Dwyer. I've always said so. Mr. Kendrick says so too."

Dwyer caught at the idea which that name suggested, demanding, "What does Kendrick know about this?"

"He doesn't know anything about it," Langley replied in that monotonous and oddly disconcerting manner. "He's out of town today. You see, I wasn't expecting an answer from Boston so soon, and I thought when it did come it would tell more about the case—how it ended. So I didn't say anything to him—till I knew more, you understand." He gave a little twist to his mustache. "And then, when this came in, I thought I better ask you."

Again—obscurely—Dwyer wanted to laugh because it was so ridiculous. But he went on with his own statement:

"Well, take your newspaper. You know what it was when I came here—ten or twelve pages once a week; not exactly running over with profits. Now you're printing fourteen and sixteen pages twice a week—talking about changing it over to a daily—putting up a new building. I did that, Langley. Same way with other things here. It's the push I gave that started 'em all up."

Langley would not have denied it. The newspaper had been launched twenty-five years before, a feeble weekly bantling, mostly patent insides, in a ramshackle village. The tramp printer who did the launching had a sense of humor, for he called his venture the Palm Leaf Fan. But he hadn't much else. There had been various changes of ownership. Meanwhile Palm Bluff grew in leisurely fashion—brick pavements, cement sidewalks, electric lights, four thousand inhabitants. Lewis Kendrick bought the Fan. And progress might have continued in that same leisurely fashion if this mysterious elixir of boom had not been injected into the veins of the community. Now the most conspicuous feature of each semiweekly edition of the Fan was a double-page advertisement of Paradise Island, stock in which might be purchased of George Ingram & Co. at only $8.75 a share—if one acted quickly, before the price advanced. Every advertisement reminded the hesitant readers what fortunes had been reaped by sagacious investors at Miami, Palm Beach, St. Petersburg, Los Angeles, New York. Ownership of soil was the road to wealth! George Ingram & Co. advertised Paradise Island not only at home but in other Florida towns where Northern tourists with money to invest congregated, and even in some Northern cities. That, undoubtedly, had touched off the boom at Palm Bluff.

"Haven't you an interest in the Fan?" Dwyer asked, remembering something to that effect.

"I have three thousand dollars of stock," Langley replied. "I paid fifteen hundred dollars down and Mr. Kendrick gave me two years to pay the balance. He wanted somebody associated with him on the paper and was willing to sell me a small interest that way. I went into journalism when I left college, reporting in Bridgeport and Providence; then in Boston. But I always wanted to get an interest in a paper in a smaller place. I had a little trouble with my lungs and came down here, and fell in with Mr. Kendrick."

He said it in his toneless, unemphasized way; and Dwyer felt that he was a sort of slot machine—you dropped in a question, and if he knew the answer it had to come out, mechanically.

"Well," the big man observed, "your stock is worth twice what it was when you bought it six months ago. A year from now it will be worth twice as much as it is now." He leveled a forefinger. "And don't forget this, Langley: This is all based on confidence—every bit of it. Now that the boom's here, you've got other fellows advertising real estate. My advertising has brought in more tourists. They're buying more goods and the merchants are advertising more. You may figure that, now the boom is here, you can tell me to go to the devil. But you're wrong. It's all based on confidence. Destroy public confidence in me and you blow up the whole thing. People will simply pull out of the game. Everybody in this part of the country knows that I originated the boom here, and have led it. Palm Bluff has got plenty of rival towns. Give 'em a handle against me and they'll set up a howl—make this town a laughingstock. You can't hit me without hitting yourself and all your neighbors."

Langley felt that this statement was quite true, having a prevision that Kendrick and John Titus, president of the First National Bank, and other solid citizens would be greatly pained at the notion of weakening public confidence in Palm Bluff real estate by exposing Dwyer as a rogue who had swindled small investors out of their Liberty Bonds. That was one reason why he hadn't mentioned the affair to Kendrick.

"Running a newspaper here is a different proposition from running one in a big city," Dwyer went on. "Newspapers in a big city needn't have any more sense of responsibility than a hyena—and they don't have," he added bitterly. "They can run around blowing up anybody. That's their occupation. The town's so big, you see. But in a small town like this everything hangs together. You've got to have a sense of responsibility to your neighbors. A newspaper that hurts the town won't be tolerated."

Langley nodded gravely.

"I understand that, Mr. Dwyer. That's why I came to see you now. Of course, if I was just a big-city reporter I could put this story on the wire and not mind who it hurt." He pecked at his mustache and very soberly made a statement which might have provoked a laugh, coming from such a mouselike person: "All I want to do is to protect the public."

Dwyer demanded, "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, it's this way," the protector of the public answered judicially: "You've been selling a great deal of stock to the public. The money is supposed to go to build a causeway over to the island, and the hotel, and so forth"—he made a little gesture—"these improvements that you advertise. I believe you've got a good proposition, Mr. Dwyer. You can make a fine winter resort out of Paradise Island. If you do make a fine resort out of it, I don't see any reason why people wouldn't come there—build cottages and estates, and so on, same as at Palm Beach and Miami. If they do, of course, the stock in your company will be valuable."

Dwyer listened to this exposition of faith in his enterprise with a certain astonishment. Out on the long, narrow sand bar, overgrown with cabbage palms, palmetto and mesquite, whose name he had changed to Paradise Island, some gangs of colored workmen were clearing up the underbrush and marking off streets; but it was very, very far from the sophisticated paradise which the big painting in the office represented.

"But you can see yourself, Mr. Dwyer," the journalist droned on, "that if you're"—he seemed unable to find the word he wanted and made an awkward little gesture toward the heap of clippings—"if you're the man who did this, you ought to retire in favor of some man the public could have confidence in. There wouldn't need to be any scandal at all—at least not now." His embarrassment increased, yet his eyes held soberly to Dwyer's face. "I don't know whether they're looking for you or not; but I don't think I would be required to take Boston into consideration—at present. I think my duty is to the public here—at present. So at present, if you would retire here, I would be satisfied."

Dwyer stared at him. So that was it! He was simply to eliminate himself—blot himself out of existence with regard to Paradise Island! The astonishment arose partly from a feeling of the insignificance of his opponent, as though an embarrassed mouse should sit up on its tail in the path of an elephant and say, with a nervous little gesture, "Now you're to vanish, you know—dissolve into air."

"But I'm not the man—not the man at all!" Dwyer protested. "That man was my cousin. I had nothing to do with his affairs; no more"—he made a gesture as though at loss for words—"than the man in the moon!"

Langley's monotonous voice came back in propitiation.

"In that case, Mr. Dwyer, of course there's nothing more to be said." He brushed his hand over dusty hair. "Where were you in the spring and summer of 1919?"

(Continued on Page 42

Elasticity—that is the great and paramount virtue of the sensational new Goodyear cord fabric SUPERTWIST! It far *o-u-t-s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s* the breaking point of standard cord fabric. It adds to the flexibility of the thin-sidewall balloon tire that stout *carcass-endurance* which every good tire must have. SUPERTWIST, *used only by Goodyear,* protects Goodyear Balloon Tires against stone bruise and rupture, while assuring users maximum comfort and riding ease.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1924, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc

(Continued from Page 40)

And there was the leech again, softly clinging to him, not to be shaken off. Dwyer changed the subject.

"When will Kendrick be back?"

His mind turned to Kendrick, not as to a straw at which a drowning man clutches, but as to a raft. Because, after all, Kendrick was a human being—a man who knew his own interests and the interests of his town, and had a proper regard for them.

"Kendrick will not consent to a wanton attack on me," he declared firmly.

Langley gave another peck at his mustache and squirmed in the chair.

"If it came to that," he said, "I'd put the story on the wire anyhow. Other papers would publish it."

Fatally true! This mere mouse of a man had the lightning in his hand. In spite of Kendrick, in spite of everybody, he could launch the thunderbolt any time he pleased. Other papers would publish it, especially Boston papers, and the reverberations would soon reach Palm Bluff.

Langley explained mildly: "You see, Mr. Dwyer, when I left college and went into journalism I had some ideas about it. I've got the same ideas still. In a case of this kind a journalist oughtn't to hesitate, no matter what happens to him." He nodded to the clippings. "That man oughtn't to be taking in other people's money this way. In such a case a journalist has a duty to the public. He must protect the public that supports him."

Half an hour before, Dwyer would have laughed over the speech as a bit of sophomorical egotism, of the kind that might be expected from a reporter who gravely called himself a journalist. Half an hour before, he would have said that the runty young man named Langley who was reporter and associate editor of the Palm Leaf Fan had comically round, wide-open, pale-blue eyes that reminded one of an adolescent owl. Just now those same eyes, fixed upon his, looked like a high, thick stone wall. His own eyes fell in a sudden agitation. Blindly, instinctively, he began fighting for time.

"See here, Langley, you're all wrong. That's my cousin. We must talk this over. It's a long story." He looked quickly at his wrist watch. "I haven't time now. You owe it to me to give me a hearing."

"Why, I'll be glad to talk it over with you any time, Mr. Dwyer," Langley assured him; "this evening, if you like."

"Why, yes." Dwyer frowned a little, considering. "I've got to meet some men at the hotel for dinner—oughtn't to take very long. Come to my house at half past nine. Will you do that?"

"Certainly, very glad to," Langley replied; and then Dwyer perceived that his opponent, too, was relieved to get away, like a tired boxer at the end of a round. "I'll read these things over," said Dwyer, with a nod at the clippings on the desk. "It's a long story. . . . If I shouldn't be there at half past nine, wait for me. I won't be long. . . . Of course, you'll say nothing to anybody until you've heard from me."

"No," said Langley. "I'll be at your house at half past nine."

He slid from the office, hat in hand, and, out on the cement sidewalk of Seaview Avenue, paused to wipe his face with a handkerchief before putting on his faded straw hat, for he was sweating and trembling like a very tired man. He shuffled absently up the avenue, in his slightly stooping posture, and turned off into Hibiscus Street; which, naturally, was a dusty, tatterdemalion thoroughfare largely given over to garages. Half a block brought him to a two-story brown frame building with the uncompromising ugliness of a big shoe box. The faded sign over the door said, "Palm Leaf Fan Job Printing."

But this was only the poor cocoon, soon to be abandoned. Over on Orange Street the walls were already going up for a fine new hollow tile and stucco structure, with the best modern improvements, to which the newspaper would move as soon as it was completed. Langley had spent many a pleasant half hour admiring the architect's sketch and floor plans. He was going to be part owner in it.

Of course, like much else in Palm Bluff just now, the new plant, and the daily edition that was to follow within a year, were predicated on the boom. He did not deny Dwyer's claim to being the author of the boom, nor that he was still the pivotal fact in it. He knew how much store Palm Bluff put upon its boom; how much it hoped for from that state of mind which set people to bidding briskly against each other for vacant plots of sand and palmetto which, two years before, nobody would so much as look at. It was a state of mind, and states of mind may change very swiftly. He realized that there were many things to be thought of. His own individual fortune and future were involved in them.

Dwyer, meanwhile, was reading one of those old newspaper clippings with a fascination that was not without horror. This had always been hanging over his head, but as month after month went by his sense of security naturally increased. In brief, a friend had assured him that for a certain consideration authority would hold its hand until, in due time, a beneficent statute of limitations barred him from prosecution. But the affair was hazardous. He was like a man lying behind a dike of sand which time might solidify into rock; meanwhile any chance wave would wash it away. After the catastrophe of arrest he might have abandoned all his baggage, plunging into the stream as a stripped and naked man, to emerge at another point, take a new name—and get a job, say, driving a truck or peddling shoe strings. But he couldn't endure abandoning his baggage. He was too soft for that. So he had been obliged to keep the name Dwyer, metamorphosing E. Pellman into Elihu P., just as he abandoned the curly golden wig he formerly wore and grew a beard instead.

Staring at the old strip of newspaper, with perspiration on his forehead, he perceived in a luminous instant that he had always been ineffectual, finally. This Boston venture hadn't really succeeded. He was a very presentable man, handsome in profile; he made friends readily, and easily got himself accepted up to a certain point; he had a glib tongue; there was ingenuity in his brain. But somehow, at length, he always stubbed his toe, while men whom he despised as coarse blockheads carried their affairs through.

The venture down here had succeeded miraculously. He called himself author of the boom, yet knew well enough that he had appeared just at the psychological moment when circumstances had made everything ready for him. In the nature of the case, booms can't be happening always. Probably such another opportunity would never come to him. Certainly it wouldn't if Langley blew up his sand dike now. With that Boston hue and cry at his heels again, and authority, spurred by newspapers, reaching out for him —— He was forty-two and ravenously hungry for a long arrears of enjoyments. His advertisements praised Palm Bluff as a new Eden, but he hated the dull hole. What he wanted was to stuff his pockets with money and go where money can be spent to advantage.

And there was the instrument of his destruction—Langley; pale-eyed runt of a third-rate newspaper reporter, attached to a country-town semiweekly sheet which docilely printed columns of his puffs of Paradise Island in consideration of a double-page advertisement in each issue for which he paid $112.50. Secretly, or to his wife and a few cronies, he laughed at the journal because it charged so little. Anything that cost only $112.50 must be somewhat contemptible. Yet the Fan was dignity itself compared with its associate editor. The most intolerable thing in the situation was that ruin should come from such a source.

From the first he had perceived Langley's unmanageableness. A man of sense might listen to reason and be shown where his own interests lay, or even take an outright bribe. But this was one of your simple-minded idiots who had got an idea of duty to the public stuck crosswise in his feeble nut and would toddle right along with it, no matter at what cost to himself. With intense bitterness, and with a suffocating surge of rage, Dwyer comprehended that immovable and imbecilic quality in his opponent. . . . A man you couldn't do anything with!

He was walking purblindly homeward, all a-quake inside, with a seethe of bitter, aimless anger —— Langley! And just when the prize was fairly at his fingers' ends! The money was rolling in now. He had some wild thoughts of flight; but he had spent a lot of the money so far, taking up the options on the land, advertising, clearing off the underbrush. Besides, flight with this bomb exploding at his heels would be useless. . . . Trapped! There had been no plan in his appointment with Langley. He had merely fought for time in which to make a plan. But how could there be a plan when you were going to be shot at daylight anyhow? To be sure, Langley had offered one—namely, that he eliminate himself, walk out empty-handed. Dwyer could have laughed acidly over that, only the muscles of laughter seemed paralyzed. . . . He was quite sure that nobody here except Langley knew about this as yet. Nobody would know, at least, until Kendrick returned in the morning. As yet destruction was solely incarnated in one ridiculous little person. Trapped—and only a gray mouse in gold-bowed spectacles holding the door! Then he came to the ditch and halted as though an invisible hand had seized his arm.

After that it all unfolded in a fashion as smooth and orderly as the operation of a law of Nature. When Dwyer returned to his house at a quarter to ten that evening Langley was waiting for him—embarrassed of course, pecking at his little mustache and murmuring as Mrs. Dwyer tried to entertain him by wholly imaginary references to her social career in the North. Her sly smile to her husband confessed how dull she had found the young man; and as nearly as she could remember it, she excused herself in the way she had once seen it done on the stage. Of course she was going to bed. Unless there was amusement of some kind, she usually went to bed at nine. Dwyer had counted on that.

The host also excused himself for a moment, then called Langley into the small and gaudily colored den back of the living room, closing the door. When they were seated—the guest having awkwardly declined a cigar—Dwyer spoke with an air not only candid but cordial.

"I've been thinking it over, Langley. You were right. But first I want to tell you about the Boston business."

At leisure he unfolded a narrative, mostly false, of his entanglement in the foreign-exchange speculation; and there was a secret little delight in his heart over the coolness and fluency with which he spoke. He was in perfect command of himself as he spun out the yarn to gain time. It had turned somewhat wetter outside. Through the open window came a soft, monotonous drip of the eaves and a murmurous patter of drops on the leaves. As dark as a pocket out there. Hardly one chance in a million of a soul being abroad in this edge of the town on such a night. The three or four humble houses in the neighborhood would be fast asleep.

Dwyer talked easily, embroidering the tale. And he was now conscious of an odd, fierce hatred of the mousy little man opposite, pecking at his ridiculous mustache, sagely nodding his insignificant head, looking owlishly through gold-bowed spectacles; an object mortally contemptible in its nature, to be hated and stepped upon!

Also Dwyer secretly jeered at the guest for his fatuous sense of security. There was something hard and heavy in his coat pocket. Several times his hand slipped in to feel of it. He knew exactly how it was going to be done. The courteous host would step outside with his guest, in the dark. Then three or four swift, powerful blows with that thing in his pocket and a body dumped into the muddy ditch where the plank was slippery. And Langley sat there wagging his head, gaping at him—the idiot!

"But you were right," the host continued. "I was the victim of circumstances, yet it wouldn't be fair to ask people to trust me with this money. I realize it now. I propose an executive committee."

He sketched the scheme: Three local men of the highest reputation would form the committee to take control of the enterprise; every dollar of money received would pass into their hands; they would see that it was all honestly expended in improvements as the advertisements promised; Dwyer would fade out of the scene on some plausible pretext.

Through Langley's general dustiness something like a glow appeared. He nodded his head twice, and there was a perceptible flutter of emotion in his usually monotonous voice.

"I'll be perfectly satisfied with that, Mr. Dwyer—perfectly satisfied," he declared with that unwonted warmth. "There never was what you might call any personal feeling in this. All I wanted was to protect the public. This committee—if it's the right men—will protect the public. That was my object from the start. I'll be perfectly satisfied."

"Well, then, think up a list of names for the committee. I'll think up a list. Come to my office at four o'clock tomorrow. We'll decide on the men. I'll have the other details thought out by that time."

Langley was still perceptibly glowing, with a foolish little smile, as he got up and moved toward the door.

"I'm very glad it's turned out this way," he observed.

The tall powerful man at his heels echoed, "So am I. So am I." But his right hand was in his coat pocket and he was thinking, "Idiot! To suppose I'm going to give up this game for you! Imbecile!"

Langley had the door open. There was a soft drip of water out there, and a vast pitch darkness, cloaking everything. Door knob in hand, the visitor hesitated an instant, with his foolish little smile.

"I didn't intend to speak of my own interests—didn't mean to think about that. But, of course, this means a good deal to me personally." The smile became more awkward. "When I thought it over I had a kind of a hunch you weren't going to give in; maybe would try to bluff me into putting it off. I didn't mean to take any chances, you know—to have anything to hesitate over. So I wrote out my resignation to Mr. Kendrick and an assignment of my stock. I told him if he considered I injured him, or the paper, in what I was doing, he could take it out of what I'd paid him on the stock. I left it on his desk where he'd see it first thing when he gets to town tomorrow."

Dwyer heard himself asking, "Did you tell him why you were resigning?"

Langley gravely nodded.

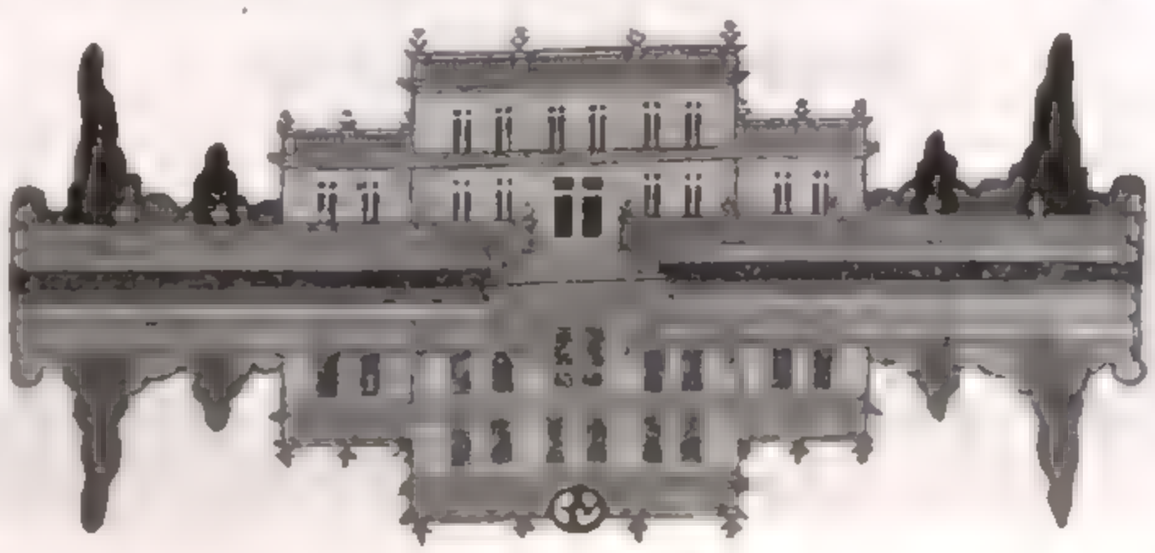
"I wrote an outline of the case—enough so he would understand why I was acting—and inclosed a copy of the dispatch I meant to send the Boston Tribune after I left you." The awkward smile reappeared. "In case, you know, that you wouldn't yield. I didn't mean to take any chances, you see. I didn't want anything to hesitate about. I didn't even mean to put it off till you talked to Kendrick. It looked clear to me, so I meant to act. I've got the original dispatch in my pocket, ready to send. Of course, now I can tear up the resignation and the dispatch. I'm very glad of that. It means quite a lot to me personally."

Dwyer, hand still in pocket, but quite nerveless, looked blankly down at this comically mousy person and apprehended him in a new way; small, homely, soft, apparently weak, but indestructible as truth. That letter to Kendrick, with a copy of the dispatch, protected him now like brass armor. . . . Indestructible!

"I think the executive committee will work very well," said Dwyer stupidly.

"Yes; I feel sure it will," Langley replied in his toneless manner. "Good night."

The small homely figure shuffled off into moist dark.



How MAXWELL Excels in the Field of Fours

Those having their first experience in the good Maxwell, marvel that any four can produce such smooth and quiet performance.

To those who own Maxwells, their economical, care-free service is a never-ending revelation of the pleasantest sort.

There you have, in brief, the two main points in which Chrysler engineering now enables Maxwell so decidedly to excel its field.

The man who has owned the average four-cylinder car probably expects from Maxwell nothing more than average four-cylinder results; and he is delightfully surprised to encounter an entirely new degree of vibrationless performance.

Maxwell's bull-dog power is delivered in a flow as smooth and soft as satin.

Not only are the reciprocating parts of the sturdy engine balanced to the fraction of an ounce; but the exclusive Maxwell spring mounting for the front end of the engine practically eliminates all sense of vibration.

With no annoying engine vibration, and with the unusually easy riding of the car springs, Maxwell comes close to providing the ultimate of motoring comfort.

The large crankshaft revolves in its big bearings on a film of oil under pressure, reducing main-bearing friction and wear to the vanishing point.

Higher utilization of power—and greater economy—are made possible by the generous use of ball and roller bearings throughout the chassis. You can actually roll the good Maxwell with the push of one hand.

Such things—and the use of high alloy and heat-treated steels, of a transmission and rear axle sturdy enough for a truck, of a six-inch heavy-gauge frame with six stout cross members—are important contributions to Maxwell's unusual merit.

They constitute tangible superiorities which are inducing thousands to choose the good Maxwell in preference to anything at anywhere near its price.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Walter P. Chrysler, President and Chairman of the Board

MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

There are Maxwell dealers everywhere. All are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

MAXWELL

GERMANY TURNS THE CORNER

(Continued from Page 4)

real distress. The manufacturer was the hardest hit. His trouble grew out of an acute credit famine which had raised interest rates in some instances to as high as 100 per cent a year. Here we found our old friend, the law of compensation, working, because whereas last year the industrialist had everything his own way by reason of easy credit, the shoe was now on the other foot and he was being badly pinched.

Moreover, instead of the orgy of buying that marked 1923, there was such a visible retrenchment in purchasing that every shopkeeper with whom I talked had a tale of woe to unfold. This was because the shortage of credit was matched by a kindred scarcity of actual cash. I know a man who owned a motor car and a country house, yet who had difficulty in borrowing car fare.

With this shrinkage of cash we come to the crux of the new German deal. Incredible as it appeared, especially to one who saw Germany literally submerged in worthless money, the mark had begun to crawl into a hole. Now it did not do so on its own volition. Neither did that tightening of credit develop out of the thin air. On the contrary, it defied the industrial bureaucracy that had practically ruled Germany since the end of the war.

Both of these events were directly due to the fact that at last a strong man had come to the fiscal helm of Germany, to whom all persons, whether big industrialists or small shopkeepers, looked alike. That man was Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, father of the German Rentenmark, and by virtue of that coup the most astute financial salesman of these modern times. Less than a year ago he was scarcely known outside German banking circles. Today, with Hugo Stinnes out of the picture, he is the outstanding personality of the republic. Furthermore, the dramatization of the Dawes Plan, so far as German responsibility is concerned, will evolve about him. It is therefore important that, before the story of his achievement is unfolded, you know who and what he is.

Germany's Financial Moses

Despite all the publicity that has beat about him these past months, I doubt if the fact has hitherto been disclosed that Schacht narrowly escaped being born in the United States. His father—a native of Schleswig-Holstein—emigrated to America in 1870 and got a job in a typewriter factory at Ilion, New York. Subsequently he met and married a Danish girl in Brooklyn, where their first son, Dr. Eddie Schacht, was born. In 1876 the family went to Germany, where the elder Schacht became an agent of the Equitable Life. He is now living in retirement on a pension.

Hjalmar was born forty-seven years ago, shortly after the Schachts returned to Germany. His full name, by the way, is Horace Greeley Hjalmar Schacht, his father having had a great admiration for the founder of the New York Tribune. Young Schacht received his academic and business education in Hamburg, and at the age of twenty-six entered the famous Dresdener Bank in Berlin as clerk. At thirty-four he was vice manager, and at forty-one was practical head of the combined Darmstadter and National Bank. During the war he organized a German bank of issue at Brussels. This was his only official connection until the fateful late autumn of 1923, when, as currency commissioner, he was called in to handle the crisis—the final one, I might add—that attended the collapse of the paper mark. From this time on his name and his talents have been inseparably bound up with the fiscal regeneration of Germany.

Clearly to comprehend the significance of the Schacht performance you must know just what was happening when he became currency commissioner. The debacle of the paper mark was complete. So many zeros had been added to it that it was almost impossible to find out where the money stood. While part of this collapse was due, of course, to the utter lack of confidence in the currency, a second contributory cause was the indiscriminate credits granted by the Reichsbank, which enabled people to buy dollars and pounds with hypothetical borrowed paper marks. Hoarding or export of foreign exchange naturally followed. Officially the mark went to 4,200,000,000,000 to the dollar. Unofficially, that is, on the Black Bourses and in other sidewalk trading, it dropped to 12,000,000,000,000. Circulation went to an almost unbelievable volume. It would take a yard of zeros to express it. One detail of the debacle—it bears on the Schacht reform—is illuminating. National revenue, paid in the battered mark, was about one-thousandth of expenditure. Complete chaos impended.

In order to have at least a basis of calculation, a so-called gold mark was invented, 4.20 gold marks being equal to a dollar. The relation of this purely imaginary gold mark to the paper mark was fixed daily according to the New York quotation of the latter. While this gold mark provided a standard upon which to base price calculations, there was no protection against the half hourly depreciation. Manufacturers and wholesalers insisted upon payment in a foreign currency, while retailers, when foreign money was not forthcoming, added extra percentages to prices to cover the inevitable loss from fluctuations. Naturally prices went to fantastic heights, and the result was merely more confusion.

The Rentenbank

Various forms of currency to meet the emergency were suggested. Helferrich proposed a mark based upon the value of rye—one of the German staples—and secured by a mortgage on all German immovable property. The futility of this medium of exchange was at once apparent because a crop failure would do more damage than the wild fluctuation of an unsecured note.

In October, when almost complete fiscal collapse had been reached, the Rentenmark was born. It came into being through the *Ermächtigungsgesetz*. This terror of a name is merely an enabling act which permits the government to act without asking the consent of the Reichstag. Under the act a new bank of issue, the Rentenbank, and a new currency, the Rentenmark, were authorized. The word "rent" means "income" or "revenue," so the proposed medium was really a sort of income mark. The Rentenbank was to have a capital of 3,200,000,000 Rentenmarks, covered by a mortgage up to 4 per cent on all German landed property and a similar lien on industrial property. In exchange for these mortgages the property owners were to receive a so-called evidence of indebtedness called a Rentenbriefe, a kind of scrip similar to a mortgage deed purchasable with Rentenmarks and bearing interest at 5 per cent. The idea was to make the Rentenbriefe popular with small investors.

Such was the Rentenmark scheme as it existed on paper; and on paper it remained for some weeks while the paper mark continued its journey toward almost absolute nothingness. It was one thing to put forth the proposition, but quite another to galvanize it into life. In other words, Germany needed a salesman to put over the deal. He appeared in Schacht.

On November thirteenth he became currency commissioner, and exactly two days later he had stopped the printing presses and put the Rentenmark on the market. Despite all the high-sounding talk of security of a mortgage on all German property, there was really nothing behind the Rentenmark except the iron determination of the currency commissioner to make it a stable medium of exchange. No one took the Rentenbriefe, as a security, seriously. The wonder of it all was that the Rentenmark was accepted. It was a sort of financial Topsy, for it "just growed."

Schacht's whole theory of finance from the start was summed up in the sentence, "You cannot create capital by merely printing money." On this he made his drive. He had previously outlined a plan for a bank based on a gold standard which would not discount paper indiscriminately at the beck and call of finance ministers and which would issue credit on only a gold and not on a paper basis. He began to get action on his ideas.

Schacht said in substance: "The Rentenmark must be regarded as a gold mark" there was no gold behind it—"and put on a basis of 4.20 to the dollar." This, of course, created consternation among the foreign-exchange sharks, who had thrived on the massacre of the paper mark and who naturally saw no good in the new money.

Now began one of the most curious conflicts ever waged. It was a battle of quotations. Schacht beared the paper mark down to a Rentenmark basis, while on the Black Bourses the speculators clung to endless zeros. In five days the commissioner had so manipulated his strategy that the Rentenmark was accepted as a basis of exchange for 1,000,000,000,000 paper marks—the Germans designate trillion with the word billion—and for the first time in nearly a year there was something like stabilization. Prices began to be marked in 1, 2, 5 and 10 marks instead of the thousands of millions which had obtained. Deflation started.

With deflation came some degree of faith in the new money. Just as Austria nationalized confidence almost overnight and rescued the krone from its debacle through the mere knowledge that a loan was forthcoming under the stewardship of the League of Nations, so did the Schacht will to stabilize the Rentenmark become somewhat contagious. There was some visual if not financial satisfaction, at least, in even realizing that you were only paying five marks for a meal where formerly you had paid thirty or forty trillions.

With the launching of the Rentenmark, Schacht not only stopped the printing presses that had been pounding out interminable paper marks but he began to call in the paper marks. These included the immense wad of emergency money issued by most of the German cities during the currency famine of last year. He caught the speculators coming and going, because now they were unable to get the paper marks with which to buy dollars. The unusual spectacle of a dollar going down was presented.

The Rentenbank at once placed 1,200,000,000 Rentenmarks at the disposal of the government at 6 per cent interest with the stipulation that part of it was to be used to meet the floating debt. A similar amount was used to provide necessary industrial and commercial credits. But these credits, as you shall presently see, were not the old Reichsbank discount hot-air performances but actual transactions based on something tangible.

Meanwhile Havenstein, the president of the Reichsbank died, and Schacht, the youngest man to hold this post, was named as his successor. Besides Havenstein only two other men had been president of the institution since its inception fifty years ago. They were Von Dechend and Koch. All three predecessors of Schacht, however, were officials, as the word goes in Germany. It means that they were jurists, not trained bankers, who regarded everything governmental as a sort of fetish. They were tainted with the old Kaiser virus and were puppets of finance ministers.

Credit on a Sound Basis

When Schacht, who was neither politician nor bureaucrat, stepped into the stewardship of that fiscal holy of holies, a new era began. Not only was he a practical financier but he made short shrift of the precedents which had enabled previous presidents to make the government and its friends prize drainers of Reichsbank funds and privileges. With no item had there been a greater abuse than with credit.

Hence it was with the all-important matter of credits that Schacht created the greatest havoc. You may recall that a year ago anyone with a pull could get all the Reichsbank credit he wanted, and that very often this credit was not employed for legitimate business expansion but to convert a paper debt into something concrete, like a factory or foreign exchange which was hoarded or sent out of the country.

Schacht stopped all this. He put credit on a real credit basis. The drastic restrictions now made it impossible to buy exchange with borrowed marks. He organized a gold discount bank which is really part of the Reichsbank and succeeded in borrowing half the capital of it in London. Here you had one of the many evidences of the confidence that his policy had inspired. He was soon able to exercise some influence on the exchange market. He gave credit, for example, only to those importers of raw material who intended to reëxport their products in finished form. The proceeds of the export sales had to be pledged for repayment.

The German treasury report, which had practically been abandoned to its fate, began to come to life and by June showed that unheard-of marvel—a surplus of gold marks. Moreover, Schacht reduced the deficit considerably and gave the country the first—in fact, the only—favorable financial statement that she had in years. So consistent was the improvement that the government was able to advance 100,000,000 marks to the farmers.

All this, and especially the credit embargo, was not smooth sailing. The hand of nearly every big industrialist for a time was raised against Schacht. You cannot dam up the source of easy money without hurting somebody's feelings. Enormous personal, social and political pressure was brought to bear upon him to amend the iron rule restricting credits. The Reichsbank president kept to his path until he became an almost absolute financial dictator—a Mussolini of Money.

I talked with Schacht in his office at the Reichsbank, a gloomy, reddish building in the Jaeger Strasse in Berlin, around which more hectic financial storms have beaten than perhaps any other national financial structure in the world. Here was the fountainhead of all the German inflation of the past few years. Physically it still symbolizes the old German order, because in the vast rotunda is an imposing heroic bronze statue of Emperor William I. Even Schacht's office is hung with the portraits of the three Kaisers and their consorts.

Schacht's Financial Creed

Schacht is alert, dynamic, and has more pep than any of his financial contemporaries. He is of medium height, has bushy hair, and keen eyes gleam behind his spectacles. His face is strong but sallow. Most German bankers are long on both dignity and conversation. Schacht refutes both of these, first because he is most informal in his manner, and second by reason of the fact that his conversation, like his personality, is aggressive. He holds rank, tradition and precedent in contempt. This is why he has ridden roughshod over the old industrial bureaucracy that thrived on inflation. He speaks excellent English.

When I congratulated him on his achievement and asked him to indicate the significance of it he said:

"What I have tried to do has been to make German money scarce and valuable. You have heard me abused as the author of a credit famine and a cash scarcity. This is perfectly true, but it is far better to undergo a temporary hardship in industry when, through that hardship, deflation is secured and the decks are cleared for a permanent and constructive future. I am unpopular in many quarters because I have refused to manufacture credit. Through this policy of credit restriction we have brought out into the light hidden reserves of capital that are now doing their proper work for the country. Otherwise they would have remained hidden.

"As a matter of fact, the German capital famine is fundamentally due to war exhaustion, reparation deliveries, and to the seizure of goods in the Ruhr which have not been paid for. It cannot entirely be remedied by national saving. The only remedy is to attract foreign capital into German industry and mortgages and other long-time investments. What I have tried to do has been to clean house preparatory to the enactment of the Dawes Plan. The Rentenmark is nothing more or less than a stop-gap, a bridge, so to speak, between the chaos that prevailed late last year and the new deal which will come to Germany through the international loan which the Dawes Plan provides.

"Every fair-minded German has favored the Dawes Plan from the start, because it separates German reparation and reconstruction from politics and will enable us to get on our feet. Here you have the American influence strongly asserting itself. Once in operation, the Dawes Plan means that Germany will resume her old place as a constructive force in the economic affairs of the world."

Schacht made one statement that was rather surprising. In discussing the Rentenmark he said:

"It will be difficult for the rest of the world to realize it, but the actual value of

(Continued on Page 46)

A Proved Car – Improved!

Thousands of owners have *proved* it! *Proved* it on every kind of road and in every kind of climate—*proved* its power, its economy, its rugged endurance, its incomparable value. ¶ Naturally, we've retained that stalwart chassis because its basic design is right. We've simply taken that *proved* car—and IMPROVED it! We've refined it, added a newer grace—beautified it with enduring DUCO Satin finish. ¶ Cowl lights—a larger steering wheel—a new and more distinctive radiator—these things and many others have worked a wondrous improvement in its beauty and utility! ¶ You should see this *Refined* Oldsmobile Six—at any Oldsmobile showroom—soon!

2 Pass. Coupe $1045

Roadster $875, Touring Car $875, Sport Roadster $985, Sport Touring $1015, Coupe $1175, Sedan $1250, De Luxe Sedan $1350
The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LTD., OSHAWA, ONTARIO

The Refined **OLDSMOBILE SIX**

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 44)

all the outstanding German currency today does not exceed $700,000,000. This is due to the fact that we have issued only 2,000,000,000 Rentenmarks, although 3,200,000,000 were authorized. We have even called in practically all the emergency currency, and we are getting rid of the paper mark as fast as possible. Under the Dawes Plan we will establish a gold bank of issue whose product will be a real gold mark."

Having dealt with the high spots of the Schacht reform policy, we can now examine in detail the general German situation, as well as the economic condition of all German classes. Here you have a story not quite so rosy as the narrative of the synthetic stabilization achieved through the Rentenmark. A paradox is revealed. On the one hand you have a much-needed relief from inflation, and on the other a money pinch, hardening of prices, industrial depression and increased unemployment. This is the price, in a word, that Germany has had to pay for deflation. But it purged her and gave her the equipment with which to assume the Dawes Plan.

If I have made the facts at all clear you know by this time that as a result of the new deal in the Reichsbank, Germany passed from a debauch to such a famine in credit that a considerable portion of industry was unable to raise sufficient capital to keep its wheels going.

Coincidentally the volume of business of all kinds shrank.

At the time of my visit in midsummer, out of 2040 industrial enterprises engaging 1,250,000 employes only 32 per cent were supplied with an adequate volume of work. In 352 machinery factories employing 300,000 workers exactly 13 per cent had enough orders to keep them going full time. The potash industry, in which Germany has always been preeminent, was in the dumps. Forty mines had been shut down at the end of June. By August first only one-fourth of all the potash capacity was functioning.

No less gloomy was the state of affairs in chemicals, while the dye trade reflected the depression in textiles. Only old orders were being filled, because the collapse of the domestic sales market made new business almost out of the question. At Chemnitz and Plauen there was half time in all the factories. On account of the high rates for money, German goods, to make a profit, had to be priced from 15 to 20 per cent above world prices, and at these rates competition was impossible. In fact, most of the German industrial products that were being marketed in the Far East and in South America were being sold at a loss because of capital conditions at home.

A Perilous Boom

By August fifteenth the capital pinch reached the point where scores of industrial enterprises, some of them amongst the largest in the country, faced the alternative of amalgamation with other concerns or reduction in output, in some cases to only two working days a week. A large number of firms—including Rheinmetall, the United Königs und Laura Hütte and the Gelsenkirchen Mines—chose the latter. The Deutsche Werke, which now controls the former arsenals and imperial shipyards for civil purposes, decided to shut down altogether.

Nor are these conditions surprising when you know the chain of events that followed stabilization. The eagerness to spend, lest depreciation reduce the purchasing power of money, which existed during the whole inflation period, persisted for a number of months after the stabilization of the currency, in November, 1923. This was partly due to habit and partly to lack of early faith in the Rentenmark. Accentuating the eagerness to spend was a general, and as it turned out to be, mistaken impression of cheapness. The mind of the average German was completely under the illusion that the Rentenmark was a paltry sum. Its equivalent of 1,000,000,000,000 paper marks was believed to represent a greater sum. These two facts gave rise to a superficial and perilous boom in domestic business.

The creation of the Rentenmark had in no sense added to the basic purchasing power of the country, nor had it restored any part of the colossal losses in depreciated paper-mark bonds, mortgages and savings accounts. That the boom would therefore necessarily be of short duration was evident.

Yet merchants and wholesalers, misled by the false dawn of better times, indulged in heavy buying. With the continued stability of the Rentenmark and the growing realization of the limited purchasing power, eagerness to spend died away. In May the first symptoms of flagging interest on the part of the buying public became apparent. By the end of June the situation had developed into a devastating sales crisis.

The inevitable happened. Wholesalers and retailers, finding it impossible to dispose of reserves of goods, began to cancel unfilled orders and to avoid acceptance of incoming shipments. As their cash resources were relatively small, they were in no position to meet maturing obligations. The extent of these unmet obligations is reflected in the 589 bankruptcies in June, and an even greater number of receiverships.

In connection with the growing list of receiverships is a significant fact. Until this year a German receivership gave wide latitude to the person who wanted to evade obligations. It was not necessary to publish the fact of receivership and you could carry on for a whole year under a perfunctory court order. As a result, creditors did not have a look-in, for it was easy to secrete assets.

Now—and it is part of the general German financial housecleaning—the receivership laws are much more drastic. Complete publicity attends the performance, and the receiver must do his utmost to conserve the interests of creditors. The effect has been to facilitate the release of an appreciable volume of hitherto untouchable assets.

Credit Made Scarce

The unsatisfactory state of German export trade also showed what was going on. From an adverse balance of 238,506,000 gold marks in March there was an increase, still on the wrong side, to 353,968,000 gold marks in May.

No relief was to be had at the banks. When credit could be obtained the rates were almost prohibitive. Under the most favorable conditions loans were obtainable in Berlin in July and August for a period of one to three months at rates varying from 24 to 36 per cent a year, and these only upon indorsement of one of the "D" banks. Otherwise the terms for loans of from one to three months were granted only at rates varying from 26 to 72 per cent a year if collateral aggregating three times the amount of the loan were given. In the provinces interest rates on similar loans varied from 84 to 90 per cent, and in several instances that came to my notice reached 100 per cent per annum. These figures not only indicate credit shortage but show the general feeling of insecurity.

While the policy of making credit scarce and high seemed unreasonable it was not without various beneficial results. Not only did it teach the business man caution but, as was the case with the new receivership law, it caused many enterprises, hard-pressed for funds to meet current obligations, to dispose of hoarded reserves of foreign exchange. Thus there was little occasion for sympathy.

While I am on this matter of compensation let me point out another piece of justifiable retribution visited on some German financiers. It, too, points a moral. When the French franc went on the toboggan last spring nearly every big German banking house—and for that matter a good many international concerns in New York with German leanings—rushed to sell the franc short. The long-awaited opportunity to swat the hereditary foe in a bloodless way and with a profit into the bargain seemed at hand. It was too good to be true. When the franc suddenly rallied overnight all these gentry found themselves in a very costly corner. It is estimated that in Germany alone more than $250,000,000 was lost in this way, and at a time when such a dent could be least sustained.

Just as the credit famine and the scarcity of cash have taught the big and little Germans the value of money, so has the occupation of the Ruhr had its beneficent result. I will deal with it because it bears not only on the output of the German worker but also on the decline of communistic influence in industry. Both of these factors will enter largely into the translation of the Dawes Plan into action.

When the German workers in the Ruhr crept back to work after the collapse of passive resistance they were a thoroughly cowed lot. Their most important consideration was not only to get a job but to hang on to it. Hunger and idleness had taken the stamina out of them. Therefore when the big industrialists demanded that they abandon their eight-hour day and work ten they were in no position to refuse. The result has been an increase in output not only in the Ruhr but everywhere throughout Germany. The eight-hour day is fast becoming a theory and not a condition.

The Ruhr worker believes that he has been exploited, because most of his ills are the results of passive resistance, which was inspired and financed by the government and the capitalists. A very small part of the subsidy was derived from voluntary contributions.

One large employer not a thousand miles from Essen is reported to have said that the French occupation, despite all the protests against it, more than justified itself to German industry because it not only led to the ten-hour day but restored the control of factories to the owners.

A year ago the member of the workers' council who sat in the board of directors of each employing firm in Germany was an important person. In the welter of the alleged equality which followed the German revolution of 1918 he was ordained by law, and therefore had to be reckoned with. All matters relating to wages and working conditions had to be referred to him. Today he has become almost as great a joke as the eight-hour working day. He is much more concerned about holding his job than putting on his Sunday suit and sitting in with the powers that be. Yet in his pride and power he represented the new communism, the prop that Moscow leaned on for the long-promised red upheaval in Germany. You can now see how much of a first aid he will be to that Bolshevist ambition. His meal ticket is far more important to him than the red flag.

Back to the Ten-Hour Day

At Essen I went to see the secretary of the local Betriebamt, the local labor exchange. After he had given me the facts about the growing unemployment, not so much due to occupation of the Ruhr as to shortage of cash and capital, I asked him about the eight-hour day. His reply was:

"While the eight-hour day is still on the statute book we are unable to observe it because we must live. In a case of necessity we cannot always observe union rules."

In 1922 Hugo Stinnes told me that the only way that Germany could possibly pay her reparations and come back was through increased hours of labor. He was the first big industrialist to get together with his employes on a ten-hour basis. Through circumstances over which he had no control, for death intervened, his dream is now becoming a reality. It means much to the German future.

Where does the average man come in amid all this pinch of cash and credit? The first and most important fact is that he has very little of either, which merely proves that the economic hardship in Germany is playing no favorites. Everybody is up against it in some way or another. The rich are without credit and the poor lack actual cash.

When you take a bird's-eye view of the whole German situation you find that, on a prewar gold-mark basis—which has practically been reëstablished by the Rentenmark—wages are below par and the cost of living considerably above. The case of a Ruhr coal worker will illustrate. On August first he was receiving an average of 6.20 gold marks a day, which was 8 per cent less than the 1913 scale, while his cost of living was one and one-half times greater than before the war. Generally speaking, all wages are about 80 per cent of prewar, while the cost of living ranges from one to two and one-half times as much.

Unemployment Diminishing

Here is the way the wages of some of the principal activities range. The actual pay of an agricultural laborer is 30 marks a week, which is 79 per cent of the prewar scale; the woodworker receives from 29 to 33 marks a week, or 92 per cent of the prewar scale; the metal worker 32.50 marks per week, or 78 per cent; the printer 34 marks a week, or 88 per cent; the average factory hand 31.50 marks a week, or 87 per cent. Unskilled workers in many instances are receiving more than they did in 1913.

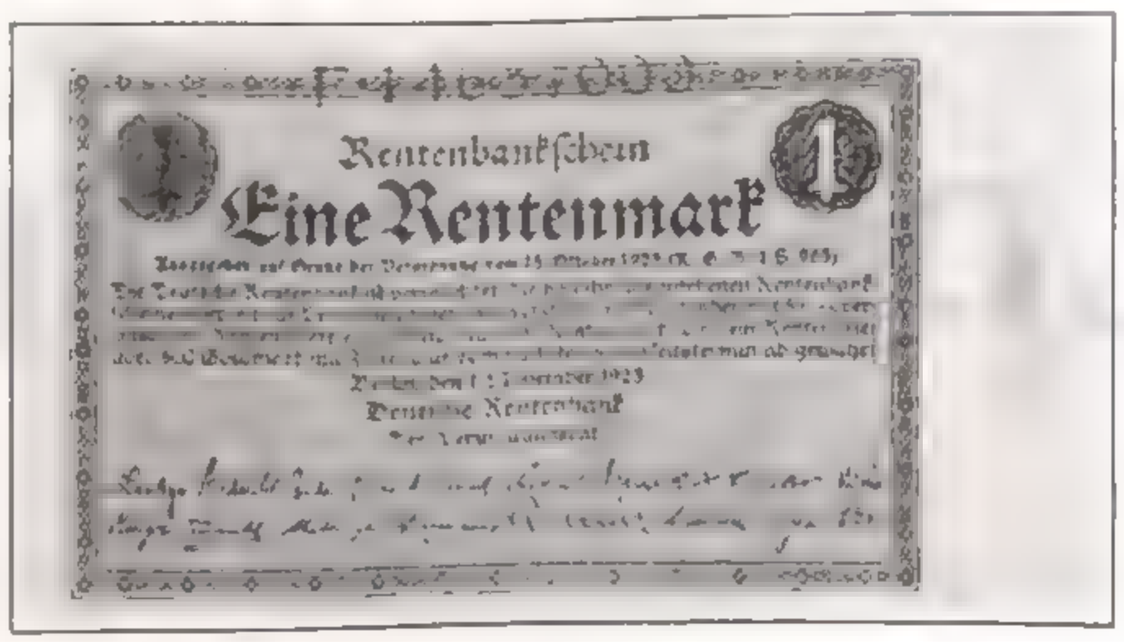
One advantage that the Rentenmark has brought to the average worker is that instead of having to get his wages every three days, such as obtained last year on account of the violent depreciation of the paper mark, he can now receive his envelope every week or every two weeks in normal fashion. Incidentally the stabilization of the mark has effected a big economy in all large employing establishments, because the large staff of accountants necessary to keep wage scales and general finance abreast with the mark depreciation is no longer required.

A second benefit lies, of course, in what might be called price consistency. While the purchasing power of the Rentenmark is not particularly great, the cost of the commodity it buys remains firm. Instead of meat changing in price four or five times a day, as it did with the paper mark, it remains the same all week under the Rentenmark. Last year half of the buying power of the money in a housewife's pocketbook crumpled up while she waited in line to purchase her necessities.

These improvements were offset in many quarters by the increase in unemployment, due almost directly to the credit and capital scarcity. In factories, banks and offices employes were being laid off right and left. The high tide of unemployment was reached early in the year, when the list of idle in the unoccupied sections of Germany reached the total of 1,543,000. By April, however, this had dropped to 712,000. In August the number was about 560,000. In addition, there was an equal number on part-time work. In Essen—it is typical of all big industrial centers—conditions were improving, because the number of male unemployed had shrunk from 50,878 on January first to 8047 on July twenty-eighth. To get another angle on unemployment, in thirty-eight labor unions with 1,714,695 members 317,425 were out of work.

One of the things that impressed me most at Essen was the tremendous curtailment in the number of employes at the Krupp plant. The normal peacetime roster here is about 40,000. At the end of July it had dwindled to 28,000 and further retrenchment was indicated. The Krupps have lost a great deal of their export trade, especially in South Africa and South America.

In connection with my visit to Essen I am constrained to report an incident which reflects one kind of German psychology. On the day before I left Berlin I sent a telegram to Herr Direktor Homann, the Krupp link with the public, whom I had met on previous visits, that I would be in Essen the next day and would like to see him. That afternoon the Krupp office in Berlin called me



(Continued on Page 48

Your 1924 Packard

The Packard you buy today will not look out of date in 1934

unless Packard is successful in doing

that which others have been unable to do—

improve on Packard lines.

If the industry, competing within itself, has been unable to improve on Packard Six lines

but rather, has appropriated them,

then, Packard has set an enduring style.

And, in an enduring style your motor car investment is best protected.

Packard Six and Packard Eight both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Continued from Page 46

up at the Adlon Hotel to say that the Krupp directors would be unable to see me because of the unkind articles I had written about the Ruhr last year. I replied that despite this handicap I would proceed with my plans and that happily the Krupps could not keep me out of Essen. As it turned out I got all the information about the Krupps that I wanted from the local labor bureau, and elsewhere.

I intrude this personal episode to show that the peculiar German mentality which hurled the world into the war and which brought the indignation of civilization upon the nation is still working.

To return to unemployment, during my stay in Germany the great Phœnix plant at Hörde laid off 5000 men, and the Stinnes interests all told dispensed with the services of 20,000 miners. Lesser establishments reduced in proportion. All these unemployed receive a dole, which provides scarcely enough to keep life going. In the Ruhr, for example, it is ninety gold pfennigs less than twenty-three cents a day for a male over twenty-one years, and seventy-one gold pfennigs—or about eighteen cents a day—for those under age.

This unemployment, combined with the continued discrepancy between wages and the cost of living, has caused real distress in many quarters.

In connection with the matter of German relief existed a curious inconsistency that is well worth pointing out. At the very time that the Germans were making pituful appeals for aid, and while a large children's fund was being raised in the United States, tens of thousands of Germans, who might have come to the help of their own kind, were joy-riding all over the Continent. In order to leave Germany they were compelled to pay 500 gold marks—125 dollars—for a tourist's visa.

A little detail like this, however, offered no obstacle.

The particular objective of most of these German pleasure-seekers was Italy, where the lira looked small alongside the gold mark. It is estimated that the number of Teutonic tourists at Italian resorts at high tide last summer aggregated 150,000. They stopped at the best hotels, never questioned prices, gave excessive tips, and had the best of everything. They were the worst possible ambassadors for an ostensibly ruined country.

Punch was so incensed over these German extravagances that it printed a full-page cartoon showing two fat Teutons lolling in a pleasure boat on an Italian lake. The craft was supplied with champagne and other good things of life. Under the picture was the caption: "The Indigents Abroad—or Where the Rhine Gold Goes To."

Germany's Grip on Italy

The Germans have not only captured the pleasure but also the profit of Italy. In no other former enemy country have they come back so strong. Nor is this surprising. Before the World War Germany practically controlled the Italian economic situation. She ruled the leading bank, whose head was also head of the Italian branch of the A. E. G., the great German electric-manufacturing concern. If a public-utility enterprise wanted a loan for plant or equipment it could get that loan only by agreeing to spend the proceeds with the A. E. G. Germany capitalized to the limit Italy's paucity of coal and iron.

Economically Italy really never broke with Germany during the war, as I discovered when I made a study of the situation in 1917. Segregation was a joke. Italy's hereditary foe whom she was fighting was Austria, and not Germany.

Today the Germans are back on the Italian job with both feet. They have renewed their colonies in Milan, Turin and Pisa. In Milan, for example, they have reestablished their chamber of commerce. German goods thrive in Italian markets because there is no prejudice against them. Most of the steel for the Italian motor-car industry is German. Whenever an Italian factory is offered for sale the principal competition for it is among the Germans themselves. A certain German industrialist sojourning at Lake Como read in the newspaper that a factory was for sale near Milan. When he presented himself at the office of the lawyer charged with the sale he found twenty-seven of his countrymen there ahead of him, and one of them had already made the purchase. The German invasion of Italy is complete.

For the last section of this article I have reserved the German phase which, despite all the significance that attaches to reparations and the Ruhr in light of the London Conference, has the widest human interest. Moreover, it must enter vitally into any considerations of the new Germany to be reared on the structure of the Dawes Plan. I mean the fate of the empire of business that Hugo Stinnes devised and dominated. It was a vast principality knit by the courage and tenacity of the man himself. Will it endure? What is the line of succession?

As I reflect upon the passing of this remarkable individual at the age of fifty-four, there comes to my mind the answer he made, or rather did not make, to a question I put to him in 1921 when I had my first interview with him. I asked why he was harnessing up the whole world to his restless ambition and what definite goal he had in mind. He merely said, "I cannot answer."

The riddle remains unsolved. More tangible, however, is the disposition of his huge holdings. The one-person fetish that he followed in life has been sentimentally maintained in his death, for his widow, Frau Clara Hugo Stinnes, not only inherited the entire estate without reservation but has been left in supreme control. She is the final arbiter of all questions. The seven children resigned their inheritance in her favor. This unassuming German woman—she is the simple *Hausfrau* that she looks—is on paper today the richest of her sex in the world, wielding an authority approached by no other female. Prior to Stinnes' death Bertha Krupp, "the dollar princess," led the list of rich women, but she is almost a piker alongside the widow of the great industrialist.

Firm Foundations

Before I go into the explanation of the management of the immense Stinnes holdings let me disclose some of the circumstances that attended the passing of the supertrust-maker of his time. Alive, Hugo Stinnes was a character of vivid and dramatic interest. Dying, he not only maintained this element of drama but brought into play the canny sense that had helped to make him what he was.

A great deal of misinformation has been disseminated about the final hours of Stinnes and the alleged set of rules he left behind him. The truth is that there was no written creed. It was purely oral. What follows is precisely what happened. I got the details from the eldest son, Dr. Edmund Hugo Stinnes.

When he knew that the end was near—and it was characteristic of the man that he fought off the inevitable until almost his last gasp and even transacted business after he had heard that the operation on him was a failure—he called his family to his bedside in very much the same way that the first of the Rothschilds did in that historic House of the Red Shield in the Frankfort ghetto so many years ago. Curiously enough, the Stinnes instructions in one respect follow the advice of the scion of the famous line of Jewish bankers, because on the Rothschilds was laid the solemn injunction to stick together.

To his assembled family Stinnes said in substance:

"Remember always that my life and work have been reared on three things—the family, the factory and the state, and in the order I have named. What I have assembled is yours, but it is merely a foundation. It is for you to carry it on with the larger idea that the success of industry is the prosperity of the state. Let no selfish considerations deter you from the larger result.

"You cannot succeed if you are not united. Quarrels and dissensions are always destructive. Your inheritance can only endure if you are united. If any question arises let your mother be the sole judge and the final arbiter.

"Remember that luxury is always dangerous. The simple life is the effective life. Obtain no money unless you have urgent need of it."

Another deathbed revelation of peculiar interest at this time is that in practically the last business discussion that he had Stinnes urged the adoption of the Dawes Plan. When the commission of experts visited Germany the member delegated to carry on negotiations with Stinnes was Owen D. Young. For days they wrestled with the problem of the mortgage on German industry, which Stinnes, at the start, strenuously opposed. Finally he acquiesced and his support became as ardent as his objection had been bitter. When he was told during his last hours that the report had been formulated he said: "Good. Germany must adopt it. It is the hope of the future."

It is also worth pointing out that shortly before his death Stinnes instructed his eldest son to arrange for the endowment of an institution similar in scope and operation to the Rockefeller Foundation. This kind of enterprise met his idea of constructive help, for he had no patience with ordinary organized benevolence. Hence he left no bequests for charity. After his death it was disclosed that ever since the end of the war he had supported 3000 German officers and their families. The moment one of these beneficiaries disclosed the source of his sustenance his name was wiped off the list.

A hitherto unwritten Stinnes story shows another avenue of his benefactions. When a visitor commented on the crudity of some of the paintings in the Stinnes house at Mulheim Mrs. Stinnes replied, "My husband supports so many young German artists that they feel they must give something in return."

Now for the stewardship of the Stinnes estate. First take the family equipment to carry on. The two eldest sons, Edmund, who is twenty-eight, and Hugo, who is twenty-seven, have been fully conversant with their father's affairs since 1918, when they left the army. One or the other invariably accompanied him on his incessant journeys and sat in the board meetings or conferences that he attended.

In fact, the elder Stinnes was so absorbed and obsessed with business that he not only lived it completely when away from his home but talked it constantly in the bosom of his family. His three daughters, Clara, Hilda and Elsa, discuss business instead of the topics that girls usually talk about. The father's practical sense is strongly ingrained in them and they are not likely to be easy marks for fortune hunters. The youngest Stinnes boy, Ernst, aged twelve, has more of his father's commercial instinct perhaps than any of the other children. His eldest brother told me that the youngster is constantly making comparisons between the Stinnes mine and factory returns.

Support for the Dawes Plan

Dr. Edmund Stinnes, who is now the head and hope of the family, and who at twenty-eight is an international-trade king, is of frank and engaging personality. Like his father, he speaks English fluently. I spent nearly a whole day with him in Berlin and was interested to discover how thoroughly he is soaked with the ideas of the parent. He did the unusual thing of going back to university after four years' service in the war and getting his degree of doctor of philosophy. He is also a graduate engineer. He related the following story of his father's real ambition:

After the World War and when Edmund had returned to the university to get his degree, he studied medicine for a time. He became so absorbed in it that he told his father that he would like to become a medical doctor, to which he got this response: "It is a worthy ambition and I once had it myself. Medicine is all right, but business is more important. You must be ready to succeed me some day."

Edmund Stinnes has his father's insatiate thirst for information. When he heard that I was fresh from Russia he plied me with questions about conditions there. Like his father, he has ceased to be a bull on Bololand.

I asked young Stinnes to give me his impression of the German situation and he said:

"The Dawes Plan means the reorganization of Germany on a sane economic basis. What Germany needs more than anything else is a reduction of overhead. Inflation seems to have spread to everything. Indeed, the world need now is to retrench. Germany must not attach too much dependence upon the loan that the Dawes Plan gives her. What she must learn above all else is self-help."

When Hugo Stinnes died he was head of the biggest combination of mining, industrial, financial, banking and shipping interests that the world has yet known. They fall into two major groups. One is the Hugo Stinnes Company, comprising thirty concerns, all of which Stinnes practically owned. The other group was the so-called Stinnes-Konzern — The Siemens-Rhine-Elbe-Schuckert Union — expressing his greatest dream of combination and including forty-seven companies in which he had big stock holdings. In addition, there were more than 200 other companies in which Stinnes was interested through one or the other of the two principal groups. Together these formed the vast and interlocking system that expressed the vertical trust because it operated from mine by way of factory to the consumer, and the horizontal trust, since it was constantly reaching out.

Hugo Stinnes was far too shrewd to leave the custodianship of this supertrust to his more or less immature sons. They must prove their fitness to direct. On his death bed he appointed a cabinet composed of his principal subordinates, who now operate the business.

The Stinnes Business Cabinet

The cabinet is composed principally of Herr Vögler, who is the link with industry; Herr Fehrmann, who directs the interests in Eastern Europe and Turkey, which includes the oil concessions; Herr Deters, who runs shipping and ship construction; Herr Kalveram, who is the financier, and Herr Homann, who is director-general of all the Stinnes publications and printing connections. In addition there are minor chiefs, such as Herr Hold, who operates all the Stinnes coal mines; Herr Peltenburg, who represents the important interests in Holland, and Herr Wagenknecht, who is representative in South America.

Nominally all the Stinnes interests are managed by the two eldest sons, who are directors in the principal concerns and who are consulted in all matters. Edmund has his offices jointly in Berlin and Mulheim, and pays particular attention to the mining and industrial interests. Hugo lives at Hamburg and concentrates on trade and shipping. Actually the cabinet runs the whole far-flung show and will continue to do so until the sons are able to assume real command.

One final word about the Stinnes enterprises. While practically every other industry in Germany has suffered acutely under the cash and credit famine, they have held their own. The only casualty is restriction of work in the Ruhr coal mines. This is the best answer to the question as to whether the colossal structure reared by the mighty Hugo through stress and storm and which eventually cost him his life will endure.

Such is the Germany that existed when the London Conference finished its labors on August sixteenth. The low ebb in industry in no way reflects potential capacity either to produce or to pay. The country today is like a once corpulent person who has reduced through strenuous exercise—in this case it was deflation—and who is fit for drastic effort. Under the Dawes Plan—and 85 per cent of the people would vote approval if it came to a show-down—it can now turn from chronic capitalization of hard luck to the heartening benefits of hard work.

Some time ago a Berlin banker said: "What Germany needs is a general manager who can tell political parties, parliament, capital and labor, big and little business, and all the other conflicting interests just where they get off and see that they get off there." The Dawes Plan provides such a stewardship.

Henceforth Germany cannot camouflage evasion with grievance. The London Conference indicated the beginning of that new era which has been so long elusive. Instead of dealing, as its many predecessors dealt, in fear and force, it got down to economic realities. It recognized recovery and passed up penalty. In shaping reparations on a business and not a political basis it cleared up the most troublesome of the war legacies. It saw a reconstructed Germany as the key to a stabilized Europe and provided the opening. Thus it pointed the way to the safety and settlement which, in the end, will mean peace and tranquility.

It is up to Germany to decide her destiny.

SMOOTH PERFORMANCE

A program of constant mechanical refinement involving the body, engine, clutch, brakes and other units of Dodge Brothers Motor Car, has resulted in an unusual smoothness of performance.

You have only to ride in the car to instantly appreciate the decided freedom from vibration.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE ONTARIO

Watch This Column

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."
—LONGFELLOW

WILLIAM DUNCAN

Come on, you American boys everywhere—write me a personal letter and tell me what you like in serial moving pictures. I have a high regard for your opinion. Do you prefer stories founded on historical incidents and heroic characters, or would you rather see well-known fiction dramatized and brought to the screen? Have you any suggestions to offer—any stories you can recall that can be produced in serial form?

Long ago, boys, I realized that the old style of serial stuff wasn't wanted. So I produced such serials as ***"In the Days of Buffalo Bill," "Winners of the West," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Fast Express," "The Iron Man"*** and ***"Wolves of the North,"*** starring WILLIAM DUNCAN and now being shown at leading theatres everywhere. These have all been received with much enthusiasm. UNIVERSAL is the greatest producer of this form of entertainment and I want the opinion of you American boys, and your parents, so I can give you what you want.

I personally have seen ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** six times and always find something new to wonder at. I honestly believe it is the greatest picture that has ever been produced and I have thousands of letters, most of which agree with me. You must see it. You will remember it always.

Once more let me remind you to see ***"Merry Go Round,"*** Universal's great dramatic love-story; ***"The Signal Tower,"*** a fine railroad romance, starring VIRGINIA VALLI; ***"The Reckless Age,"*** a stirring romance of youth, with REGINALD DENNY in the leading rôle; ***"Hit and Run,"*** a combination baseball and cowboy story, starring HOOT GIBSON, and the ***"Fight and Win"*** pictures, starring JACK DEMPSEY, champion of the world.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

(Continued from Page 36

"That is a boy!" he applauded, when I had with some animation told him of my success in the part of Moowoo and of my consternation when faced by Meigs at the very pinnacle of my triumph.

"And I have to hand it to that dish-faced little brute," he went on, "every time I think of him. Say what you will, he's got a world of gimp. I bet if his folks had only started him at something useful he'd have made good. Look at the way he's kept tabs on us. Pays no attention when told that a party has left for Canada. Look at the way he got right back here after me leaving him up in the air a thousand miles away. 'We never sleep' is sure that onion's house flag."

I was conscience-smitten at this. Too well I knew that it was nothing but my own senseless babble to Hemingway that had provided the clew for Meigs and undone all the devoted strategy of my friend. Again I was struck by the seeming airiness with which mere chance will so radically alter the very fabric of our destiny: My arrival—upon a common open road—in Mrs. Gale's car at the precise instant to bring me in conjunction with Hemingway's. I pictured our two courses that fatal morning. Five seconds' delay by either of us and we had passed safely oblivious of each other. Some remark by Mrs. Gale might have detained me; or the doddering Hemingway might have had trouble in starting his car. In that case Meigs would unquestionably now be lost in Canadian wilds. Yet with an uncanny accuracy chance had calculated our orbits for that fateful meeting.

Or was it chance? Again I could not evade the conviction—it had been because I was I—terribly I.

Summoning a new vivacity I then told Sooner of the splendid work I had done in Clyde's sketch that morning, of the other show we had planned for the afternoon, and of my lively suspicion that the second man he of the too-high blood pressure might not be able to take a joke in the right spirit. I had not often impressed Sooner Jackson and I found myself keenly relishing the attention he paid this recital.

"Goody, goody!" he exclaimed when I finished. "That there is certainly one sweet little sketch to remember during the long winter evenings. And me thinking I had seen positively all the shows! Well, well, civilization is getting on, no matter what the papers say. That boy, Clyde, ought to be a well-known banker or something. You know, that stuff is so good I ain't any too darned sure he wouldn't have had old Sooner Jackson's pelt hung up—that is, me being by some horrible chance in the grocery business. Go on, give us some more good ones, you poisonous old cut-up!"

I found myself then with an impulse to tell him of all I had found Irene to be, but this I resisted, divining that he would not understand. I did tell him that I had found her witty and wise; I quoted her "They make me laugh—what's it all for?"—pointing out that this demand, intelligently put, tops the ultimate peak of philosophic inquiry, being ever ahead to baffle the most daring climber.

Sooner admitted that the frail [!] had some good patter, but it was plain to me that she had not to him seemed lovely and wonderful. Vera, on the other hand, he warmly commended after I had told him of her versatility, she being not only America's Queen of Jazz but New York's favorite emotional actress.

"That skirt," he remarked, "ought to be making a home for someone that would stay there, a nice little nest with rugs and different-colored pictures and all the latest records and some good books costing four or five dollars each and a garage and a good delicatessen near by and some fancy work and so forth. But she ain't got a China man's chance. She'll be in luck to keep a fur coat and a mesh bag she can have dipped now and then when the plate wears off, to make a front with. It's tough for a gal to be too good for the tents and not good enough for the hall shows. I've seen 'em at all stages from soda to hock. Sometimes I've wondered like your fat friend what's it all for? Well, I guess we know as much about that as anyone, Al."

"Unfortunately we do," I agreed.

"But if you found out what this was all for, you'd only be asking something else," he summed up shrewdly. "Don't I know the human race from alphabet to eureka?"

"Better than many of even greater pretensions," I heartily assented.

"That is a boy!" he again applauded. "He's all cheered up again. The roses are coming back to the wan cheeks; pretty soon the nice old doctor will let him go out in the park and count the grass."

With such idle talk we whiled away the hours as we flashed across a landscape checkered with green meadows and fields of ripened grain, where cattle grazed or reclined, fatly superior to the foments of human existence, or where the farm hicks toiled at their business of harvesting hay and other useful products. Straight into the west our dusty gray road led us. And assuredly beyond, though yet invisible, were those Rocky Mountains whose noble crags had so long beckoned me on, but which, it now seemed probable, I should never have the thrill of beholding. I was, I at last knew, unworthy to view their grandeur. Yet nothing of this did I allow to reach my now rejoicing companion. For his sake I was again the insouciant vagabond who fed him on a park bench—innumerable æons ago, it truly seemed.

By mid-afternoon we had gone a hundred miles, and at a town set in the flat land we stopped for food. Oddly enough I found myself surveying its main street with a professional eye. Yonder was the tiny square by the drinking fountain where our car would halt. Lounging before a Business Men's Soft Drink Parlor was the metal-starred person whose hand Sooner would presently clasp to such good purpose. I saw our lights burst into splendor, heard the preliminary tinkle of the banjo and saw the street idlers converge upon us with their characteristic animation.

All at once I felt the old flair for magical and romantic things surge unreasonably above my still insistent premonition that these days with Sooner were numbered. I longed to fling myself again into the part of the aged chieftain. I even fell to a meanness of exulting at the discomfiture of poor old George when he should see how the part could be played by one with gifts for it.

As we were about to leave I delighted Sooner by saying, "Old beans, this town would skin incomparably. We would sit down pretty. Observe the fine heads to be added as trophies to your famous collection. We are in the midst of a choice herd so innocent it doesn't suspect the hunter's presence. What say you, old sap, if we pull an entertainment on the bums?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" he heartily laughed as he shook back his curls. "It certainly does cheer me, comrade, to hear some of your old stuff again. After all, old songs are the best. But jesting apart," the good chap became serious, "we might just as well do another fifty miles. Those three birds back there stood with their mouths open like catfish when I pulled out, and it's a cinch bet they are now chasing me to K. C. But—also—they may have watched me turn back, though I couldn't see a soul and the road was straight for two miles. Anyway, we got the time, so let's play safe and get a better lead. And we can hit a better town than this too. I ain't worked it since three years ago when I had a line of genuine Labrador diamonds smuggled straight from the mines—that town looked like a crystal maze when I pulled out. And a mile this side is the prettiest camping place you'd ever want."

To this suggestion I heartily agreed, and we resumed our mad race across the peaceful farmlands. Could it be possible, after all, I wondered, that I was now at last free from the clutching hand of Fairwater? Such a release seemed plausible, yet I continued only too conscious of a dull certainty persisting under this genial surface ripple.

We reached our camping place at five o'clock and found it all that Sooner had promised. On the grassy bank of a still-running brook, secluded from the highway by a clump of low-growing trees, we set up our home for the night. While Sooner, with awkward help from old George, who had swinishly slept away the golden hours among the luggage, set about the preparation for our evening meal, I lost no time in resuming the splendid garb of Chief Ugwalalla. Almost at once my spirits rose, and when I adjusted the war bonnet that lurking black fear vanished—for a moment, I almost believed, forever.

I strutted in my plumes, secretly daring fate again to thwart me. I even descended to the game of shooting dice with George when I noted him in solitary play with a pair. "Fade out my works!" I cried, tossing some coins to the ground before him, and nothing loth the dull fellow put down a like amount. Not unprofitably had I studied the mechanics of this sport on the Burke lot, nor had I neglected to memorize the queer exhortations that accompany it. Easily winning my first wager, for George proved to have no skill with the hazard cubes, as they are often described, I took them into my own hand, exclaiming, "Shoot the entire work!" whereupon the unfortunate fish brought out more money.

"I am throwing financial depression," I fairly warned him. And I must have mastered the trick, for at the first cast I achieved a five and a four and at the second, crying "Nine from Decatur, here is where I buy some new shoes!" I unerringly threw a six and a three, thus winning the rubber.

Poor old George explored his pocket for other coins, finding but two small ones, which I also won. "So that cleanses you!" I jeered, smiling at the troubled look with which he again searched the various pockets of a suit I only now recognized as the one I had worn before changing to my rustic disguise. And what was my surprise—as well as the surprise of old George—when he by chance came upon that reserve five-spot which had been pinned in a pocket long ago. The expression of bewilderment on his bum map was ludicrous in the extreme and so exultant my mood I forbore to claim the note as my own.

"Shoot at all the works," I again urged. He, the paltry-minded sturgeon, insisted at first that he would shoot at but one dollar, but I sneered openly at him and demanded the full five, which he at length reluctantly staked. And again I conquered with ease, after scarce a struggle. I was, it seemed, invincible, and poor old George slunk away after an attempt to be jaunty with the speech, "Easy come, easy go!" My gayety now increased and Sooner did not again have cause to complain that I seemed downcast. The omens had all been in my favor.

George confessed to Sooner the games of dice he had lost to me. "He even took five dollars I'd saved up and didn't know it," he complained.

"I certainly bobbed his bank roll," I laughingly boasted.

"You want to look out for that baby bandit from now on," was Sooner's admiring comment. "He's liable to put us both sidewise."

An hour later we were at our station, and with delight I saw our crowd assemble under the magic of Sooner's music. Never, I felt, had either of us been in better form than at this first performance after our auspicious reunion. Sooner's feats with his manikins had never seemed so amusing; more than once I was like to forget that his was a tongue unknown to the venerable chieftain in the rear of the car; especially when the Irish Patrick, even after being placed in his box so that black Sambo could sing, repeatedly pushed its lid up in the most unruly manner, hurling new insults at the poor black until Sooner at length had to hold down the lid by placing a foot sternly upon it. After the rich whimsey of this, small wonder I was able to enact my own part with a verve and finish I had never surpassed.

My Vedic hymn I gave with a new passion and it put upon my audience what was practically a spell. Not a sound was there to distract me until at the close came a burst of rather raffish laughter from across the way. I glanced in the direction of this annoyance in my old alarm; so did Sooner but we were both relieved to observe that the offender was no one we knew. He was a large man, at least twice the size of Meigs, and would be, I guessed, one of the town's better-class yaps who chose to be amused at a distance by our artistry. He continued to stand where I had noticed him, in the shadow of a doorway, a soft hat shadowing his face; once, as he moved slightly, some troubling dart of remembrance pricked me. Even in the barely perceptible shift of his huge body there had been something faintly reminiscent. But he did not again offend with his boorish guffaw, so I forgot him.

Nor did my attention revert to him until the moment of my medicine dance when,

(Continued on Page 52)

Why Champion Sillimanite Spark Plugs Cost You Less

Champion's ability to make a better spark plug also produces a spark plug for which you pay less.

The enormous demand for Champion with the Double-Ribbed sillimanite core—used as they are in seven out of every ten cars—means huge production that brings down costs. Champion users reap the benefit in a lower price for Champions.

How much better Champions are in a car—how greatly they improve ignition, speed, power, acceleration—you can easily judge for yourself.

You will note the difference as soon as you install a full set. It is the same difference that has made Champions the equipment on the winning cars in every big race since the fall of 1923.

The use of sillimanite—the finest, longest-lived insulator known—in the Champion core, is one great Champion advantage.

None but Champion spark plugs can have a core of sillimanite, because Champion controls the world's only known commercial supply of this rare mineral.

Thousands of motorists have found that it pays to use Champions and to install a full set every year. The seven Champion types, including the X for Fords, provide a properly designed spark plug for every engine. More than 90,000 dealers sell Champions.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Do *you* buy a raincoat this way?

DO you judge it in the store by appearance, texture, feel—*then let the first drenching rain test out its waterproof qualities?*

Thousands of people have learned to avoid this expensive method. They have found that the name "U.S." Raynster on a raincoat is a guarantee of *lasting waterproof protection.*

"U.S." Raynsters are made by the largest rubber organization in the world. Every inch of these raincoats is backed by layer on layer of fine, tough rubber, as light as silk. Every seam is reinforced.

"U.S." Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Our little booklet entitled "A Scotchman Started It" will help you distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." Raynsters

(Continued from Page 50)

although I stepped the measure with more, I am sure, than my former fire, I again heard his raucous mirth. At first, I thought, he made an effort to subdue this, conscious that he was being grossly discourteous, but as I finished the dance and returned to my seat he seemed to lose all control of his decenter self and gave his lowest impulses free play. So heartily did he roar that more than one of the crowd tittered in sympathy. A final shrill crescendo bordered on the hysterical; the helpless man began to beat his sides with both hands as if in further relief of his emotion.

And with that all-too-familiar gesture Fairwater shut its merciless jaws upon me. I had sung my swan song, and knew it. Yet I was queerly unflurried. Not only cool but chilled.

"You certainly have one friend in the house," said Sooner to me in an undertone.

"He has meant to be," I calmly replied, and the sale of our wares continued without further interruption.

When at last our lights were out, the play done, and Sooner was occupied in storing his stuff for our departure I said to him, still calmly, "I must speak to that gentleman before we go." With this I left the car and, drawing my poor gay blanket close about me, I advanced across the street, while the shadowed figure stepped a little forward in expectancy. As I came within hailing distance he, after a glance about to see that we were secluded, burst into detestably florid speech.

"Bless me! The long-wandering, much-enduring Odysseus returns as a beggarly old man. Yet Penelope will recognize him, for this guise is but the work of Athene's wand. In all the ninety cities of Crete have we sought him ——"

"Fargus!" I expostulated, but the smug rascal continued as I came to a halt before him:

"Marred by many ills, he has yet survived Cyclops, Calypso and the Phæacians, Circe, the Sirens, Scylla, all manner of *speciosa miracula*—even a conjectural Aphrodite ——"

This was too much. Fairwater had indeed closed upon me, but I was not the submissive weakling she had sought. "Cut away from the rough stuff, you poor sap!" I rudely cried, then demanded, "Is the creature, Meigs, by any chance, one of your little band?"

"Happily no," he replied. "That faithful soul and monumental pest is now, thank God, on his way to Kansas City. I had a wire from him an hour ago."

"Very well, then," I said severely. "In that case I will treat with you. You must see I no longer resist. Is there by any chance a train leaving here tomorrow morning for Fairwater?"

"One does wander off at ten o'clock in the general direction of our town."

"Quite so. I will be there on the hour if you won't object to a very roughly attired traveling companion. I do not mean that I must go in my present outfit, but the only other I have ——"

He laughed softly and the light from a neighboring street lamp showed him to be regarding me with admiring and unmistakably envious eyes. "Believe me, old man, I should be only too proud to go back with you in this splendid scenic investiture, or even in the probably less regal garments you speak of. But luckily I have at yonder inn a bag containing apparel of your own which I was persuaded to carry for just this emergency. If you will come there now ——"

"So," I interrupted bitterly, "you counted your victory won. Yet I will not go now. I must leave you for one more wild night in the open. But I shall be at the hotel tomorrow at nine, which will give me ample time to change."

"You mean it?" he asked, half doubting.

"You should read me better than that," I retorted coldly.

Again I caught the admiring, the envious glance. "Coppie, I feel humiliated in my present position. Who am I to break a butterfly on the wheel? And you, you have made history. I never dreamed you had it in you. Between you and me, old man, I've often wanted to do the same thing. But the Rubicon always runs bank full, the current is swift, the water icy ——"

"You poor old pickerel, I'm sorry for you," I said. "But I must be off. Tomorrow at nine, then." And with this I left Fargus Jessup, who might, but never would, show himself in his true colors as I had done.

"Nothing wrong?" asked Sooner sharply when I reached the waiting car.

"Nothing can ever be wrong with me again," I said. "I have learned a truth that armors me stoutly."

"That is a boy!" he cheered me, all unsuspectingly. A moment later we had driven away from the town and my cheeks were fanned by a soft night breeze from that West where the Rocky Mountains must vainly await me.

BEFORE our camp blaze I sat hunched on my blankets, piqued anew at the froth of trifles by which destiny holds us to the rigors of our appointed way. Had I not wished to halt at a town fifty miles from where Fargus Jessup chanced [?] to be? Stopping there, we should by another night have been still farther from him, while the rest of his band searched the barren ways of distant Kansas City.

Yet this would have been thwarting destiny—which is unthinkable. What was undoubtedly a wise piece of caution on Sooner's part had been used to confound me; a device of the filmiest weave, yet as brutally unerring, as savagely ponderous in reality, as one of those tremendous steam hammers nicely descending upon hot metal in certain shops where large objects are manufactured.

Beyond the light of our fire lay the impoverished and dismal George in troubled sleep. Sooner now placed his own blankets near mine and lighted one of his rudely fashioned cigarettes, chuckling to himself the while; overflowing with a merry zest for our new future together. But, as we sat in a fitfully wavering light that drove back the encroaching shadows, mine must be the thankless part to distress the good sap once more and finally. So cheered was he, however, I felt loath to begin, and for a time we remained with only the snapping of our fire of fagots and the faint chirping of disturbed insects to break the silence. Finally I felt that I, too, should smoke, and I got the Indian pipe, filled it from Sooner's absently proffered pouch and drew in a choking breath of the stuff to nerve me.

"You and I shall have a tobacconalia, old eggs," I at last said, and then, believing it cruel to cut a dog's tail off a bit at a time, as I had once read in a pungent anecdote, I went quickly on, "I am glad you didn't give old George a gate when I reappeared. You will need his scarred pan tomorrow night. You'll open the show as usual, Sooner, but your yaps will have to put up with old George, because a far better chieftain—if I do say it—will be traveling straight away from the famed Rocky Mountains. Probably I shall never see them. I am not worthy to see them. I am only a poor toy balloon that tugged frantically enough till its thread broke. I did float for a while, but my fabric was too frail. I've collapsed. I am licked, Sooner."

He had glanced quickly at me, mystified, and now began a sputtering expostulation after his manner earlier in the day, yet I am sure he detected that some pall had fallen beyond even his power to lift. With a sudden cooling of tone, as one facing what he sees must be faced, he quietly asked, "Are you signing off?"

"I simply must," I told him. "For a week I have known I must. There came moments when I could make myself forget, but—underneath—I've known all too well."

"A man can't kid himself forever," he dryly submitted.

"You may have known that simple truth a long time," I said, "but it comes to me only now. Sitting here I have discovered that kidding others must be frequently a matter of policy; at least there are times when its ethical significance is debatable. But to kid ourselves, old juniper—that seems to be an offense against the first of moral laws. Written above them all must be, 'Thou shalt not kid thyself!' We deceive others perhaps wisely, perhaps charitably; often, certainly, without punishment. But when we fool ourselves we pay for it. No one ever escaped the penalty. I haven't."

"As how?" he demanded. "You seem to get yourself, but I'm blamed if I get you."

"I want you to get me, though," I persisted. "Perhaps I can make it plainer. In the first place I am not quite normal. Instead of being consistently satisfied with the well-ordered life that was—quite inalienably—mine, I had moods of the queerest impatience in which I longed to get away from it all. I oddly thirsted for strange excitements; also a peace that would be strange and new. I wished to be free from certain vexations become all too familiar. I was goaded to wish myself someone else in another sort of life. And I was ingenuous enough to believe I needed only to change my name and my environment. I did shift them—I still believe, with some brilliance of planning. Then I found these were but the merest surface alterations. Under the skin I remained wretchedly what I had been. I might call myself Simms or another, but I was still I—terribly I. Of course in the first novelty of it I did fool myself for a time—rare fooling it was, too—but the old true self was always there, pricking, muttering, warning, and, at last, demanding. We are bound to the rack of ourselves, Sooner, riveted unalterably there. And I'll tell you something else, old friend—this is the only hell that has been proved, up to date. It's hell enough too."

A long moment he continued staring into the little leaping flames, nodding to himself, muttering fragments of words. Then he spoke: "I guess I do get you, Al. A tame goldfish, that's what you were, in one of these here bowls in a parlor, with a little stone castle to swim in and out of and around and around. And you got tired of the scenery so you flopped out and run off to be a wild trout in a regular crick. Then you find you're still a hundred per cent goldfish. How about it?"

"Old sap, you put it better than I did," I eagerly told him. "That is because my own poor brain has been channeled by certain conventional and quite faultless book phrases that are yet inferior to the real gazukus. I am helplessly I, even when I speak. I am too ashamed to tell you the details, but our pursuers have netted me so smartly, after all the distance you beguiled Meigs, only because of that disability. I had to be myself either with Hemingway or anyone else. Soon or late I should have run into another car. It didn't have to be Hemingway's—and it wasn't chance. I had to lug my old self on my back."

Sooner lighted another cigarette and pulled at it meditatively for a time before he spoke. Quite astonishingly smoke would pour in great volume from his nostrils long after I thought he must have expelled it all. "I see you got this old self's mind made up, Al," he at length said, "and I'm not one to chew things over against a set mind. But, just the same, we could still outdistance that gangle-eyed gollop with the flag."

"But no!" I cried. "For long I fed myself on that illusion. Each time we escaped I would say, 'At last everything is Jacob!' But it's no use, old fish. We could never outdistance that gulp because, don't you see, he is actually my real self. He might take other forms. He did tonight. He took the form of one you saw me speak with—that man who forgot himself in so gauche an outbreak back there. Meigs isn't to blame. It's not his fault that he's a symbol—a projection—of my real self. In one form or another he was bound to drag me back."

"Say"—Sooner glanced brightly around at me as if illumined—"it's a rotten case of Jekyll and Hyde, ain't it? You're Hyde, running off to be hellish, and he's old Doc Jekyll preventing you."

"I dare say," I allowed, "though I am not familiar with the instance."

"Just a movie I saw," he explained. "They're both the same man, only this Doc Jekyll is a goldfish and well-behaved till he takes to being Hyde, and then he's one nasty trout, let me tell you. Any crick he swum in had its troubles till the Doc got another toehold on him."

"Well put for my poor case," I applauded. "And why should I try to be a wild fish? Yet I am not wholly unique. That man tonight, an old friend, is also not normal. He confessed it. He has often wished to get away from it all. I suppose I should have warned him. Environment is plastic enough, easily kneaded, but he could never be free from his relentless self. His own Meigs, his chance Doctor Hemingway—his Doctor Hyde, as you say—would dog him to a final surrender, even in some far Cathay. True, Fargus might kid himself longer than I did. The spirit of wine often sings in his glass and at times he will captain 'an army of shining and generous dreams,' but soon or late he would be inexorably haled back to his tame and proper bowl. It's the sternest law that conditions humanity, old friend."

Again Sooner smoked a long time in silence, and rather savagely it seemed to me. Then he suddenly demanded, "Say, what's it all for, anyhow like that burly wench back there was always wanting to know?"

(Continued on Page 54)

News of First National Pictures

"Tarnish"—the Great American Love Drama

PROBABLY the outstanding success of the American stage in the past decade is Gilbert Emery's "Tarnish." Thousands saw it on Broadway, millions will see it on the screens of theatres throughout the country.

The love of Tishy Tevis and Emmett Carr was an idyllic thing. It filled their lives and colored their personalities. And when happiness seemed near enough to grasp and hold, Tishy discovered, as so many other women have discovered, a touch of tarnish on the soul of the man she loved. And the agony of it! "Tarnish" is a tender, beautiful lyric of a woman's love.

On the left are Marie Prevost, Ronald Colman and May McAvoy. Norman Kerry and Harry Myers complete the cast of principals. It is a George Fitzmaurice production presented by Samuel Goldwyn.

"The Sea Hawk"

HERE is Milton Sills in that terrific scene of the sea battle in "The Sea Hawk," when he breaks his galley chains and cuts loose on his enemies. Thousands who have seen the picture will never forget this thrill.

Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., have done justice to Rafael Sabatini's great novel. It's a story of old Moorish pirate ships and Spanish galleons—and an outlawed English nobleman who became the scourge of the seas.

"In Hollywood With Potash and Perlmutter"

MEET the vampiest vamp of moviedom flanked by Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter, ex-cloak and suit makers, now movie magnates. You'll want to see their first picture. Samuel Goldwyn presents "In Hollywood With Potash and Perlmutter," the prize laugh sensation of the nation.

Lincoln the Boy

AL and Ray Rockett's "Abraham Lincoln" not only visualizes the life-story of Lincoln the young lawyer and Lincoln the president—it also glimpses into that fascinating boyhood when self-assigned lessons were worked out on the back of a shovel by the firelight.

This remarkable photoplay has already been acclaimed in a dozen cities as fascinating entertainment. Lincoln's story is dramatic and tender with romance. You will want to see it on the screen.

"In Every Woman's Life"

A STORY of society life in two continents is "In Every Woman's Life," presented by M. C. Levee. For thrills there are views of the Longchamps races, and for romance a sparkling love story, interpreted by Virginia Valli (courtesy of Universal Pictures), Lloyd Hughes, Mary McDermott and Stuart Holmes. Miss Valli and Mr. Holmes are seen above.

If you enjoy a powerful romance, dramatically set forth and delightfully acted, watch for "In Every Woman's Life" at your local theatre.

Florence Vidor in "Husbands and Lovers"

FLORENCE VIDOR (left) in the leading feminine rôle in "Husbands and Lovers" makes one of the most charming heroines of the movie world. She plays the rôle of the young wife who is taken for granted, but who teaches her husband—and another man—to see her charms. "Husbands and Lovers" is a John M. Stahl production presented by Louis B. Mayer. Lewis Stone and Lew Cody complete the cast of principals.

Here is a stick with a hold as big as your brush

YOU can wrap your fingers right around the metal holder of the Williams stick without touching the soap. How much better this is than the "finger-tip" grasp!

Doublecap gives you every one of those features that have made other forms of Williams famous:

—Heavier lather that holds the moisture in so that all of every hair is softened instantly.

—A lubric quality in this lather that lets the razor work without pulling and drawing.

—Help for the skin. Your face becomes smoother; irritations from shaving disappear.

The complete Doublecap package is 35c; Doublecap Reload 25c. The Doublecap container is highly polished metal and lasts for years.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd. St. Patrick St. Montreal

Williams Doublecap Shaving Stick

WE'VE scored again! Aqua Velva is the new product—a scientific preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 110-A.

(Continued from Page 52)

"As you pointed out yourself this afternoon," I said, "no conceivable answer would satisfy us. And that's how we know we all are really gods, old scouter—nothing could ever satisfy us. If there be superior gods above us you can wager better than track odds they are putting the same query to the gods still above them. The same cry must be going on and on to the ultimate gods or until you tire of following it—what's it all for?

"Well, it's for you to prate to the rabble and me in my bowl to sell my own particular Aga-Jac, and both of us to manage our ordained works in the manner most pleasing to us. And so, old pal, you can think of me doing my apple sauce about the history of an inconsiderable planet that might any moment be wiped out, history books and all, by some tiny cosmic slip. As for you, I shall be wishing you had a more persuasive Indian. On the flat, Sooner, you ought to get a real home dinger now that he needn't be even the gross caricature of myself that poor old George is. And that's life, Sooner. In your own phrase, that's what we're down against."

"Say, how long has this been going on?" my friend questioned, with another quaint stirring of curiosity.

"Forever—and for no time at all," I glibly told him. "Poor gulps such as you and I, do age, but life itself is timeless. Our tissues are wearing out, but the life in them isn't a second older than it was a myriad æons ago when that bounteous mane of yours existed only in its scattered chemical components and the banjo was a triumph of some unthinkable future. Does that satisfy you?"

"No, Al," he quickly replied, "it certainly does not satisfy me."

"Nor me either," I admitted. "But one has to say something."

"Say," he again demanded with this unfamiliar seriousness, "how far could you go if you went right straight on past that there star"—he pointed carefully—"and kept on going and never did stop?"

"Write your own railway ticket," I jocosely told him. "I have seen something lately to the effect that space is curved and finite, but any such conclusion is the sheerest puling. Of course if it were sound you couldn't possibly go straight on forever. But don't let it worry you, old beans, not for a moment. You have all those childish maunderers skinned handsomely by reason of a factor they have overlooked. Keep right on in a straight line past your star if you wish. It's splendid exercise and no one can hinder it. No matter what they prove about curved and limited space, they can't prevent you from imagining your absolutely straight line to infinity. And that simply makes yaps of them all. You destroy their flimsy premise. The poor old eggs have forgotten that the imagination transcends even the mathematics they worship."

"Goody!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad they ain't passed any law against the imagination yet. I'd sure be an outlaw if they did."

And so we talked away the night, at times reverting to these quaintly awakened curiosities of my friend, at times content with gossiping retrospect. Once I related to him the story of my nocturnal ride with the wounded Joe, and to my horror I learned that I had actually served a scoundrel engaged in the illicit vending of alcoholic intoxicants. Aghast I truly was at this hideous disclosure, yet a moment later I found myself protesting that even if Joe were a rebel against our wise laws I was still glad I had brought him off. It was inevitable, I suppose, that my wild life in the underworld should have slackened certain old stringencies of view.

At last we both dozed, started awake to look at each other, then dozed again, and dawn was palely breaking when I finally opened my eyes to find Sooner putting fresh fagots on our declining fire. Lying there, I blinked myself alert to the chill consciousness that this errant self of mine must now be put by. Indeed, ever since parting from Jessup I had been once more Algernon Copplestone with a smug Ph.D., and no longer a specious Simms or a Montague known as The Fox. I a fox! But now I must even don the grayly respectable vestures of this feeble yet triumphing fellow. All I could do with that other frustrated self was to hide him away where he could mellow in a memory yet stubborn.

Sooner poured me coffee and spoke surprisingly of our business affairs, to which I had given no thought. To my amazement I now learned that, including a sum left from the original capital acquired in that contraband liquor affair, I had nearly a thousand dollars from my interest in our so-called medical show.

"But don't think I'm going to trust you with it, you poor whuff [one careless with berries]," he warned me. "I'll just turn it over to your Jekyll in town that laughed to pieces one of the sweetest little medicine shows west of Pittsburgh."

"But I hope you get some more good specimens for your collection," I warmly assured him, adding in a burst of sheer humor, "You might send your old chieftain a prettily skinned hide with the head mounted. We have one I invariably stumble over—in fact I have kicked several vacancies into its dental façade—but it's only a tiger. I own not one specimen of Iowa's remunerative fauna."

"Yea, bo! [yes, sir]" he replied. He had seen at once through my whimsical pretense. Both of us now joked about our bitter knowledge that we could no longer be side-kicks.

As I had lately pictured my old life placed in some far-gone epoch, so I had fancied myself a thousand leagues distant from Fairwater. Yet our journey back was very short. And I saw, too, that my sense of time had also been at fault; for, as I set down Jessup from our cab before his house, there passed a dingily tattered man bearing a sign upon his shoulders. It was unmistakably the sign I had once abandoned, and its bearer had seemingly not aged a day since I last observed him—asleep in the frayed hammock behind the already burning Leffingwell home. Doubtless he sought even now a vacant house so that he might make himself guiltily at ease.

Maple Avenue looked a bit faded and dusty as I came on to my own door, yet this was natural at the death of summer. As I stood to pay my cabman, Hubert Leffingwell came by, greeting me as if I had returned from a decorous vacation.

"We had a fire since you left," he naïvely volunteered as he shook my hand. "But our gallant fire laddies had it under control in no time. In fact, most of the damage was done by water."

It was easy to see the poor sap took a kind of sour pride in the occurrence. Plainly I had done him no great disservice. And while he spoke I noticed that a boy raked fallen leaves from his lawn. This was in no way a remarkable boy—except that he wore the suit I had left and his face hinted at discretion.

Then I went up the walk, aware of being furtively observed from a front window. Our door was ajar and I pushed it open, entered briskly, as one returning from a journey, set down my bag and turned to confront Mrs. Copplestone. She stood just within our drawing-room. The woman's attitude was a bit stiff, I thought, as if she had awaited me under some tension.

"Well, well, my dear, it's good to be back," I began—but I remembered something. "Did you know you forgot to put night things in that bag? I was not comfortable without them, I can assure you."

She stared blankly until I thought she could not have heard. I still think she did not, for she surged into a remarkable speech that was neither reasonable nor a reply.

"Algernon Copplestone" — her tone though passionate was low and grimly restrained—"I want you to know that for thirty years you have been a perfect devil to live with. No words of mine can do you justice. You have required the care an infant does, yet you have obstinately fought it until I've been ready again and again to give up and let you go to your own ruin. And now, sir, if you think I haven't enjoyed your being off on this mad escapade just as much as you have, why, you are the most mistaken—most mistaken ——"

In short the woman's fundamentally better instincts prevailed and not any longer could she maintain her preposterous bravado. I was glad, indeed, to note our seclusion, for she now threw her arms about me with incoherent cries, being moved quite out of her normal statesmanlike calm, and to my astonishment I instantly suffered strange qualms of my own as I fell to consoling her with little pattings and meaningless exclamations that are not at all like me.

"This is no conduct for a mayor," I at length told her in a humorous effort to quell the emotions that, I frankly say, now menaced my own dignity.

Yet it was some time before she regained even an approximation of her native calm and not for the remainder of that eventful day could I feel certain at any moment that she would be in valid possession of her really admirable faculties. It was Cato that brought our initial relief. He strolled imperiously to us and leaped to my shoulder, where he deigned to sit and purr.

"The brute seems no older," I lightly remarked.

"I grew strangely fond of the poor deserted thing," said Mrs. Copplestone, though with a catch in her voice, and she actually ran a hand along Cato's sleek side with something very like tenderness—I had been long enough gone for at least one momentous change to occur!

Presently we drew apart into that queer, watchful neutrality which characterized the first of those new days. Mrs. Copplestone wished to be told many things. There were quite a number that I had no hesitation in telling her; yet not for a moment did I forget that I had come back to my tame bowl with a will of my own. Thus, when I sauntered about our yard that evening, my mind running over with memories of the past fortnight, she called from the doorway to warn me that the night air was cool and the grass wet from a recent shower—I must put on an overcoat and rubbers lest I catch a cold. It is true she made the suggestion with considerably less than her ancient arrogance, yet I thought it best to indicate that I was now capable of thinking for myself, and I strolled, unprotected, much longer than I had meant to. It was due to this additional exposure that I did contract the cold, but I considered my ensuing malaise cheap at the price. The poor gulp must be shown at any cost.

Constantly the underworld clutches me with its tentacles. Only the other day I came on three of our students trying their marksmanship at a game of dice in a shaded nook of the campus, and overwhelmed them with confusion by flinging down coins of my own with a challenge that they fade me out and shoot my works. Their first abashed reluctance was laughable; but at length, seeing me determined, they complied and we had some lively bouts with the hazardous cubes. For once I seemed to have lost my cunning and the rascals won rubber after rubber from me, despite my faithful use of prescribed incantations. Before we parted I was forced to stake the five-dollar bill only that morning pinned in an upper coat pocket by Mrs. Copplestone. This being lost in another hotly contested chukker, I was obliged to tell the lads they had cleansed me. They showed dismay at the avowal and promised me revenge at an early day. Undoubtedly there are subtleties in this sport that I have not yet justly appraised.

But I have shown that I am up to date at last, nor am I by any means done with proving it. Thus, I strongly dislike the grocer Mrs. Copplestone will insist on dealing with. Once I chanced to leave on his counter my Report of the Proceedings of the American Philological Society. I was certain it had been left there and no place else. Yet when I asked him for it three days later he gruffly declared he had not seen it, though I have not the slightest doubt the thing was securely in his own library at that very moment. Sometime soon, then, I dare say I shall play a joke on the chap that will cause him to remember clearly anything I should again chance to leave in his place. One need only take care to replace the labels on the wrong tins.

For a further proof that I have come abreast of the times, I may even decide to produce a sensation in my class by devoting an entire session to the dramatic tale of my friend, Sooner Calamity Jackson, and the life work to which he has dedicated himself to his own tremendous loss in mere dollars. Have I not learned that this, too, is history, possibly more vital to a new generation than the wars and struttings of long-dead kings?

In one thing I am happy. Mrs. Copplestone has been perturbed by rumors of the outrageous Mrs. Gale; she has brought to me certain reports of my association with New York's favorite emotional actress—that Vera of the stormy eyes—which called for quiet explanation. But no hint of that other—the woman vast, serene, witty and all-tolerant—has reached her. One golden memory, untouched, untarnished, I may keep for secret rejoicing. This is mine alone; no alien carping shall ever desecrate it.

(THE END)

Men—Here at last is a silk sock that stands *the gaff*—a silk sock tough enough to hold you, no matter how hard you try to *kick through*. Every thoroughbred revels in *trim pastern joints* and sleek *fetlocks*. So, where a man's socks *show* we put the finest *genuine silk* into Real Silk *Super-Service* Socks.

But *where the rub comes*, we use the toughest and best lisle we can get, and we knit the toes and heels *tight* enough and *tough* enough to stand the merciless punishment of our *friction testing machine*. On top of this, the soles are *double reinforced* and an extra high splice reinforcement prevents holes in the heels.

Is it any wonder that hard hitting *he-men* are so partial to Real Silk Super-Service Socks, and freely say that they are the *longest wearing silk socks ever produced?*

Every pair is guaranteed. Telephone the Real Silk Office in your city to have a Representative call P. D. Q., or fill out the coupon below.

To insure service—top, toe and heel are made of finest lisle

This gold button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your office or home

W. C. KOBIN, Vice-Pres. and General Sales Manager, Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Please have your Representative call and show me this silk sock you claim so much for.

Name

Street

City

State

REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS
Indianapolis · Indiana

© 1934

Beat Winter To It
If your car could think and talk, it would urge you to take it now to the United Motors Authorized Electrical Service Station in your town and have the necessary seasonal inspection and adjustment of its electrical system. If you do this, it will reward you with dependable lights and starting when the cold snaps come.
Then drop around to the Harrison Radiator Service Station also. Let them check up your radiator for leaks or clogging. Nose your car into the storms this winter with a thoroughly competent water circulating system.
United Motors Authorized Service everywhere insures genuine parts and prompt, intelligent, reasonably priced service. Write for Directory of Authorized Service Stations
Delco
HARRISON
UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
INCORPORATED

THE BLACK CARGO

(Continued from Page 27

about yours. Keep her yourself. I'm through pretending she's my daughter I'm through worrying about what happened fifteen years ago. I tell you I'm through. Wish her on somebody else. Take her away and keep her away, and "

It is a long while since we four were in Murdock's kitchen, but I can see it still. I can see Murdock rocking on his heels. I can see Prudence as she stared at him with her hand half raised to her throat.

In my memory Eliphalet Greer is standing just as he did that morning, a figure that blocks the trail of years down which he had wandered. He had stretched out his hand and was staring at Captain Murdock as though the captain had dealt him a blow.

Then all at once his whole body lurched forward with the speed and accuracy of a new-sprung trap. Eliphalet Greer had seized Captain Murdock by the throat. His arms hardly shook when Captain Murdock tore at his wrists. Only his breathing showed the force of his exertion, for as soon as his hands had closed he had become almost tranquil. There he stood with his black sleeves wrinkled about his elbows and his watch chain dangling and beating against his waistcoast, and his gray hair still smooth and neat

"So you won't be quiet," he said. "Did you think I'd lost my strength?"

Yet even as he spoke it seemed to me that he had lost it, for suddenly his hands fell away, and dropped aimlessly to his sides. Suddenly the blood ebbed out of his cheeks, leaving them gray and seamed

Captain Murdock was taken with a fit of coughing, which left him gasping and doubled forward, but Eliphalet Greer did not notice. I thought a fit of illness was on him at first, for his forehead had grown moist, and his jaw had dropped until he looked as grotesque as some gray piece of medieval sculpture. Captain Murdock had finished his coughing. He was endowed with a remarkable resilience A second before, his eyes had been bulging and his lips half black, but now he seemed none the worse.

He spat sideways on the kitchen floor, like a prize fighter in the ring, and examined Eliphalet Greer with frank unfeeling curiosity.

"So you've caught it, have you?" he said hoarsely. "I always knew one of these days your gall bladder would burst."

Then Eliphalet Greer spoke in a voice that was dim and half audible, like a voice in a dream.

"Murdock," he said, "look at the door."

"None of your tricks now," Captain Murdock replied sourly. "What do I care for the door?"

"Look, Murdock!" cried Eliphalet Greer. "Look!"

Captain Murdock shot a hasty glance over his right shoulder, but he did not turn back his head. Instead he turned his whole body awkwardly around until he also stood facing the doorway, and his mouth also fell so far open that it displayed his tobacco-stained teeth, and he also spoke with difficulty, as though the words stuck in his throat.

"It's him!" he said.

XI

A MAN—a man I had never seen before—was leaning against the door frame. There was something peculiarly tranquil in the way he stood there, something elegant and graceful. Yet it was plain to see that he was not wholly elegant or tranquil. He had on a blue coat which might have been fashionable once, but it was badly spotted then. He had on a gray beaver hat which needed brushing, and his nankeen trousers were rubbed and bagging at the knees. It may have been only the suddenness of his appearance which gave him a lightsome air, reminiscent of a French dancing master. He had his left toe conventionally pointed forward when I first saw him, and his head was tilted to one side, as if he were waiting for a note of music which would send him skipping across the room. His body was wiry and meager, like that of a man addicted to graceful exercise. His arms were folded across his chest, but I could see that his hands, though they were chapped and calloused, were slender and sensitive, like the hands of a scholar rather than those of a man who follows the sea.

But his face was neither a dancing master's nor a scholar's face. Every muscle of it seemed to stand out, unconcealed by superfluous flesh. The sun had burned it to a deep reddish brown, and his hair, I could see, had also once been red, but now it was a reddish, sandy gray. His eyes were bright blue, surrounded by a thin net of crow's feet which kept expanding and contracting; and the same was true about the wrinkles of his mouth. When all the rest of his face was impassive those wrinkles still moved, sometimes in the suspicion of a smile, sometimes in the beginning of a frown. It was a keen intelligent face, but it had no patience in it, just as it had no dullness. In spite of its refinement it was not the face of a man who had spent his days at home. The wind must have blown often on it. It must have twisted often into pain and anger as well as merriment.

"B'Gad," said Captain Murdock hoarsely, "it's him!"

The stranger leaned against the door frame, but though his arms were folded there was a tenseness in the way he stood which reminded me of bent whalebone.

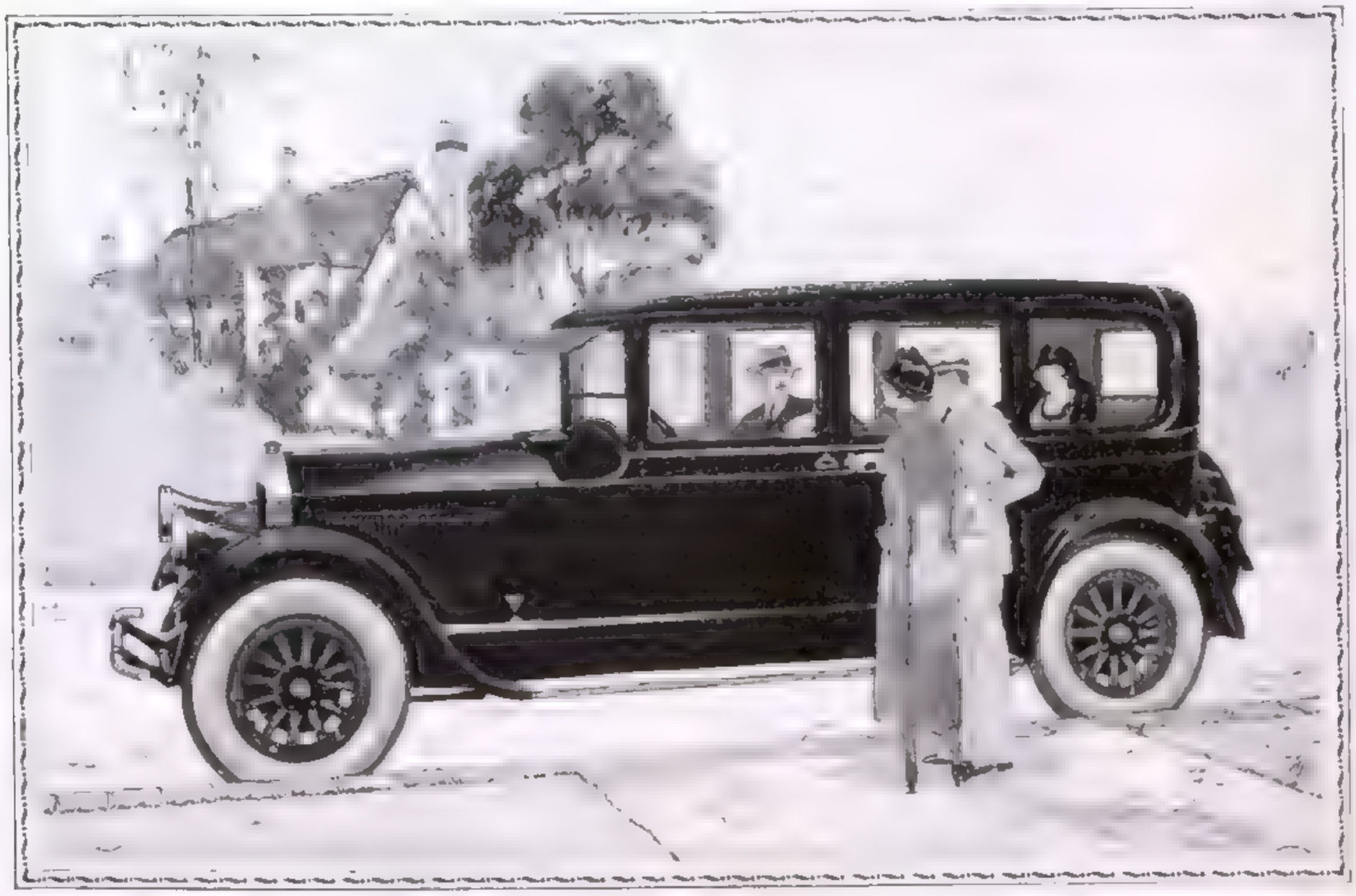
"Yes," he answered; "a gift cast up from the sea."

He had spoken in an even modulated voice, but before he had spoken, even without his speech to guide me, I knew who he was. I could read it in the strained silence. It was a silence reminiscent of many untold things. I could read it in his eyes and on

(Continued on Page 58)

Sunset, Lake Arrowhead, California

PIERCE-ARROW
Series 80



A NEW CAR
A NEW SIZE · A NEW PRICE

THROUGHOUT its honorable history—covering almost the entire span of the motor car industry—The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company has had one simple, steadfast purpose—to build motor cars whose uncommon excellence would gain the respect of the entire motoring world.

That this position has been won and is firmly held is corroborated by the almost unprecedented success of the Pierce-Arrow *Series 80*—an entirely new car, of a new size, at a new price.

It is doubtful if in the history of the motor car industry there has ever been a more impressive demonstration of the consummate value of a respected name—or a finer, more sincere tribute to the utter dependability of a manufacturer

This is a car that every motorist should know The Pierce-Arrow representative in your vicinity invites you to inspect and drive the *Series 80*. An illustrated brochure will be sent you, upon request.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

PIERCE-ARROW Series 80

7-Passenger Touring Car

$2895
(at Buffalo)

5-Passenger Sedan $3,895
7-Passenger Sedan $3,995
7-Pass. Enclosed Drive Limousine $4,045
at Buffalo; Government Tax additional

Pierce-Arrow Products include passenger cars of two types—the Pierce-Arrow Dual Valve Six and the Pierce-Arrow Series 80 in seven body styles
Pierce-Arrow Motor Buses . Pierce-Arrow Heavy Duty Motor Trucks

Series 80 Wheelbase . . . . 130 inches
Series 80 Engine 6 cylinders
Standard Equipment Balloon Tires
Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes

The credit facilities of the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation, a Pierce-Arrow banking institution, are extended to purchasers of Pierce-Arrow cars

(Continued from Page 56)

his lips. I could read it in the way Eliphalet Greer stood there staring, and in the color of Murdock's face. Yes, I knew who he was.

Why was it I was trembling? Why was it I was backing away? Before I thought, there was an unaccountable panic upon me, but when I thought I knew. It was his voice when he spoke of the sea. The fear I felt of him was not physical fear. It was something deeper and closer to the soul; it was a judgment of myself within myself. He was the man I had been sent to kill. Whether I had known or not that I had been sent to kill him made no difference then. There was the same guilt upon me—because I had touched Greer's money without knowing the full reason. There was no justification for what I had done, and there he was like retribution, like some fantastic shape conjured up by conscience.

What would he do when he knew? When he looked at me I could almost guess he knew already—that we both knew each other's thoughts.

I have never seen a meeting such as that. There was nothing kindly in glance or thought. Already Eliphalet's jaw had clamped back into place, and a gray stubble upon it where his razor had passed too lightly bristled up in an ominous way. The stranger seemed pleased by his attention.

"So here we are," he said. "I told you I'd come back, if that island didn't sink."

There was something like a knife blade in the way that stranger looked, not worn and dented, but rubbed smooth by use and whetted to a keener edge, hardened and not broken by the fire.

"Yes, here we are," the stranger said again. His voice was changed, almost friendly. "Come, come, Eliphalet, don't look away. It's been a long time since we've met, and you'll only see me for a little while."

Then Eliphalet Greer spoke for the first time.

"Parton," he said, "if you move I'll kill you."

Was it Eliphalet Greer who spoke? I could not have told his voice as it died away into the silence which followed, and Mr. Parton had not moved. He was still leaning quietly against the door frame, almost as though he had not heard, but his lips twitched and his face grew redder.

"You fool," he said. "Do you think I came here for that? You used to know me better when we walked the deck together. Are you as old and soft as that, Eliphalet? I thought we'd done enough dark things and seen enough men die."

Eliphalet Greer raised his hand and pulled at his neckcloth as though it was tight and constricted his breathing, but even so, his breath was stertorous and uneven.

"If you don't want—that," he asked hoarsely, "then what do you want?"

"Do you want me to tell?" Mr. Parton inquired. "Do you want me to tell it here?"

The color was back in Eliphalet Greer's cheeks and his eyes had a singular intensity.

"Do you think I'm afraid of anything you say?" he cried harshly. "Do you think anyone will believe the lies you tell?"

Mr. Parton shrugged his shoulders, and his voice was cold and level.

"Eliphalet," he said, "you used to say dead men were always bankrupts. I want you to pay, Eliphalet, not go into bankruptcy."

For an instant Eliphalet Greer's eyelids flickered. His shoulders sagged like the shoulders of a weary man.

"Richard," he said, "you've come a long way for nothing, because I've paid. I've paid already."

I can never look upon that scene as a wholly mundane thing. Eliphalet Greer was not speaking to that man alone. And that man himself leaning against the door frame, I sometimes think, was something more than himself in those few minutes, like some lay figure in a parable.

"You knew I'd come back, Eliphalet," he said. "Nothing could keep us apart when a man hates another as I hate you."

"Yes," said Eliphalet Greer. "It's been a long time, Richard, but I knew you'd come." And he drew a deep breath, like a man who has traveled a weary way.

"Ah," said Mr. Parton, "I knew you'd know it. I wonder if you know how often I've prayed you wouldn't die. You couldn't have known if you thought I'd kill you now."

Eliphalet Greer did not answer. His hand was still fumbling with his neckcloth, but it was moving without deftness or precision.

"I knew you'd be here," said Mr. Parton, "as soon as I crossed the bar and fouled that ship of yours. I knew it was your ship, Eliphalet, ready to leave in the dark. What were you about, Eliphalet—shipping another man away?"

Mr. Parton had been speaking in level tones, but suddenly his voice rose like a gust of storm.

"Don't look at me like that! Do you think I'm afraid of you? Haven't I seen your face night after night? Haven't I heard your voice in the wind?"

Eliphalet Greer's fingers clenched convulsively.

"I should have killed you," he said. "I should have killed you then."

"It would have been better if you had," said Mr. Parton. "But you didn't, Eliphalet. You were never man enough for that."

Something inside Eliphalet Greer had broken loose, and had flooded his face with an ugly red.

"Don't you try to judge me," he cried. "You've got enough on your own head. I never left a wife and child to starve while I ran away to sea. I never sailed with a friend who trusted me, who—by heaven—who loved me, and then tried to murder him while his back was turned, because we had a falling out over a parcel of money."

Mr. Parton sprang clear of the door frame.

"Money!" he cried. "What do I care about money? You old bloodsucker ——"

And then Eliphalet Greer's voice drowned out his words.

"You used to care enough about it once. You always got your fair share, piece for piece. I still have the account."

"Do you think I believe any account of yours?" cried Mr. Parton. "Didn't you always try to cheat me right and left?"

I expected Eliphalet to burst into a furious denial, but he did not.

"And what about you?" he demanded. "How many times did I catch you at it? Could I ever trust you with a dollar?"

I can still remember the irony of it. For a moment I almost believed their animosity lost itself in words, for they both had reached a common level. They stood eying each other with uncertain shifting glances as though each knew the other's secrets and was anxious to conceal his own. Then Mr. Parton threw up his head.

"At least," he said, "I cheated like a gentleman."

I never learned how such a prodigy could be performed. But there was a sting in Mr. Parton's retort that made Eliphalet Greer wince. His anger seemed to have died away, and in its place was an old look which I had seen before, a look almost of pain. Evidently Mr. Parton also was familiar with that expression, for he smiled in a cold, unpleasant way.

"So the devil still prods you, does he?" he remarked. "It's like old times to see you looking so."

"Richard," said Eliphalet, and his voice seemed to thrill with a strange sadness, "why should you and I speak of morals? We both are wicked in the eyes of God and man. We have sinned together and each against the other, and we shall surely pay. There is never a night when it does not sear my soul. We have hated each other for a long time now. It has been running like poison through my blood, and I can see it in your face. Tell me what you want, Richard, and let us part in peace."

He stopped, but Mr. Parton never moved. When Eliphalet had begun to speak he had leaned back against the door frame. He still leaned there and surveyed Eliphalet coldly.

"You coward!" he said. "You infernal old coward! Stand up and take your medicine, and don't tell lies to me. I'll tell you what I want. I want to see you a broken man. I want to see you hiding, with men on your trail. I want to see you a fugitive from justice. I want to see them drag you back with blood on your face. Ah! That makes you jump, does it, you sneaking old hypocrite!"

A change had come over Eliphalet Greer. The furies themselves were upon him.

"You will have it then!" he roared, and in a single stride he cleared the space which separated him from Mr. Parton. For a second he was standing motionless. For a second his face was as blank as a man's in a dream.

"Be careful, Greer!" cried Mr. Parton.

"You Judas!" roared Eliphalet Greer. "You murdering Judas!"

My next recollection was of holding Eliphalet Greer by the shoulders, and of Mr. Parton leaning against the wall, with the color gone from his face, as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and stared at Eliphalet Greer with wide unblinking eyes. I was as tall as Eliphalet Greer. I was younger, but it was all I could do to hold him.

Indeed I think I could not have managed it if Captain Murdock had not run over to help me.

"Now, now," he was saying, "slack her off. This ain't the time and place."

"What do I care?" snarled Eliphalet Greer. "I've struck him. Stand off. It's his turn to finish it now."

His coat had ripped at the shoulder. His neckcloth was dangling over his chest, and his hair had fallen over his forehead.

"Hey! Hey!" cried Captain Murdock, stepping between them. "Slack her off. You gentlemen can't do it here."

Mr. Parton's face was still very white, but he never raised his voice.

"No, Murdock," he said, "we won't do it here."

And he glanced at Eliphalet over Captain Murdock's shoulder.

"Do you think I came here to soil my hands with a man like you?" he asked. "I told you what I came for."

"Try it!" cried Eliphalet Greer with sudden unlooked-for elation. "Try it and be damned! Do you think I didn't expect you when you blew over the bar? I'm glad you've come. D'you hear me—glad! By thunder, it makes me feel better just to see you after rotting in a place like this! Do what you like; I'll be ready for you."

"Tell it to your niggers," returned Mr. Parton. "Don't tell it to me."

But Eliphalet Greer did not appear to hear him.

"You belonged where I put you," he continued; "I know it, now I see you again. I'm glad I did it now."

Mr. Parton endeavored to interrupt, but Eliphalet raised his voice.

"Yes," he said, "if I had to do it all over again, I'd do the same. I don't regret it, now I hear you speak. Do what you like. You can't frighten honest men."

Though he spoke with fervor and conviction Eliphalet Greer was hardly a picture of probity, nor did Mr. Parton look much better.

"Eliphalet," he said, "do you call yourself an honest man? Oh, I know what you've been doing. I know how you've made your money. Don't you remember we both did it together once? Don't you remember Havana and the Gulf, and the way they groaned between the decks?"

Eliphalet Greer made a guttural, meaningless sound in his throat. I had never seen him afraid before.

"You can't frighten me," he stammered hastily. "You can't frighten me with old tales like that."

Mr. Parton laughed in sudden exulting triumph.

"Yes," he replied, "you're an honest merchant now. Why don't you tell me how you're trading in calico and spices? Not all the perfumes in Araby could take the smell off of you. If it's an old tale, why are half your ships at Cape Verd? Why are you loading them at night?"

"You lie!" cried Eliphalet Greer. "They're not my ships."

"They are your ships," said Mr. Parton, "because I've seen them there. Oh, yes, I know their hulls are painted black, and their names are out, and Portuguese skippers are aboard. I know they've got on extra spars, but I know where their keels were laid."

"You lie," repeated Eliphalet Greer. "I've sold them long ago."

"Would you like to have them traced back?" asked Mr. Parton. "I wonder what would happen if one of them was in the channel now with a hull that Morrill built, and the customs officers were opening up the hatches. I wonder whose ship they'd find she was if an admiralty court had the papers and they got Murdock on the stand? Ah, did you ever think of that?"

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" Eliphalet Greer asked hoarsely.

Mr. Parton shook his head. Still looking at Eliphalet Greer, he was backing toward the door.

"No," he said; "you ought to guess what I'm going to do. We are both hardly ourselves. I knew it would be too much for one or the other of us, but I'll see you again, Eliphalet. I'll be staying at the tavern." He paused, looked at us all three, and smiled genially. "Until the blackbirds come home to roost," he said.

XII

HE WAS gone, and the room seemed very still. There was no doubt that Eliphalet Greer understood. He was staring at the wall like a man who wakes from a bad dream. And he was not the only one. We were all awaking. I had been standing near Prudence Murdock, and all that while she had never moved, nor taken her eyes off Mr. Parton. Now she stirred uneasily and brushed her hand across her forehead in a way that made one think she was brushing aside some memory. As for me, I had only one desire—to escape from some unseen thing that had entered Murdock's kitchen. Of us all, the captain was the first to come to himself and to touch on practical affairs.

"Well," said Captain Murdock, "we ought to of done him in."

But Eliphalet Greer made no response.

"That's what comes of having a woman," said Captain Murdock. "You always get to talking with women around. If we hadn't been talking we might of done something. Now he's going to twist our necks."

Eliphalet Greer still stared at the wall and opened and closed his hands, but he did not answer Captain Murdock. Instead he turned toward me, and his mouth was closed as tight as a trap.

"Charles," he said in a dry, businesslike voice, "you must stand by us now."

I was so surprised that I found it hard to speak. It was the words, to hear my thoughts in words, that shook me most. Curiously enough, Eliphalet seemed guiltless. Illogically but certainly, I seemed to bear the guilt alone. I said he was a strong man.

I had begun to feel his strength.

"I told you I was through last night," I answered, "and I'm all the more through this morning."

Eliphalet Greer started winding back his neckcloth, and patted its folds gently.

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer, "it's the first time you are intimately concerned."

"Intimately concerned!" I exclaimed. "Intimately concerned in what?"

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer, "Mr. Parton is a very dangerous man. I know him better than you do. Have you thought what may happen when I tell him you were in my pay to murder him?"

A cold mantle seemed to fold itself about me, chilling me like a breath of wind from the ice.

"Did you think I'd have done that?" I cried hoarsely.

Eliphalet Greer's voice stopped me.

"Charles," he said, "go up to the Anchor House and stay indoors. I'll send for you in the evening."

He bent down and picked up his hat and cane.

Captain Murdock's cheeks were still of a light and unbecoming hue. As he stood staring at the closed door he drew a deep uncertain breath.

"B'gad!" he murmured hoarsely, "you wouldn't have known he'd been there. It hasn't changed him at all."

Eliphalet Greer lifted the latch and the door creaked open. The wind had been light and uncertain that morning, as it so often is after a day of storm. It had veered now and was blowing straight upon his face.

"I suppose you mean I've changed?" he demanded. "Well, you'll find out I haven't, and he will too. The Lord has dealt with me very gently. Come, we can't be staying here."

As he turned to close the door Eliphalet Greer's eyes met mine, and then they were gone, both of them without another word.

XIII

FOR a moment I did not move. Now that they were gone I seemed to be possessed of a sense of sane reality, and what had passed seemed like a vision of sleep, and the words I had heard were like the words which sometimes echo in unconscious ears and yet remain in our waking memories.

It had come like a black cloud out of the sea, heavy with the winds of venom, and I was a part of it now. I was a part of other men's hates, and my pay was a pocketful of bank notes.

(Continued on Page 63)

Join the "Ladies' Clean-Up Club"—

A housewife in the West told us recently about the new "Clean-Up Club" she had organized in her section. The ladies get together once a week and discuss the newest and best methods for brightening up the home and making it more livable.

This lady reported that she has had her greatest success with Valspar Varnish-Stain, which she said has made her home fairly *shine*. First she tried it on the kitchen floor because there were a number of worn spots there. Then she refinished her porch chairs. Finally she surprised everybody by digging out an old, unused table and making it look like new.

Many of the other ladies have done similar things and the "Clean-Up Club" is doing much to improve the home life in that town.

We are giving publicity to this idea because a "Clean-Up Club" in every town might well be linked up with the "Better Homes Movement."

If good products could become members of such a Club, we would enter Valspar Varnish-Stains, Valspar-Enamels and Valspar Varnish, for these have done much to brighten up millions of homes all over the country.

The Valspar Varnish-Stains referred to above are unequaled for floors, doors, walls, chairs and furniture—in fact, wherever you want waterproof protection combined with lustrous, beautiful colors.

These Stains come in Light and Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry and Moss Green. If you are not familiar with the Valspar products, send in coupon below for samples.

Send for Sample Can and Color Chart

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World

VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

VARNISH-STAIN

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price)
Valspar Instruction Booklet with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

Your Name _____

Address _____ City _____

Valspar-Stain . . ☐
Choose 1 Color
Clear Valspar . . ☐
Valspar-Enamel . ☐
Choose 1 Color
Valspar Booklet ☐

PRODIGIES

ALL the power requisite to the huge production schedule maintained by the Detroit Plants of the Ford Motor Company is being concentrated at the River Rouge. Here the iron, coal, and lumber of the Company's own mines and forests is brought by Ford transportation to this remarkable factory and here their subsequent transformation into the finished product builds up a staggering demand for power.

These factories can never be silent nor stand still. There must be absolute insurance against power failure or interruption—the assurance that thousands of machines will be kept in motion and 115,089 men kept employed.

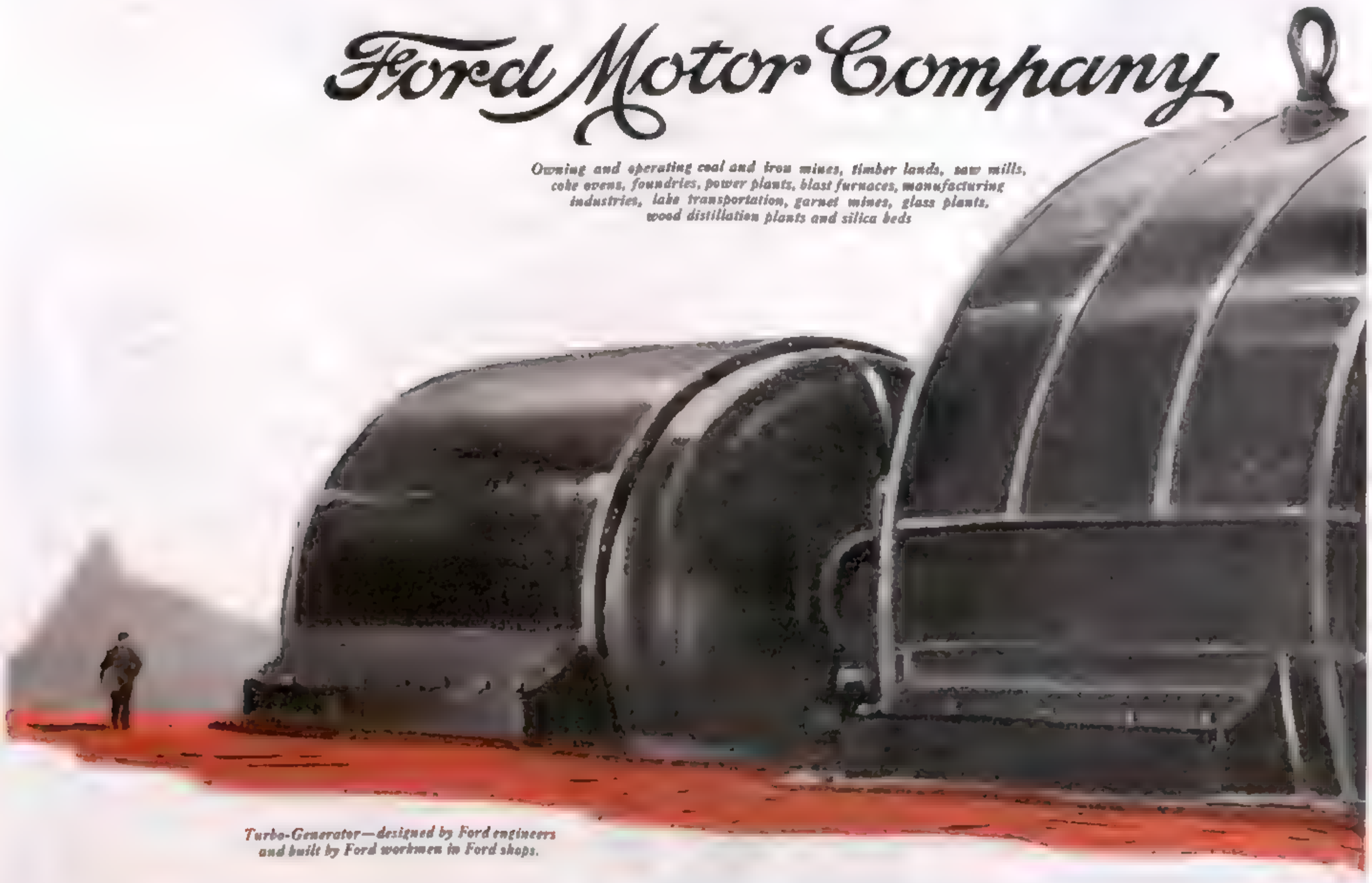
To meet such unparalleled requirements ordinary power equipment would be inadequate. A problem was encountered which put a new demand on the genius of the Ford Organization.

To this end the first of a series of turbo-generators has been built by Ford engineers in Ford Plants as part of a plan which will give the plant eventually a total electrical capacity of 240,000 kilowatts—enough power to serve a city of over a million inhabitants.

These prodigies of power are but another instance of the things being done in carrying out the Company's program of bringing transportation at the lowest cost to the greatest number of people. It is a program which has already delivered over 10,000,000 cars into useful service—which in the years to come is bound to contribute even greater service to human progress.

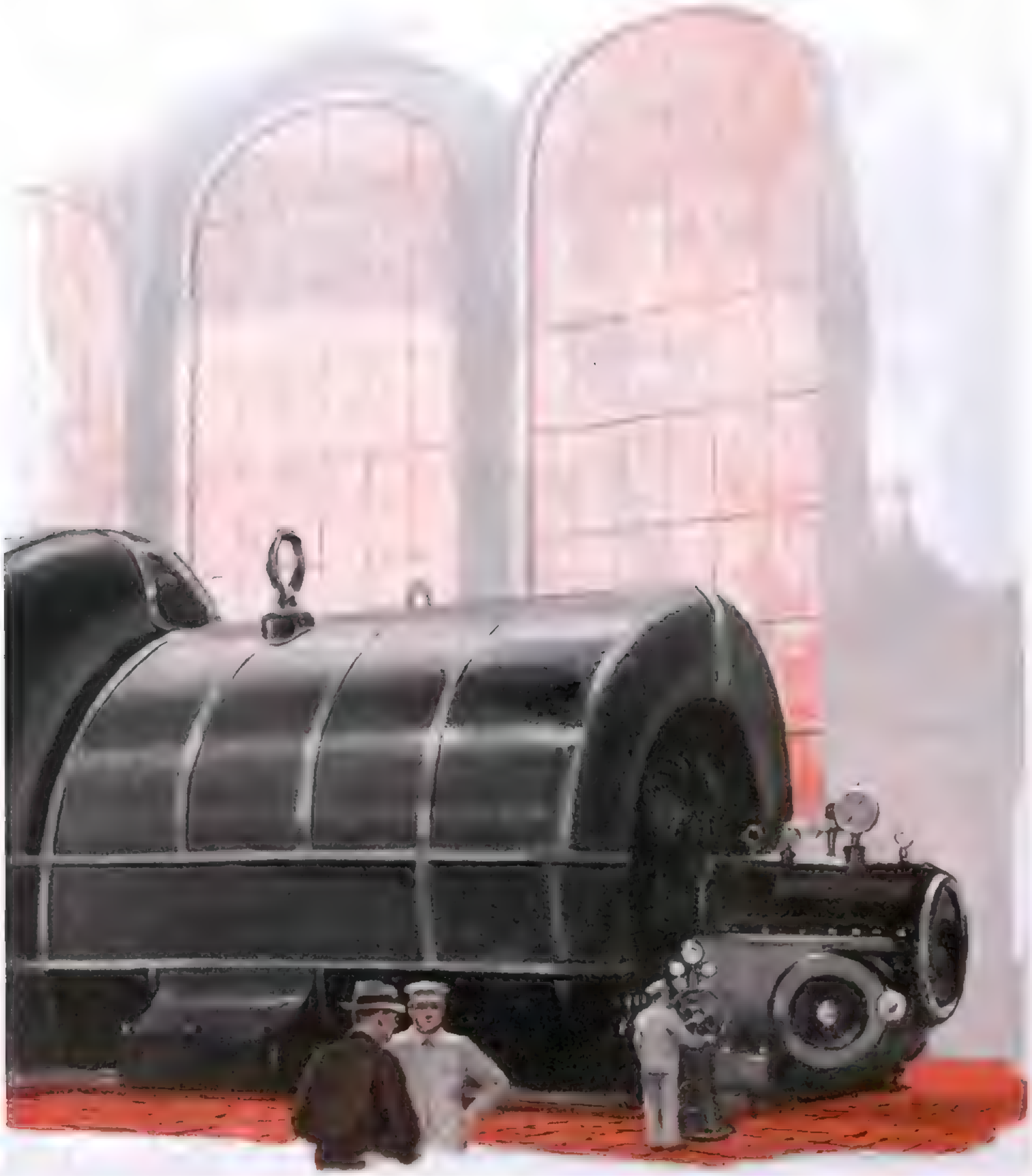
Ford Motor Company

Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, saw mills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds



Turbo-Generator—designed by Ford engineers and built by Ford workmen in Ford shops.

OF POWER



FIFTEEN YEARS
"I've sold Texaco going on fifteen years and it's always been the same.
"Texaco is the cleanest oil made.
"And let me tell you it stands up!"
• • •
Texaco gives you all that you need—a clean oil, a good lubricant, and one that resists wear.
You can't get any more than that—and you needn't take any less. You can get Texaco conveniently near you in the right grade for your car.
Ask for Texaco Motor Oil by name. Say "TEXACO", and identify it by the Texaco Color—clean, clear, golden.
The Texaco Color is an index of purity and genuineness—the evidence of the thorough refining that removes every last trace of impurities.
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
Run it with Texaco Gasoline
Save it with Texaco Motor Oil
TEXACO
TEXACO
GASOLINE
MOTOR OILS

(Continued from Page 58)

I stared blankly across Captain Murdock's kitchen table. I could almost feel Eliphalet Greer's fingers on my shoulder, with their cold steady pressure biting through my coat. Then I heard a voice beside me.

"I told you if you stayed you'd learn to hate."

I had forgotten I was not alone. I looked up, and there was Captain Murdock's daughter. She was looking at me curiously, not unkindly, but I was unable to meet her glance. I felt a deeper and bitterer shame than I have ever known. She had been there all the time. She had heard every word Eliphalet Greer had spoken.

"Was it true," she asked—"was it true what he was saying?"

"Yes," I answered, "every word was true."

I thought she would turn away, but she did not. Instead she did something far worse.

"I don't believe it," she said. "You would never do a thing like that."

And then the pain and resentment within me welled up into my speech. I quite forgot I had never known her before. I quite forgot all reticence.

"But I never knew what he wanted," I found myself adding. "How was I to suspect him of a thing like that? How was I to know that landing on an island would lead me into this?"

But as I spoke, I felt how my words echoed with futility, and I stopped, for even then I knew how useless it was to continue.

"What good is there saying anything?" I ended.

She did not speak for a long while after I had finished. She had walked to the window and the sunlight was playing through her hair.

"I don't believe it," she said. "No one who knew you would."

I tried to speak, but at first I could think of nothing to say. There is little kindness in a life at sea. I felt awkward as I tried to express my gratitude, awkward and very lonely.

"You're kind," I said at length; "kinder than you should be."

I no longer felt ashamed and ill at ease. Without any will of ours something had drawn us nearer. Perhaps it was because we had both been there when the shadows took stark shape and came to life, but I can never tell. I only know that she also felt it. She was looking up at me. Her lips were parted. There was an added color in her cheeks, and her eyes were wide and bright.

"Tell me how it happened," she said gently. "It will be better if you talk to someone, and I'll never tell."

I knew that she would not, but even if I had thought she would I should have spoken then. It was all before me again, the countingroom, the window and the river, the Felicity and the parlor with the lamps. I could feel the chill of the parlor as I spoke.

"I don't know why it was," I ended, "but even then, even when I left, I felt I had not really gone."

She did not seem surprised. She was glancing out the window toward the river mouth, where the tide was streaking the water.

"I always knew it would end," she said. "Poor man! Poor old man! Do you think I could have lived here without hearing them talk? Sometimes I could hear their voices all night long. I know. I've always known."

I never asked what she had always known. She had moved nearer to me, and her voice was low and trembling.

"Do you know it can't rest the way it is," she said. "Something is going to happen, something terrible. You must leave. I know them better than you. You mustn't ever let him see you again."

"I can't," I said helplessly, "and leave this story behind me. It's worse than anything that could happen. It would follow me everywhere, always. He knows that."

And she must have known it also, for she did not reply.

"But there's no reason for you to stay," I continued.

She looked up at me quickly.

"The stage will be going in half an hour," I went on. "You mustn't be in this place any longer. Here ——"

I thrust my hand awkwardly into my pocket.

"Here's my pay. It won't do me any good now. Take it until this is finished. If you know what's going to happen, you know you mustn't stay."

She caught her breath and turned her face away.

"Please," I said; "there isn't much I can do except this. If you've heard them talking, you know it can't stay secret. You can't be mixed up in this."

"How do you know I'm not already?" she asked.

I tried to interrupt, but she only spoke more quickly.

"What do you know of me? You haven't known me for a day. Do you suppose I've never guessed? Do you suppose I thought they were honest?"

"Then don't you see you must go?" I insisted.

For a moment she stood silent, a slender delicate figure, staring straight ahead of her with a level unfaltering glance, as though she saw some intricate design of the fates which no one else could see. She never seemed so oddly out of keeping with her surroundings as she seemed then. Her skin was never so white. Her hands were never so slender. I could not leave her so. I understood her better then, because we were both alone, both in a land of shadows.

"Don't you see you must go?" I said, and then I saw her lips were trembling.

"I can't," she answered. "I can't leave him now -now that he's in trouble." She paused, glanced at me and then away. "He's the only one who ever did a kind thing for me," she said, "except you."

Our relations with one another are a strange and subtle matter. I often think there is a magician's touch in the way they change and shift. I had forgotten that she was Murdock's daughter. I had forgotten the room where I was standing. I had forgotten the whole black hour. I had never heard a voice that sounded as sweet as hers did then. Only a minute ago matters were far different, and now, irrationally, we had changed. We had changed in each other's sight.

But why should I speak of what is life itself, of the one memory I know that still stays bright through all the uneven years? I would not speak of it at all, except that it played its part in the story I am trying to tell. I say we stood there looking at each other, and that girl who had poisoned Captain Murdock's rum was as fair as song or story. There was a startled look in her eyes. It was almost as though she had never seen me till then.

"Except you," she repeated, and her voice was so low that I could scarcely hear.

"I haven't done anything kind," I said; "not anything at all."

"But you've tried," she answered. "It makes no difference that it was no use trying."

"Do you mean," I asked haltingly—"do you mean you won't go on account of Murdock?"

She started to speak, then paused indecisively, and then shook her head with a broken little laugh.

"On account of Eliphalet Greer," she said.

"On account of Greer?" I stammered.

She moved a step backward and turned half away.

"I think you'd better be going," she said. "There's no use in talking—now."

"What have you got to do with Greer?" I asked.

"I said," she repeated, "that you'd better be going."

I took a step toward her, and she drew back. Why was it my hand was trembling as though I was afraid?

"Miss Murdock ——" I began, and her voice broke in on my speech so harshly that I stopped.

"Don't call me that!" she cried. "Don't you see I'm not his daughter?"

"Then ——" I stopped, startled by a suspicion that snatched at my breath.

"Then who are you?" I asked.

And her voice came back to me as though it was a long way off.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know who I am at all."

Then, before I could speak, her words were on me like a torrent of rain, so fierce and violent that I could hardly believe it was she who was speaking.

"Don't you see why you must go?" she cried. "Are you going to make me tell you everything? You know who your father was. You know who your mother was. What use is there for you and me to stand and talk? Haven't you heard what they've said about me? Isn't that enough? Don't—don't try to speak to me again!"

Her voice had choked and tears were running down her cheeks.

"Now go!" she cried. "I wish -I wish I'd never seen you!"

She had snatched open the door to the attic stairs. She was on the lower step.

"Don't!" I cried. "Don't go!"

She paused to look back at me, and to my sight she seemed vague and intangible, blending with the black of those creaking stairs. Her face as it turned toward me was strained and white as river mist.

"Don't you see," she said softly, "it's only a bad dream?" And then she closed the door.

XIV

THE Anchor House is still standing down by the water front, a modest moldering building, grizzled by the sea. Its windows have been boarded up long ago. Its name has been stripped from it. Its paint is seared and cracked, and the weeds are thick on the granite steps that lead to the old front door. I should not like to enter that doorway now, or to hear my footfalls on the bare boards, or to stare into the dusky taproom and see the empty bar, for it was a pleasant place once -not a place of ghosts and I should rather remember it so.

When Jim Lowes had the Anchor House there was always a row of bowsprits across the way, and the hall always had the odor of ships' cargoes. You could sit in the taproom with a tumbler of rum and with your coat off if you wished, for the Anchor House was not fashionable, like the tavern on the main street. Plain men were always walking in and out, second and third mates from the deep water, and captains of coasting and fishing crafts, who seldom washed or shaved. They would sit in the dining room in a stolid silent row, conveying their food upward on the end of their knives, and now and then lunging forward to spear at the pickled cucumbers which floated in bowls at even intervals. They were plain men, but not one of them was mediocre. There was hardly one who had not seen the kingdoms of Cathay, or who had not aimed a gun on a privateer when he was a younger man. There was not one who would not have left the dining table and sailed to any port on earth as a matter of dull routine.

And Jim Lowes knew them all. The sights of many years had passed by his gimlet eyes, and had given him a bent and studious look. They used to say that Jim Lowes knew everyone who had ever stepped ashore in the township, and could tell enough to hang them if he would ever speak, but he never did speak. He never gossiped like the hosts in other inns. I have often thought Jim Lowes could have told me many curious things, which it would have done me good to hear, but he was nearly always still.

He would stand at his door on any pleasant morning, when trade was light. His left cheek would be bulging with tobacco, and he would spit benignly into the dust of the road. He was an old man then, and though his age had not run to superfluous flesh or to merriment, he had an equable disposition, such as anyone cultivates who chews tobacco. He told me once that he had learned the trick at sea to save him from thirst, and though he was frequently engaged in quenching his thirst when he and I were friends, he still had tobacco as a precaution. His shovel-shaped beard, which grew in luxuriant contradiction to his sparse gray hair, would move in even rhythm, and his eyes would half close and open again in a shrewd fashion as he closed and opened his jaws. It was a self-imposed labor, and he was a conscientious man, so that he had little time for words, which makes me sometimes think that tobacco more than any natural gift gave him a reputation for wisdom.

I had expected to see him at the door of the Anchor House that morning, but he was not there. I found him in the taproom—a deserted place at that time in the morning, except for Jim Lowes himself, who was filling a tumbler from a square bottle. He never gave way to verbal protestations of hospitality, but upon perceiving me he took down another glass from the rack behind him.

"Your room's ready," he said; "and what's more, it's been ready since I made out the Felicity yesterday. I ought to charge you, but I won't."

He coughed, rubbed his hands on his apron and tilted up the bottle.

"Say when," he said. "I hate to drink by myself, and I've gotter have one now. It won't cost you anything. Say when! I can't stay pouring all day."

Flow Da-cote on those shabby surfaces

IF you use Da-cote Enamel for renewing only the surface of your car, you aren't half using it. All over the house, inside and out, there are shabby, forlorn surfaces fairly begging for Da-cote. Let them have it—Da-cote will make them look better and last longer.

Da-cote is fine for most any surface, wood or metal, which needs renewing in a high-grade way.

Da-cote your radiators or gas stove, your sewing machine or breakfast table, the baby carriage or the youngster's sled. Touch up the mailbox, the wheelbarrow, the Colonial dresser. How grateful they will be!

The uses of Da-cote are entertainingly set forth in a new booklet, "*Doing Things with Da-cote.*" Send for it—and in the meantime arm yourself with Da-cote in black and white and one or more of the 10 standard colors. There is a Da-cote dealer not far away.

Save the surface and you save all

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK N. J. CHICAGO ILL.

SAN FRANCISCO CALIF. MONTREAL CANADA

Sealright
Pouring-Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

3 Times More Useful

1—Remove cap cleanly by pulling tab. Each cap its own "opener."

2—Lift tab and pour without spilling.

3—Lift tab and insert straw for drinking.

Have Milk served this way

When you go to your favorite restaurant, cafeteria or lunchroom, ask them to serve milk to you in the *original, sterilized bottle*, capped with a Sealright Pouring-Pull Cap *—3 times more useful*

Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps are *3 times more useful* and *more healthful* because they assure a *safe, clean* way of removing the cap; a *safe, clean* way of pouring milk over the tab without spilling, and a more healthful way of drinking milk through a straw direct from the *original, sterilized bottle.* Many restaurants, lunch rooms and cafeterias are serving milk this cleaner Sealright Way, because it is *less costly.* No glasses to wash or break. No spilt milk.

Ask your milk dealer to deliver milk to you in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps. School Officials, Restaurant Proprietors, and Housewives send for complete information, and samples to show your dealer.

Sealright Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-BP Fulton, N. Y.

Operating the largest plant in the world making Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps, Ordinary or Common Caps, and Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers

3 Times more useful

Jim Lowes came of New England stock, and I knew that there must be something to explain his unexpected generosity.

"Say when," he repeated in an agonized manner. "Say when, or I'll stop."

"Jim," I asked, "is anything the matter?"

"Yes," he answered sadly; "I should say there was. I've swallowed my quid, and I'm not used to it. It sets heavy on you when you're not used to things like that."

"That's queer," I said, taking the glass he offered me. "You're the second man I've known to do that since I've landed," but he was not consoled.

"It may come easy for some folks," he answered, "but it don't for me."

I never stopped to think that small things may seem great to others. Such is our natural selfishness that I grew impatient at Jim Lowes and his quid of tobacco.

"I haven't done it," he added, "since I followed the sea and the old man ran the house, and that was twenty years ago."

"Then what did you do it for now?" I asked unkindly.

Jim Lowes set his glass on the bar, and said a curious thing, in a tone so natural that it seemed like an event of every hour.

"Because I saw a ghost," he said.

"A ghost?" I repeated. I know I should have smiled at it at another time, but somehow his statement was so unexpectedly like my own thoughts that I set my tumbler down also.

"It won't mean anything to you," sighed Jim Lowes. "When you're young you don't believe in things like that. You don't have any memories. You don't see memories in things around you; and he was before your time. But you can believe me or not—I saw him."

"You used to know him?" I asked.

I was not thinking of Jim Lowes, but of another man who had seen a ghost that morning who was no ghost at all. It is only now when the twilight falls that I can feel a sympathy for Jim Lowes' words, only now when our whole town seems full of ghosts. Jim Lowes sighed again.

"Just you wait till you get on," he said, "and your eyes aren't what they used to be, and then you'll know. Wait till you set by the door the way I set, and begin chewing and wondering. Then you'll see 'em fast enough. You'll see 'em just the way an old dog sees 'em lying in the sun. Why, sometimes I can see the sloop I first put to sea in, just as plain as plain, though she went down off Spain. Oh, yes, I've seen other ghosts, but never one as plain as him!"

"Did he live here?" I asked.

I saw that he was inspecting the empty taproom. His glance was roving over the empty tables and past the crude paintings of ships that adorned the walls. His lips were curiously puckered. His nostrils were expanding and contracting as though he was sniffing the wind and looking for a change of weather. In the pause which followed I had forgotten about the tobacco. I had forgotten that I was listening to idle talk.

"No," he said; "he was a visitor from down state, but he used to be here right enough. Charles, you'd better close that door. The air is blowing on my neck."

"Are you afraid he may come in?" I inquired. "What's the good of shutting the door if he's a ghost?"

Jim Lowes squinted at me over the rim of his glass.

"There's ghosts and ghosts," he replied. "You close that door."

He was looking at me curiously when I turned back from obeying his request.

"I have a motto which I always keep," he remarked. "What may not be a ghost for some folks always is a ghost for me. It never does anyone any hurt to remember that."

He paused to take another swallow of rum.

"There I was," he continued, "standing right by the door by the road, and then I looked in front of me, and there he was walking along like he used to walk, all springy like a cat, only more so, with his eyes winking and blinking—like that!

"'Jim,' he says, just like he used to say it, 'give me a glass of rum.'

"And I looked at him hard, but he didn't fade away. 'Christmas!' I says. 'If it ain't Mr. Parton!'"

Jim Lowes must have seen me start, but he gave no sign. He watched me reach hastily for my glass.

"And then he laughed just like he always laughed," he went on smoothly; "like he saw something funny that we didn't see."

"'Yes,' he says; 'a ghost come out of the waves. Give me a mug of rum.'

"And then he walked right by me through the door, springy like a cat, and he sat right down at the table, right where you are sitting. Yes," said Jim Lowes, "right where you are sitting, right on the very chair. There ain't no cause for you to jump. You're not in his lap.

"'Gimme a mug of rum,' he said, just like he always said it; and I gave it to him.

"'It's rotten rum,' he says, just like he always said it. 'Where'd you get it?'

"'It's the best in town,' I says. 'I got it off of Eliphalet Greer.'

"Then he set down his glass and spat on the floor like it made him sick; and then what do you guess he said? What do you guess he said then?"

I knew my voice would be too unsteady to reply, and I only shook my head. Jim Lowes had squinted up his gimlet eyes again.

"'Jim,' he says, 'where is George Jervaile?'"

"He asked for my father?" I cried.

Jim Lowes nodded gravely.

"I thought mebbe you'd like to know," he answered; "I guessed it might make it int'restin' for you.

"'You ought to know what's happened,' I says. And then I told him.

"'And why,' he says, looking at me queer, 'ought I to know that?'

"'Because he's a sperit, like you,' I says."

Jim Lowes leaned toward me, so that his voice sounded close to my ear.

"And then what do you guess he did?" he asked.

"Why, he grabbed me by the sleeve. He hooked on to me just like that."

Jim Lowes' fingers had closed about my arm, and his voice had sunk lower.

"'Jim,' he says, 'you be sure you remember I'm a spirit. Save me a room,' he says. 'I'll be back tonight.' And then he stood up and walked out, so light I couldn't hear, and there I was, standing by with the sweat running off of me."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked, and Jim Lowes tightened his grip on my arm, and I shall never know just why he told me or just how much he knew, for his answer was vague as an oracle's.

"Because you're sailing for Eliphalet," he said, "and folks ought to look to wind'ard when they're sailing with him. Mebbe you wouldn't of known he was a ghost, if I hadn't told you in a friendly way."

"What do you mean by calling him a ghost?" I inquired.

In the pause which followed I could hear the noises out in the street, vague and faint through the closed door and windows.

"He's a ghost," said Jim Lowes, "because he's been dead well on to fifteen years."

"Dead!" I echoed.

"Yes, dead," Jim Lowes replied. "I should admire it if I don't know when a man's dead and when he isn't. I guess I remember, all right. He was Eliphalet Greer's partner back then. I don't know where he found him. Some say they signed together in New York, and some say Portsmouth. I always guessed he wouldn't come to a good end."

"But what happened?" I asked. "What happened?"

"There's never telling what happens," he replied. "A boy like you wouldn't remember. They went out half owners in a sloop they bought in 1810. She was a good one; yes, she was; and then they sold her, and bought another, and shipped a foreign crew; and then ——" He paused doubtfully, the way others paused when Eliphalet's name was mentioned. "Then some say one thing, and others others. You know what they say. How'd he get rich? I don't know. It's a long time back, and he was gone a long time, and it's none of my business, and he always acted handsome. All I know is when he came back, him and a man named Murdock came as passengers on another ship, and Parton ——"

Jim Lowes paused and began pulling a black braid of tobacco from his trousers pocket. He seemed in no hurry to continue.

"What about Parton?" I asked.

"Parton," said Jim Lowes, "was lost at sea. Haven't I said he was a dead one? When Greer got home he built him a vault up in the West Hill ground. Why should Greer do that if he wasn't dead?"

"You said he was Eliphalet Greer's partner?"

Jim Lowes was rubbing his tobacco between his palms.

"They used to be as thick as thieves."

"And when," I asked, clearing my throat—"when did he put up that stone?"

"Nigh fifteen years ago," Jim Lowes replied, inserting an oblong mass of tobacco into his left cheek.

"What'll you have to eat, Charles? There's bacon and eggs and pork scraps."

The dining room of the Anchor House was a simple place with a single long table covered with a red checkered cloth. The sawlike weapons of three swordfish, and a painting of a sloop tacking by a white lighthouse, were its only decorations. The inmates of the Anchor House had finished their breakfasts long ago, for we all were early risers, and white crockery plates and gaping cups marked where they had been seated.

But I only saw it with half an eye as I drew up to the festive board. The cloth was like a red blur. The ship in the picture before me, which was breasting a series of waves as even as the furrows of a field, appeared to be bobbing and drifting to leeward. It was all like a bad dream. All the familiar surroundings were filled with an enormity beyond my scope.

That island was like a mirage at first, faint as the reflection in some dim old mirror, rising up suddenly as you stood on deck, with its beach as white as white, and its palms green and fair, as foliage always is after a week at sea. The hissing of the bacon in the frying pan out in the kitchen made a sound like the tide as it rippled against that beach. I could almost see the clearing again with the thatched hut and the trees in front of it. It was mingling with the red of the tablecloth and the food Jim Lowes had placed before me.

Had he been there for fifteen years? Had he watched the tides flow their steady courses through all that time? Had he paced, a solitary figure, on that white clean beach?

"Say," said Jim Lowes, "where's your appetite?"

"Are you sure," I heard myself saying—"are you sure he built that vault?"

"And why shouldn't I be sure?" he replied. "It's right there, up by the Nickersons' lot, right up there on the hill, right where we all will be before we git much older."

No wonder Eliphalet Greer never had the look of peace, no wonder his eyes searched in the shadows. He said he had paid, and I knew that it was so. He had paid in the coin of sleepless nights, in the dread of every footfall that he heard, in the fear of each new face that he saw. No wonder his cheeks were seared like weathered wood and his eyes had a somber light.

"Jim," I said, pushing back my chair, "you know everyone. You know about everyone. Will you tell me something, Jim?"

Jim Lowes thrust his head forward and chewed pensively at his quid of tobacco.

"Jim," I said. Now that I had come to the point I found it hard to speak. "Who is Captain Murdock's daughter?"

Jim Lowes glanced hastily about the deserted dining room.

"Christmas!" he replied vaguely. "Now who'd have thought of that? Who is she? Why, Murdock's daughter. That's who."

"She isn't," I answered quickly, "and you know she isn't. She's a lady. You know that. No one—no one who looks like her could be Murdock's daughter."

"You've seen her?" asked Jim Lowes in a hushed voice.

"Of course I've seen her," I replied.

Jim Lowes leaned nearer.

"Then keep away," he said, "keep away from the whole crew of them. Keep away from Greer. Keep away from Murdock. Keep away from her. There's rocks on the weather beam."

Did he know it too? As he looked at me his lips and jaws had ceased to move. Did he know all the dark lines of that story?

"Who is she?" I repeated. "You might tell me that."

"I might, but I won't," said Jim Lowes with sudden excitement. "I've always been a friend to you, Charles, and a friend of your father's, too, though he didn't leave many behind. If I wanted to I could tell you enough to turn your blood to poison. I know what was done to him, but it's better you don't. Take an old man's word, and sheer off. I tell you it's time to come about. Don't you meddle into folks' affairs. You stay here quiet. Here—where are you going?"

"I'm going," I answered, "to look at that grave."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BRIDGE

THE huge pier rises stark and grim, dotted with tiny, ant-like workmen. Presently great cables will swing across the flood, a roadway will be laid and the governors will formally open the bridge to the clamoring traffic of two states.

But to-day, in the very shadow of the new pier, the busy ferryboats cross and recross. Crowds of passengers await them on each dock. Long lines of impatient trucks and motors await their turns on both sides of the river. A generation ago these ferryboats were a positive convenience. A decade ago they were barely equal to their task. To-day they are overwhelmed by a flood of traffic. They have become inadequate to the ceaseless, growing flow of merchandise and travelers.

There comes a time in the life of every business enterprise when old-style marketing methods become obstructions to success. Selling by personal contact alone becomes a retardant to growth. Word-of-mouth publicity becomes insufficient. There comes a time when products must move more smoothly and swiftly to new markets; must go directly and accurately to new dealers and new buyers.

Continued over a term of years, advertising flings a span of mutual regard and understanding from manufacturer to consumer. It bridges the gap between dealer and producer. It opens new territories and taps new markets. It quickens and stimulates the traffic of business. Erected by experienced builders at the logical place and at the proper time, advertising becomes not only a necessary convenience, but the soundest of investments.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

THE
Hanover
Shoe

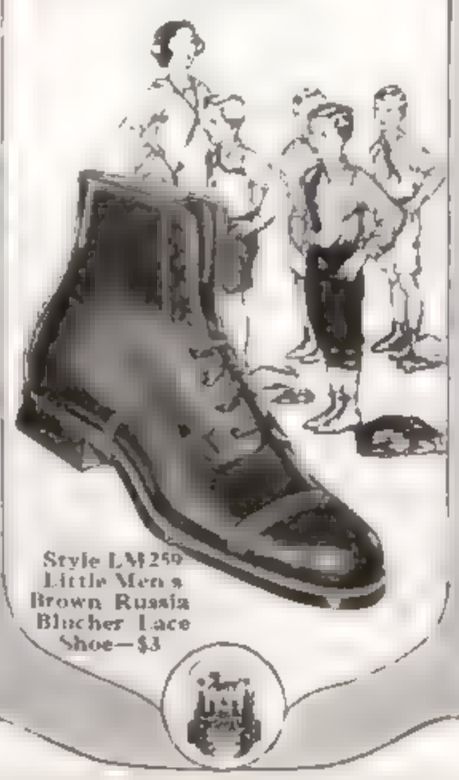
FIVE DOLLARS

This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.

We will fit you from Hanover if there is no Hanover Store near you. Write for illustrated catalog of Fall and Winter styles. The Hanover Shoe, Hanover, Pa.

Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are built of the finest upper and sole leather. Comfortable and good-looking as well as long-wearing. $2.50, $3 and $3.50



WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from Page 18)

At the end of fifteen minutes he announced that the truant was fined twenty-five dollars and dismissed the company until two o'clock. On his return to the theater Lee found Dailey sitting reversed on a chair in the center of the stage.

Before the director could speak Dailey asked, "Is it or is it not your custom, Mr. Lee, in calling a rehearsal, to appear at the hour set, or an hour later?"

The director's hauteur grew more chill.

"No nonsense, Mr. Dailey," he said. "Reserve it, if you please, for the performance. I have imposed a fine of twenty-five dollars upon you for tardiness. I must insist, Mr. Dailey, upon promptness."

Dailey pretended to be outraged.

"What? he demanded. "You call a rehearsal for one o'clock. I, I alone, arrive on time. I wait an hour, and you fine me twenty-five dollars!"

"The hour at which rehearsal was called, as you well know, Mr. Dailey, was eleven o'clock. Let us hear no more about it, if you please."

"There's your call board, Kenneth." Peter pointed magnificently to the slate from which he had erased one of the 1's from 11 as he arrived.

After four days of floundering about in the mazes of his involved and stilted book, the author-director threw up his hands and quit. He was accustomed to rehearsing each line, point and gesture minutely; to building a show as a bricklayer lays a wall. In the Music Hall, then and always, you saw a jumbled heap of metaphorical bricks which, at the last moment, leaped into ordered precision. When Sylvia Thorne, for example, sang a song woodenly from notes held in her hand at rehearsal, Lee assumed that she simply knew no gestures. Rapping his cane irritably, and pointing into the flies, he would protest: "The stars are up there, Miss Thorne, up there!"

"Dear me, this is most difficult," he said just before he quit. "Apparently I must instruct these people in their A B C's."

Warfield Impersonating the Mechanical Doll in "Piddle-Dee-Dee"

Happy Discoveries

Some fragments of Lee's book and all his lyrics were salvaged from the wreck. John—Honey—Stromberg, a promising unknown who had been wasting his sweetness upon the merry-merry, or burlesque of commerce, was signed on to do the music, the beginning of a mutually profitable relationship that was ended only by Stromberg's untimely death. He was a luckier find than they foresaw. A competent orchestra leader and a musician capable of conjuring the musical trimmings for a show out of some hat, his own or borrowed, was needed. For all they knew, Stromberg was nothing more. Nothing in his previous record foreshadowed that he was to write a dozen song smashes for the Music Hall shows.

It was John T. Kelly who suggested that his friend Julian Mitchell was the very man to stage the show. Mitchell was an able actor, of long legitimate experience in both light and heavy rôlea, who had turned stage manager. He was without experience, however, in stage producing, and he was deaf in one ear and deafer in the other. Weber and Fields' memory of him was of a Shaksperean actor. This and his deafness made them skeptical, but they told Kelly to have his friend look in. Mitchell came, watched a rehearsal and held a hand cupped to his better ear. As the rehearsal progressed he moved nearer and nearer the stage, and cupped his hand the more tightly. The more he strained, the less he seemed to hear. Mitchell, too, was unused to the Music Hall's methods. He heard little because there was little to hear. The principals did little more than answer "Scene over" to their cues. The chorus numbers were unrehearsed as yet and merely were indicated by the call of "Number." An outsider could not know, nor, knowing, understand that Weber and Fields and Bernard, Dailey and Kelly, Ross and Fenton were working out their own contributions to the mélange separately and independently of each other and all that would remain to the director would be to fit the various parts together. In any ordinary theatrical troupe such anarchy would have been ruinous. Mitchell was unfavorably impressed, but he needed work. He would take the job for fifty dollars a week, he said.

"How long would it take you?" Weber shouted, needlessly loud.

"I might do it in four weeks," was Mitchell's guess.

Joe and Lew had fixed the opening less than three weeks away, and shied at time work. They offered, instead, one hundred dollars for the job, half down and half when finished. Mitchell agreed. Later he confessed that he believed the show would die in rehearsal and the revised terms a good gamble.

Mitchell went to work on his chorus numbers. Up to the moment of dress rehearsal, the day before the opening, that was all that he saw of the show. He had a pie crust and no filling. But now Dailey, Kelly, Bernard, Fields, Weber, Ross and Fenton brought forth the filling. Mitchell was so impressed after the opening night by the smoothness with which the apparently unrelated parts dovetailed that he told Weber he would like to join the organization permanently. Joe and Lew, in turn, had been struck with Mitchell's ability, and made him director-producer on the spot. Mitchell brought with him his wife, Bessie Clayton, the greatest acrobatic toe dancer of her day, an artist who helped to blaze the way for that great development which was to make dramatic dancing an art in its own name.

Upon the separation of Weber and Fields in 1904, Klaw and Erlanger snatched up Mitchell's services. His deft hand was prominent in the making of The Wizard of Oz, Babes in Toyland and such memorable K. & E. productions. When Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., inaugurated the Follies, it was Mitchell he chose as director. They disagreed and parted; but with the Follies showing signs of tottering from its once undisputed eminence, it was Mitchell again to whom Ziegfeld turned in this year of 1924.

The Follies was the legitimate successor to Weber and Fields' Music Hall. Each, in its own time, dominated the theatrical sky line as the Woolworth Building does lower Manhattan's serried range. Both were new and revolutionary advances in the lighter American theater, both left their mark indelibly upon our stage. The same creative talent that helped so largely to make the Follies what it was, was seen in Mitchell's direction at the Music Hall.

Married

He found the chorus as standardized a theatrical institution as the proscenium arch. To see one was to have seen them all; they varied only as one potato from another. Its supposed function was to kindle the male eye with youth, figure and face. It did so baldly and unimaginatively. Mitchell's Music Hall choruses were the largest, shapeliest and prettiest in America, but he also raised his young women to an artistic dignity to which their kind had not dreamed of aspiring. He cast the whole dogma of chorus technic in the ash bin and made his part of the show as distinctive as the principals'. In dancing, chorus effects, costumes and settings, he put the Music Hall years in advance of the run of its contemporaries.

Where are these chorus girls of yesteryear? One hundred and fifty-three, by careful count, married from the Music Hall ranks. Helen Dunbar is a dowager of the films, Fay Tincher a movie comedienne, Lillian Fitzgerald rose to a headline spot in vaudeville, Mona Desmond to musical-comedy rôles. Bonnie Maginn, the Sweet Caporal Girl, married a Pittsburgh millionaire. Frankie Bailey is in a Los Angeles candy shop. Virgie Foltz, whose mother was the first woman lawyer in San Francisco, is the wife of a Los Angeles business man. Mabel Barrison graduated to leading woman of musical comedy. Vera Morris owns and operates a racing stable in England. Aimee Angeles married Edward Burke, owner of the Havre de Grace race track; her sister Leah is the wife of a New York lawyer, a nephew of Tony Pastor. Hattie Forsythe is married and living at Palm Beach. Allie Gilbert married William Lorraine, the composer. Goldie Mohr is

(Continued on Page 63)

Ready with your Kodak

And a split second is all you need for a picture you'll treasure for years. That's picture-making the Kodak way.

Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

He Climbed . . .
from $60 a month to $10,000 a year

Ten thousand a year! That is what a North Carolina man is averaging—even in dull years—as partner in an independent firm of Certified Public Accountants. Yet six years ago, when he started the study of Higher Accountancy under the LaSalle Problem Method, he was earning only $60 a month, was married and had also a little daughter to provide for.

Lots of men would have thought they were hopelessly up against it. But this man was made of different stuff—there was nothing of the quitter about *him!* He accepted LaSalle's offer of easy [illegible], and started to study Higher Accountancy at home in his spare time. Today, he has the great satisfaction of knowing that he has *made good.* He has [illegible] the comforts and luxuries he has always longed to provide for them. He has proved his right and title to *success*

His Chance Is Yours

The experience of this man (name furnished on request) is not an isolated example. E. G. Wilhelm, a [illegible] man, writes that he has earned more than [illegible] cost of his course in Accounting [illegible] and that in addition his regular income, or salary, has increased approximately 125 per cent. J. L. Trudell, a Michigan man, writes that his present earnings are nearly 200 per cent more than when he first enrolled. He adds, "My debt of gratitude to LaSalle training can never be paid." Hundreds and hundreds of men have won rapid advancement thru LaSalle Higher Accountancy training.

LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy is conducted by one of America's foremost accountants, William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., member of the American Institute of Accountants, and a Director of the National Association of Cost Accountants and President of the Chicago Chapter, formerly Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, and a former Director of the Illinois Society of Certified Public Accountants. He is assisted by a staff of 71 instructors—including legal staff, organization and management specialists, business efficiency engineers and 31 Certified Public Accountants.

Basic principles are mastered by means of the LaSalle Problem Method, whereby the member, in his spare time at home, solves for himself practical problems of the higher accounting positions—problems in cost accounting, auditing, law, finance, income tax, etc. He also receives special preparation and coaching for the C. P. A. examinations. Bookkeeping experience is not necessary to begin—LaSalle trains one from the ground up.

The coupon just below this text will bring you complete information regarding the opportunities for men trained in Higher Accountancy, also a copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, [illegible] "Then put my initials on it." We'll send it free. Remember the [illegible] LaSalle training is [illegible] and can be [illegible] in easy monthly payments, if you so desire. The *decision* that you make this moment is *important.* Mail the coupon *now.*

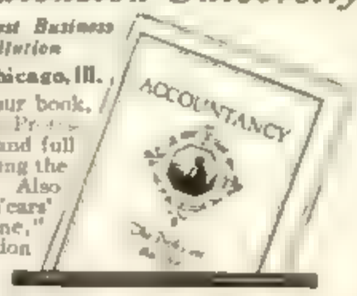
—INQUIRY COUPON—

LaSalle Extension University

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 1071-HR, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and full information regarding the course and service. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.



☐ **Higher Accountancy**

Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

Other LaSalle Training Courses

LaSalle is the largest business training institution in the world. It offers training for every important business need. If more interested in any of these courses, check here:

Business Management	☐Banking and Finance
☐Modern Salesmanship	☐Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐Traffic Management	☐Personnel and Employment Management
☐Railway Station Management	☐Expert Bookkeeping
☐Law—Degree of LL. B.	☐Business English
☐Commercial Law	☐Commercial Spanish
☐Industrial Management Efficiency	☐Effective Speaking
☐Modern Business Correspondence and Practice	☐C. P. A. Coaching

Name

Present Position

Address

(Continued from Page 66)

the widow of a millionaire. Harry Morey, now a leading man of the films, was a Weber and Fields chorus man. He was Harold Morey then. Joseph Swickard, also of the movies, began as a chorus man at the Hall; similarly, Ben Hatwood Burt, the song writer, and Douglas Stevenson, the legitimate actor.

Max Scheck drew twenty dollars a week one season as a chorus man at the Hall and one hundred and fifty dollars a few seasons later as an assistant to Mitchell.

The late Bert Green played the piano at rehearsals.

Mitchell was a gentle soul by nature, and his traditions were those of the legitimate stage. He was a revelation to the chorus, accustomed to directors with the manners of a regular-army sergeant drilling a batch of recruits. His most vicious gesture, reserved for moments of extreme exasperation, was to dash his hat upon the stage floor. It was not in Peter Dailey to resist such an opportunity. As if the gesture lacked a little of completeness, Dailey jumped upon the hat—a derby—with both feet. Mitchell examined the crushed shell ruefully and looked reproachfully at Dailey. The next day and thereafter he wore an old soft hat at rehearsals.

His defective hearing never hurt his directorial effectiveness and sometimes it stood him in stead. Some members of the company were complaining bitterly about a ruling of Mitchell's one day. The director cupped his hand to his better ear, but failed to hear. He turned to Dailey:

"What are they talking about, Peter? I can't hear."

Dailey put his mouth to Mitchell's ear and shouted, "You're in luck, Julie, you're in luck!"

The Music Hall's second season opened the night of September 2, 1897, with The Glad Hand and a vaudeville olio that included Cissie Loftus and McIntyre and Heath. The book gives no hint of the wherefore of the title, nor does anyone remember the explanation, if there was one; there rarely was for a Weber and Fields title. It contained a topical Klondike sketch, the Yukon gold rush then being at its height, and a burlesque called Secret Servants, a take-off on William Gillette's famous drama Secret Service, just home from a London engagement, the first time an American cast had given an American play in Europe.

The Glad Hand

Read today, the book of The Glad Hand has hardly a trace of either wit or humor. The ephemerality of topical humor accounts in part for this. The best nifties of 1924 will be sad and wall-eyed in 1951. But the true explanation lies in the fact that such a cast could make the worst drivel entertaining. Herein is adumbrated one of the difficulties of recapturing for another generation the zest and gusto of a Music Hall night.

Joe and Lew knew what was wrong and how to remedy it. The Music Hall required an author and librettist worthy of cast, composer and director. Edgar Smith was writing the books and lyrics of the shows at the Casino, the Broadway home of musical comedy. Smith was a former actor who had turned librettist and adapter. His varied trouping experience had included a season on the kerosene circuit out of St. Louis with the Dixon Sketch Club, playing a dramatization of Mrs. Burnett's Editha's Burglar, successor to her Little Lord Fauntleroy. The dramatization was the work of a young St. Louisan, by name Augustus Thomas, who also had a part. Editha was played by a young girl, daughter of a St. Louis photographer, her name Della Fox. Both Thomas and Della Fox preceded Smith to

PHOTO BY WINDEREM, N. Y. C.
The Fair Lillian

Broadway and to fame. Weber and Fields stole Smith away from the Casino with an offer of more money. Thereafter he wrote all the Music Hall shows and most of the lyrics.

The funniest thing in The Glad Hand was not in the book. Eight Italian musicians had been hired for an extra bit, and Weber suggested using them in the finale to add to the effect of the ensemble. The play ended on a duel scene between Weber and Fields. Lew offered Joe his choice of two revolvers, keeping a tight clutch on the larger. Joe retreated to the opposite side of the stage, fired the pistol into the air, Fields fell mortally wounded, and the company ran on, singing:

"Oh, what's the matter, what's the matter?
What's the meaning of this row?"

The eight Italians had been rehearsed in their added contribution for four weeks and were letter-perfect at rehearsal. But on the opening night they broke up the scene by rushing on the stage and singing:

"Oh, wha's the troub, wha's the troub?
Wotta da mat witta dis man?"

Herr Wielshaben's Doll

Smith and Stromberg's first joint production was Pousse Café, replacing The Glad Hand in December. The Little Minister, in which Maude Adams was starring at the Garrick, La Poupee and Anna Held at the Lyric; and Belasco's The First Born at the Manhattan came on for burlesques; but the main thread of the farcical story was tied to one Herr Wielshaben and a remarkable mechanical doll of his invention. Weber was the innocent Wielshaben, Fields and Bernard two low-comedy rascals bent on swindling him of his invention. To this end they organized a "skindecat" to exploit the doll, and drew up a contract. A true Music Hall fan will chortle with joyous remembrance of this contract scene. The critics all said that it was riotously funny. A fragment is inserted here to permit the reader to judge for himself:

FIELDS: Here is the disagreement papers. Now before I read dem, I want to tell you that we [Fields and Bernard] are the parties of the first part.

WEBER: We are.

FIELDS: Not you! You are the party of the second part. You are lower as we are.

WEBER: Chentlemen! Please! Can't we do business mitout speaking of mein family?

FIELDS: As you vish it. Now I von't read der commencing of der contract to you because dere are a few tings I vish to write in after you sign your name to it. Here I read:

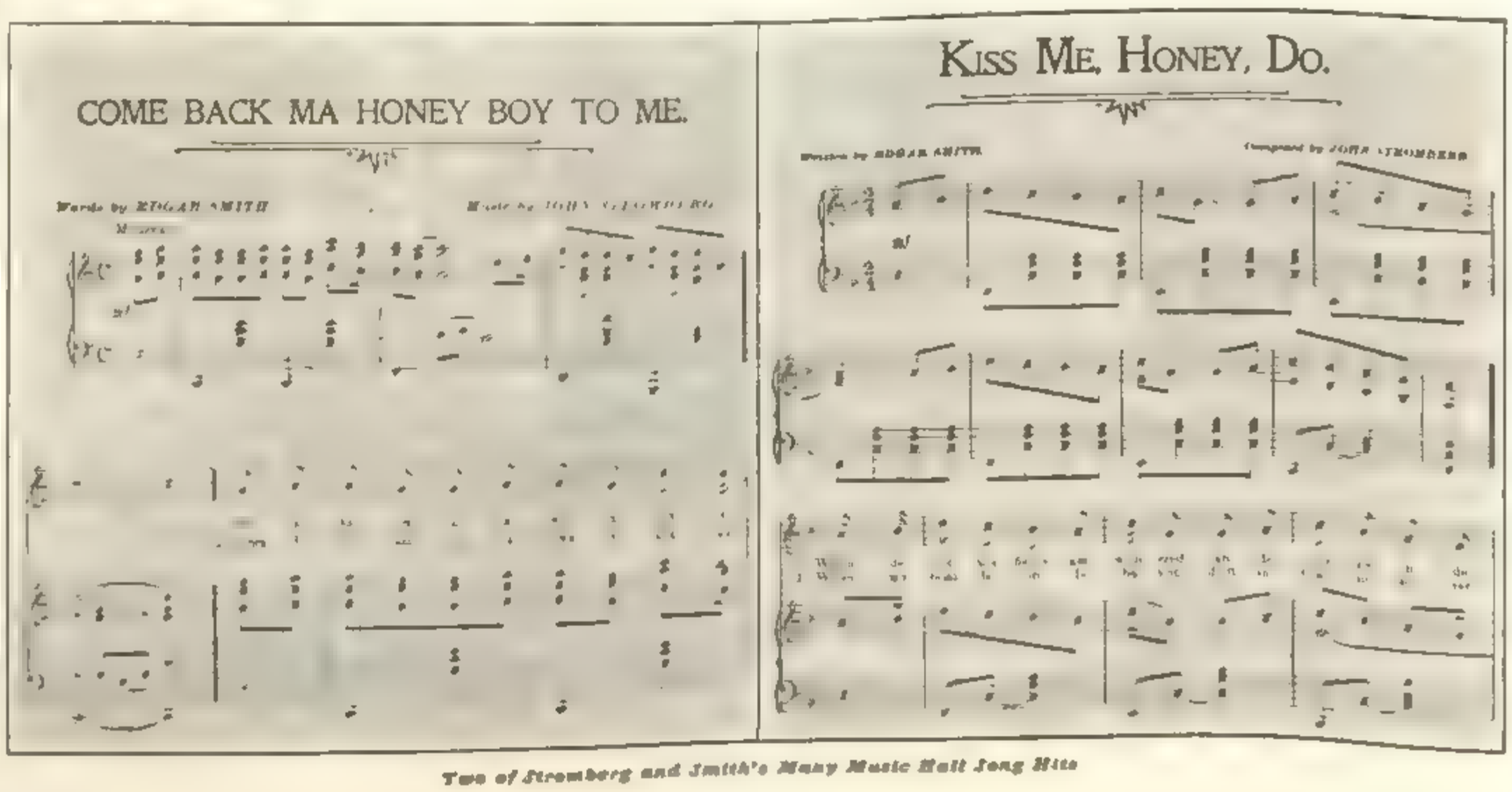
"It is hereby misunderstood and mucilage agreed upon by and between the parties as if it never was, to hold any such agreement as may or may not be, so see it fit and necessary to whom it may concern; if the circumstances make it otherwise, whereby we are compelled to overreach ourselves, and necessity comes to such that everything must be arranged, consequently we leave things stand as it never was, above stated."

At one point Wielshaben was counseled to remember his etiquette.

"Who et a cat?" he demanded.

There was a clause specifying that Weber on the one hand and Fields and Bernard on the other should share equally the cost of transporting the doll to America. Weber furnished the ship, Fields and Bernard supplied the ocean.

(Continued on Page 70)



Two of Stromberg and Smith's Many Music Hall Song Hits

This picture tells two stories

THIS picture tells two stories. One car has an old-fashioned spotlight. It hangs from the side of the windshield. It could have prevented a serious accident. But it failed. The night was cool—the curtains were up. When needed most, the light was out of reach and useless. This car is in the ditch.

Now look at the second car. Its driver rides in safety. He uses a Fyrac Night Guide. His Fyrac is unaffected by curtains or windows. It fits through the windshield glass —is controlled from within the car. Its Gun Grip is at the finger ends —its 1500-foot beam is instantly aimed in any direction and it "stays put" where desired regardless of road shocks.

You, too, will find new safety and comfort in night driving when you use a Fyrac Night Guide. Train its beam on the right hand road-edge when glaring headlights approach. Then you can SEE and hold the road. That's one of more than 30 important uses! Quickly removed for use as a trouble lamp.

The Night Guide is installed at dealers while you wait. A million motorists can tell you its value. *Less than a penny a day for safety!*

Patented May 15, 1923, and July 15, 1924, others pending

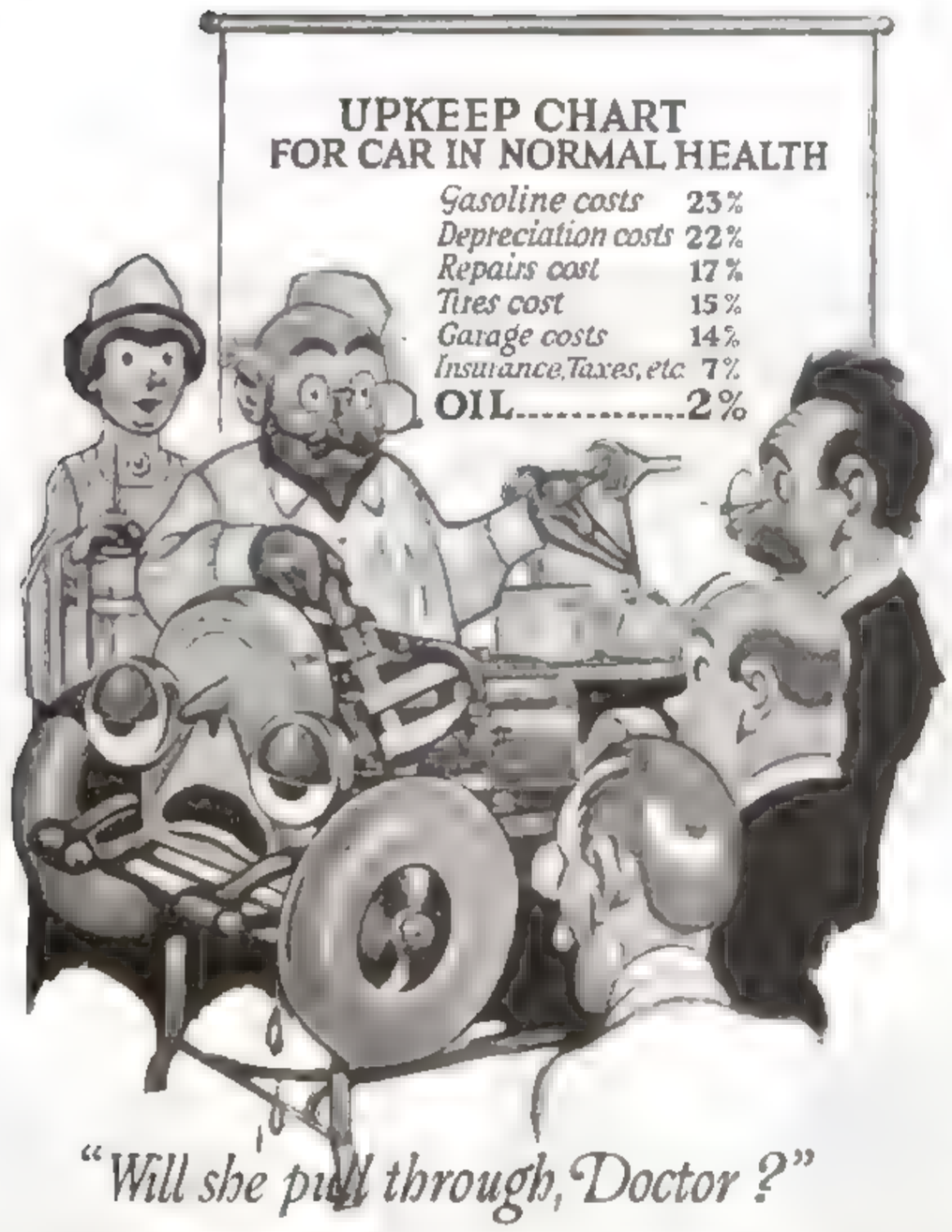
FYRAC MANUFACTURING CO.
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS
Makers also of Fyrac Spark Plugs

[Days are shorter, nights are longer. At this time of year the Fyrac is most needed. Get yours now.]

Fits through your windshield glass

COMPLIES WITH ALL STATE LAWS

FYRAC *Night* GUIDE
the Super Spotlight



"Will she pull through, Doctor?"

"Yes, but this is going to be an expensive operation. You thought you were economizing by buying cheap oil. You forgot that oil is the smallest item of your expense—and how the quality of oil affects other costs."

Cheap Oil is the dearest thing you buy—Good Oil the cheapest

THE chart shows what an insignificant proportion of the expense of running a car is paid for oil. The cost of any *oil* is trifling. The real cost starts when oil fails to *lubricate*. Then repairs, depreciation, gasoline—the *big* costs—begin to skyrocket.

Pennsylvania oil gives 1000 miles of efficient lubrication without draining the crankcase. Of course, you must keep the oil level up—add more oil if necessary. But there is no need to *drain* the oil under 1000 miles. It often lasts longer. There can be no more convincing proof than this of its heat-resisting, wear-resisting character—the quality which keeps down all the *big costs* of running a car.

Pennsylvania oil contains no tarry substance—no sulphur—no acid. It leaves no gummy deposit. Nature made this oil of different materials—built into it qualities which can't be duplicated. Remember, Pennsylvania is not the name of a brand but of a different *kind* or *grade* of oil (found only in the Appalachian Field) from which a number of excellent brands are refined.

Identify 100% pure Pennsylvania oil by the emblem shown below. It is a quality product, not sold by every dealer—but worth looking for.

Send this coupon for the free booklet, "Systematic Lubrication"—worth money to every motorist.

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

THE HIGHEST GRADE OIL IN THE WORLD

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
208 Chambers Building, Oil City, Pa.

Please send me the booklet, "Systematic Lubrication," worth money to every oil user.

Name

Street Address

City State

S. E. P. 10-24

(Continued from Page 68)

When the supposedly nearsighted Weber held the contract close to his face in reading it, Bernard exclaimed, "Are you trying to lick off the date?"

And more on this order. Not so good? Possibly, but did you ever hear Fields, Weber and Bernard do it? If you'd appreciate the distinction, try setting down on paper the comedy lines and business of Al Jolson, Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Bert Wheeler, Beatrice Lillie, or whoever your favorite comedian may be; or, better still, give them to some small-time vaudevillian to repeat. Or, again, ponder why the joke that convulsed you last night at the theater fell so flat when you retold it at the office today.

In the middle of the run of Pousse Café the price of the first ten rows in the orchestra was advanced from one-fifty to two dollars in an effort to keep up with the advancing costs of the shows. Still the house, popularly presumed to be a branch of the mint, earned little money.

A minor change in the bill was made in January, The Way High Man, a burlesque of The Highwayman, succeeding The Worst Born, and Weber, Fields, Dailey and Bernard turning from Chinamen to road agents.

This was the patent-medicine era of American culture. Save for the department stores, the nostrum manufacturers were the surest and largest advertisers the newspapers had. The cakewalk and the bloomer girl were the pulsing, throbbing topics of the moment. Then on the night of February 15, 1898, the Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor. The town band struck up There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, Ma Baby. The American public, hearing of the Philippine Islands for the first time, began to search the map for them and to denounce the atlas as a swindle because they were not to be found in the West Indies. Mothers on the Atlantic Seaboard frightened their children into taking their spring sulphur and molasses on pain of being bombarded by the terrible Cervera and his fleet.

And on Saint Patrick's Day the Music Hall established a new high-water mark in American burlesque with The Con Curers. The subject of this uproarious travesty, one of the four or five best to the Music Hall's credit, was Paul M. Potter's dramatization of a Franco-Prussian War story by Guy de Maupassant. Under the name of The Conquerors it had opened in January at the Empire, with Viola Allen, Blanche Walsh, May Robson and William Faversham in the cast. It was an unpleasant play, as they said in New York in that day—though mild enough by modern standards—largely concerned with a dastardly Prussian officer and his nefarious designs upon a defenseless French maiden. Transposed to jazz time, the story became so genuinely ludicrous that the original was blown out of town on a gale of mirth.

Enter, the Custard Pie

The first real custard pie thrown on any stage is the claim made for The Con Curers. In the original the heavy had commanded the heroine to drink a glass of wine. Instead, she dashed it into his face. In the Twenty-ninth Street version, Charley Ross, the villain of the piece, ordered his wife, Mabel Fenton, the girl, to eat a custard pie of her own making, a fat, juicy, extra-thick custard. She threw it in his face. A minor character sampled the débris later and died in agony. And Charlie Chaplin then was a cockney lad of nine.

A mere catalogue of the props in The Con Curers is comic. In the opening scene a bust on a pedestal had a cigar in its mouth and a military cap cocked at a rakish angle on its head. A suit of armor made of stovepipe, pots and dish pans held a mop in its hands at present arms. There was a saddle on the piano, muddy boots on the mantel, and an umbrella jar was filled with swords and muskets. Major Wolffacen, an officer of the Uhlans, spoke with an Irish brogue, drank beer from a trick stein that filled as fast as he drank. The major, in writing a dispatch to General Schloppenhauservonauserblatzen, would dip his pen in the beer, wipe it on his whiskers and dry his whiskers with a blotter. A large bird cage held a small pig. The pig was a prisoner of war because he had rooted for the enemy. Three drunken peasants were brought in as spies. They were proved spies because they had first been seen through a spyglass. All three had been fishing. An old boot dangled from one hook and line. A dead cat hung from another. Its owner described it as a catfish. Major Wolffacen pronounced it smelt.

At one point Weber had to carry the pig under his arm. For Weber's convenience, the property man bought the smallest porker he could find, but the pig throve so on a bottle diet and the high life of the theater that Weber no longer could hold it after two weeks. Another pig was substituted, outgrew Weber's arms like its predecessor and lost its sinecure to a third. Prima donnas were able to sympathize with the pigs.

The first pig was the innocent victim of Frankie Bailey's wrath. Miss Bailey was not content to rest upon her laurels, shapely as they were.

"I can act, Mr. Mitchell," she protested to the director, "but I never get any chance here. You'd think I couldn't do anything but wear tights nicely from the way they treat me here. All my public is saying that I'm not getting a fair deal."

Peter Dailey's Quick Wit

The kindly Mitchell gave her three lines, despite the fact that her voice was so thin that it never traveled beyond Row A. The lines were to be spoken in front of a drop while the stage crew struck the previous scene.

In making the change it was necessary to remove the pig from the bird cage and hand it to Weber for the opening of the next scene. The pig resented the stage hand's handling, squealed shrilly and drowned Frankie's three lines utterly. Miss Bailey hotly declared that jealous rivals in the company had twisted the pig's tail in a conspiracy to ruin her scene, and pointed to the tail's curl as damning proof.

Peter Dailey's forked-lightning wit covered up a property man's blunder the opening night. Characteristically, Dailey not only saved the situation but trebled its laugh value. He was cast as Jean Badun, alias Bumface, an innkeeper. Mabel Fenton was a guest. As she entered, Dailey's lines called for him to say, "Ah, the poor unfortunate girl, I'll give her an unlucky number," and reach to the key rack for the key to Room No. 13. He had just come to "unfortunate girl" at the first performance, when he discovered that the numbers on the rack stopped at 12. He reached for Keys Nos. 6 and 7, and without a perceptible pause added, "Six and seven are thirteen."

The Con Curers, which Acton Davies said was a great deal cleverer than The Conquerors, ran until June first, when the company and stage crew of seventy, and everyone else who wanted to come along, were loaded into a special train and taken to Chicago for a four weeks' stand at Hamlin's Grand Opera House. John A. Hamlin was another patent-medicine prince, who had erected the theater for his greater glory. The house was managed by a son, Harry L. Hamlin. The Chicago excursion was more of a skylark than an engagement. The weather was so hot that the management served free ice cream to orchestra-seat holders, and more than one matinée was canceled and the money refunded to permit the troupe to take in the races at Washington Park.

Sam Bernard was lost to Weber and Fields at the end of the season. A producer lured him away with an offer to star him in The Marquis of Michigan. He went reluctantly, and with the best wishes of all hands. After the final performance in Chicago the company gave him a dinner. Pete Dailey, of course, was master of ceremonies.

It was customary, Peter said, to wait until a man died to say nice things about him. They intended to tell Sam now and to his face how they all loved him and would miss him. Their only consolation was that Sam was leaving them to better himself. Pete Dailey, being Pete Dailey, a cracker on the end of the speech was inevitable. Bernard was a generous soul, but a charter member of the Dutch Treat Club. Treating was a confounded nuisance, he argued. When a man wished one drink and no more, he should not be dragooned by a fool convention of barroom etiquette to buy a round for every Tom, Dick and Harry in the place, and stand around an hour while they repaid the courtesy. The saloon keepers must have started the practice.

(Continued on Page 72)

GUARANTEED MEASURE
FRY
VISIBLE
Buy from a FRY
There's one close by
When you buy your gasoline from a Fry Visible Pump, you are assured of full measure—due to the patented adjustable overflow measuring tube.
When you buy from a Fry, you are patronizing a man who deserves your business. He wants you to get full measure. That's why he selected the Fry.
When you sell from a Fry, you are assured of a constantly increasing business—due to the public's familiarity and preference for this famous pump and their confidence in the man who operates one.
When you sell from a Fry you can bank on its dependability—due to its simple construction and non-complicated mechanism.
The Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
Rochester, Pennsylvania
PHILIP GILES PUMP CO., LTD.
Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors
KITCHENER, ONTARIO
Made in 5 and 10 gallon capacities—both approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories
Buy from a FRY
Millions do
FRY
Visible Pump
"Always Accurate"

For Good Taste and Long Wear

MOST any shirt will pass inspection when you first put it on, but the real test comes after many, many launderings. ¶ That's one of the virtues of a Wilson Oxford. It always comes back from tub and iron immaculate. And it retains its neat appearance longer than any other shirt we know. ¶ It is a shirt ever in good taste and anything but expensive, being priced at $2.50 Made either with preshrunk collar attached or in starchless neckband style with Special [reversible] Cuffs.

In guaranteed fast pastel colors—blue and tan—$3.00

Wilson Bro's

MAKERS AND IMPORTERS OF MEN'S FINE FURNISHINGS FOR 60 YEARS

WILSON BROS. CHICAGO
New York Paris

Hose · Garters · Belts · Cravats · Pajamas
Handkerchiefs · Knit Gloves · Nightshirts
Shirts · Suspenders · Underwear · Mufflers

(Continued from Page 70)

As for himself, he wrote the name of Sam Bernard where John Hancock signed the Declaration of Independence, and if this be churlish or niggardly make the most of it.

"As a slight token of our regard," Dailey closed, and withdrew from his vest a miniature tombstone engraved with the pious sentiment: "This is on me, boys." It was Peter's private joke.

Bernard's going left a yawning void in the Music Hall company. Who to fill it? A young man from California was playing low-comedy Jewish types at the Casino Roof.

"That lad's an actor," some volunteer scout reported, "and he's built to order for the Music Hall."

Lew and Joe went to see for themselves, and hired David Warfield before he had changed into his street clothes.

Born David Wohlfelt in 1866, this diminutive, blue-eyed Jewish boy was selling papers on the streets of San Francisco when his future manager, David Belasco, was stage manager of Baldwin's Opera House in the same city. He entered the theater by the front door as a program boy at the old Standard and graduated to usher at M. B. Leavitt's Bush Street Theater. C. P. Hall, manager of Leavitt's house, was notoriously cagy about passes. What few he did issue were for the gallery, and it was his habit personally to call up to the gallery door tender, "All right for two up there." Not long after young Wohlfelt's advent as an usher, Hall found his gallery chockablock with boys one night.

"Givin' a newsboys' party?" the door man asked.

"I haven't passed anyone up tonight," Hall declared.

"Go way with you," the door man came back. "You been yellin' up them steps all evenin'."

The following night Hall hid on a turn of the gallery stairs. "All right up there for two," floated past him in the very accents of his own voice.

It was the voice of Esau but the hand of Jacob. The new usher, it seems, was a born mimic, and every time the boss had turned his back he had franked a couple of his newsboy confreres into the show. Wohlfelt lost his job that night.

"If you can imitate so well why don't you go on the stage?" his friends queried.

The Rise of Dave Warfield

He answered by adopting the stage name of Warfield and making his bow at the Wigwam, admission two-bits for two, no reduction for one, and two beer checks thrown in. According to Sol Bloom, a contemporary San Franciscan, now a member of Congress from New York City, who was present, Warfield did a personation of William Shakspere. This is a bit of a strain upon an already weakened imagination; but Congressman Bloom holds to the statement, and adds that it was worse than anything he ever heard even in the House of Representatives. The record, however, gives the personation as one of Salvini in Othello, and another of Bernhardt in the deathbed scene from Camille, and further reports both bits as immediate local hits. Mr. Warfield himself is silent. It won him, at least, an engagement as Melter Moss, the rascally Jew in The Ticket of Leave Man, with a California round troupe. The following year, 1890, saw him arrive in New York with three dollars in his pocket. He was saved from hunger by stumbling in his first week on an engagement at Paine's Concert Hall in Eighth Avenue, where a Broadway manager chanced to see him and offered him a part in The City Directory with John H. Russell.

Greatness in the theater commonly demands two prerequisites. The actor must have the talent or genius to support greatness, and someone must perceive and exploit his possibilities. It remained for Weber and Fields to give Warfield his big chance, and it was not until he had proved himself on their stage that Belasco turned his glance toward the boy he once had heard singing on a San Francisco street corner and made of him a star. Even in the tomfooleries of the Music Hall, Warfield foreshadowed that command of pathos to which the shrewd Belasco later gave full play. No other actor of modern times has so plucked at the heartstrings of American playgoers. A tear, a tear and a laugh is the formula that made The Auctioneer, The Music Master, The Grand Army Man and The Return of Peter Grimm personal triumphs for their star

Add the name of Fay Templeton, another recruit of the golden season of 1898-99, to that of Warfield.

Born on tour of her father John Templeton's opera company, cradled in dressing rooms, carried on repeatedly as an infant in arms, given a speaking part at three, she had become a light-opera prima donna of national reputation by fifteen. When only twenty-two, and supreme in her field, she had married Howell Osborn, a wealthy New Yorker known as the King of the Dudes, and quit the stage. Upon Osborn's death in 1895 she returned to the footlights in Excelsior, Jr., with mixed results. Her first youth had passed and her figure had matured, but her mimic powers had grown and mellowed.

In the Music Hall she won a new public and fame that returned her to stardom at the head of her own company. George M. Cohan's Forty-five Minutes from Broadway was her last triumph. In 1906 she married a wealthy Pittsburgher and practically retired, an example later followed by Miss Russell.

Miss Templeton was in Europe when Weber and Fields decided in the summer of 1898 that the company needed another woman star to share the burden Mabel Fenton was carrying unaided. They cabled her an offer of four hundred dollars a week, which she accepted.

Not So Dangerous

The Angeles sisters, Aimee and Leah, were two other newcomers in September, 1898. They were the daughters of Alex Zanfretta, the same Zanfretta who had lent Joe his skull pad at the Theater Comique in Providence back in 1881. They were useful and ornamental additions to the company, but had they been neither Joe and Lew would have been disposed to make a place for the sisters. As boys in the gallery of the London Theater on the Bowery they had watched Aimee and Leah, then two tiny girls, perched on the great shoulders of Zanfretta, their mother balanced on his head, as he carried all three across a swaying tight rope high above the stage.

Zanfretta was a mighty drinker. Once a friend reproached him for venturing on the tight rope while unsteady with liquor.

"You are carrying all that you hold dear in the world on your shoulders. What if you should fall with them?" the friend counseled.

"It ain't as dangerous as it looks," Alex defended himself. "You see, I always see three ropes, and I just pick out the middle one."

The war was over, and Theodore Roosevelt, back from San Juan Hill, was about to be elected governor of New York when the third season began, September 8, 1898, with Hurly Burly. In his first minute on the stage Warfield coined a phrase that has been adopted into the vernacular. Fields as Bierheister, and Weber as Weinschoppen, admired Warfield's suit.

"Dot cost me $6.40 mitout de lining," Warfield exulted. "You see dot lining? Nearly silk, it is."

"Why are you so dressed up?" they asked him. It was a holiday, he explained.

"What holiday is today?" they scoffed.

"The anniversary of the great Chicago fire," was his reply.

Miss Templeton sang Keep Away from Emmeline, and Peter Dailey, Dinah, the first two of Smith and Stromberg's many song hits. Weber and Fields anticipated the modern street-traffic signal system in a scene supposed to take place in Paris, and coincidently coined a gag line that died of exhaustion while serving with the A. E. F. in France. As its legal next of kin, Joe Weber claims his share of the bonus.

"So this is Paris!" Weber exclaimed.

"There is no other place around the place, so this must be the place," Fields rejoined.

A restaurant for which they were searching had been described to them as having a red light in front. Weber saw a red light. As Fields turned to look it flashed white and he disputed his partner. Weber looked again, the light flashed red and he offered to bet. At the climax, when they looked at the same instant, the light was green.

"We both lose; it's a station house," Weber exclaimed.

The hypnotism scene followed, the first time on Broadway of an act they were

(Continued on Page 74)

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

From the man who understands, to the girl who knows

THE secret of pleasing women is anyone's—and for the asking. It's not *what* you give, often, so much as the thought that you've put in it. The fact that you've bought Johnston's Chocolates instead of merely chocolates when you'd please.

Johnston's Chocolates put real appreciation in the smile of thanks. And the man who understands always gives Johnston's to the girl who knows. And so she *knows* that he *understands!*

So don't forget—next time take Johnston's.

You will find an authorized Johnston's Candy Department in one of the better stores in your neighborhood

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 72)

famous for in variety. Fields declared himself to be a tipnotister. Weber was skeptical. An absurd dialect argument culminated in Fields demonstrating on Weber. With a few passes he had his subject in a trance, and confirmed this state with pinches and slaps.

"You vill soon be imagination dot you are trafeling on der cars," Fields would declare. "You vill be riding fast, so hold onto der straps. Weinschoppen, you are off! You vas in Chicago. Now you're in Zinzinatty! Pittsburgh! Baltimore!" At each new city Weber, his eyes closed, would move a step to the right, then to the left. "Philadelphia! Paterson! Brooklyn!" But at Brooklyn Weber was stationary. "Hey, you're in Brooklyn now; come out of Paterson," Fields would shout. Weber was immovable and Fields frantic. "Weinschoppen! Weinschoppen! Come out of Paterson!" he would plead, wiggling his outstretched fingers frenziedly. "My God! I can't get him out of Paterson! He must have a girl in Paterson!"

In a Shubert unit show last year they revived the hypnotism act, but substituted Newark for Paterson. A Paterson paper, hearing of the change, made editorial protest. The hypnotism scene was as integral a part of Paterson's fair heritage as the silk mills or the Falls of the Passaic, the editor protested, and any infringements would be prosecuted summarily.

Fields, Weber, Bernard and Arthur Dunn were standing in front of the Music Hall one evening in September when two young women stopped. One of them asked, "Who is the manager?" They were good-looking.

"I am," all four responded.

The inquirer said her name was Ethel Levey, that she was from San Francisco, where she had had some stage experience, and that she wished work.

"Can you sing?" she was asked.

She could. All six adjourned to the theater, Arthur Dunn sat down at the piano, and Miss Levey proved it. Weber offered her five dollars to appear at the next Sunday-night concert. She accepted and made such an emphatic success that her theatrical career may be said to have dated from that night. On December fourth she again was on the Sunday-concert program. The Four Cohans were on the same bill. It was the first meeting of George M. Cohan and Miss Levey, who was to become Mrs. George M. Cohan the following summer.

"Discovered" by New York Critics

Julian Eltinge was another to make his New York debut at a Sunday concert at the Music Hall. The Sunday concert in New York is a peculiar outgrowth of the law prohibiting theatricals on the Sabbath. Long ago some slippery manager discovered that he could evade the law's intent by calling his Sunday vaudevilles sacred concerts, having the performers appear in street clothes, and adding some such number as The Rosary for verisimilitude. Once the evasion was well established, the blasphemous "sacred" and The Rosary were dropped, and the Sabbath desert became dotted with vaudeville cases. It was a part of a Weber and Fields contract that every member of the stock company must do a specialty once every four weeks at the Sunday show. Some of the stars were without variety experience and had no specialties in their repertoires. Their objections led shortly to the abandonment of the Sunday-night performances. The vaudeville olio with which the Music Hall shows were opened the first few years was dropped for a different reason, the public showing its indifference by arriving about nine o'clock, when the olio was ending. When this became apparent the main performance was extended to a full evening's length, and the Weber and Fields house lost its last resemblance to the Music Hall of previous New York tradition. By 1900 the Weber and Fields show had become and remained a first half of musical nonsense and a second part of burlesque.

Lee Harrison, of whom more anon, came into the cast in early October. The first burlesques of the season were added in November. Richard Mansfield in Cyrano de Bergerac and Viola Allen in The Christian were the butts. At Twenty-ninth Street the titles became Cyranose de Brica-Brac and The Heathen. Neither was especially funny and both were displaced in January by Catherine. If The Con Curers, the previous spring, had established the Music Hall as a New York institution, Catherine clinched the title. Echoes of the roof-raising hysterics at Twenty-ninth Street carried even to the ivory towers of the highbrows, who began to "discover" Weber and Fields. Parenthetically, our more serious thinkers in New York continue from time to time to "discover" vaudeville and burlesque turns that have been convulsing audiences from Harlem to Bellingham, and return via Tampa, for a dozen seasons. Harper's Weekly, then the dominant national weekly, reviewed Catherine at length. The London Era ran a column report of the burlesque.

As for the New York dailies, where Weber and Fields' had been lumped with the other music halls, vaudeville and the merry-merry in a perfunctory summary in one corner of the Sunday dramatic pages, the house now moved up to the tops of the pages on even terms with the classic Empire, Daly's and Wallack's. The same critics who pronounced upon the Jovian Mr. Mansfield were godfathers at the Weber and Fields christenings, and gave the Music Hall, if anything, a trifle more space. Alan Dale complained that he no longer could enjoy a new play for wondering how it would burlesque at Weber and Fields'.

Burlesquing Everything in Sight

Like The Conquerors, Catherine was of French origin and Continental morality. The original was the Comédie Française drama played by Annie Russell at the Garrick earlier in the season to the scandalization of a not yet so sophisticated New York. There may be a secret of successful burlesque in the fact that the funniest of the Weber and Fields travesties were take-offs of plays of dubious morality. The formula was simple; substitute flawless virtue for timid apologetic vice; turn the original wrong side out, stand it on its head, and leave the rest in the competent hands of the Webertields, as the company had come to be known. Other plays of the Parisian school, such as Zaza, Sapho and Du Barry, fell victims to the method.

Warfield, as the father who found any effort beyond playing an electrical piano too exhausting, escaped for the first time from his stock characterization of a Jewish-peddler type and was a revelation to Broadway. Weber and Fields, too, dropped their dialect, stepped out of their standard rôles and make-ups and were even funnier as Catherine's younger brothers, Weber in curls and a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit. Fay Templeton, as an irreproachable Catherine, determined to make the world sweeter and more wholesome for her presence, was a delicious parody of Annie Russell's more-sinned-against-than-sinning heroine.

Miss Russell and her company were guests at the opening night. They asserted that they never again were able to give a completely serious performance of the original for recollection of the counterfeit. By now few plays on Broadway could pretend to success until they had been travestied at the Music Hall. Special matinées were played for the Webertields to induce burlesques, but managers objected to their players attending the result for the reason cited by Miss Russell. Richard Mansfield made an exception to his rigid rule of permitting no one to watch a rehearsal of a play of his, and let the Webertields in to watch a dress rehearsal of Cyrano. Mansfield rarely ever attended the theater as a spectator, but he was a regular at Tuesday matinees at the Weber and Fields house, shedding his austerity, mainly assumed, and visiting backstage. George Edwardes, a famous London musical-comedy producer, made a special trip to America to see a Music Hall performance, and offered the company a London engagement, which was refused.

The final bill of the season was Helter Skelter, opening April sixth. Catherine was retained, and to it were added burlesques of Lord and Lady Algy, in which Faversham was playing at the Empire; Mrs. Leslie Carter's Zaza at the Garrick; The Great Ruby with Ada Rehan next door at Daly's, and E. H. Sothern's The King's Musketeer at the Knickerbocker. Miss Templeton had a new song, What? Marry dat Gal? Dailey added Loves My Lou to Dinah. John T. Kelly sang Maud.

As ever with a Weber and Fields first night, the performance ran until long after midnight, and half an hour more of flower presentations and curtain acknowledgments followed. Joe and Lew always were missing from these felicitations. With the same modesty with which they regularly gave others of the company better parts than their own, they effaced themselves completely from the flower-and-speech love feasts.

On stage, a Weber and Fields show always was at its worst on a first night. It was a prevalent custom then, since become almost invariable, not to bring a show to Broadway until it had been smoothed and polished in try-out performances at Wilmington, Atlantic City, Bridgeport, or some such "dog" town. The Music Hall fiestas always opened cold, and showed it. Having a peculiar public, Weber and Fields could not be guided by the verdict of Atlantic City or New Haven. Only Broadway could say what Broadway wanted. Julian Mitchell, Weber and Fields would wait for the opening night returns, tabulate the laughs, then prune the waste material accordingly. A week later the show would be fit and down to weight.

Who cared how long or uneven the performance might be? On opening nights the company played second fiddle to the audience. The spectacle was in front of the footlights. One went to a Music Hall first night to mingle, to see and be seen, and returned a week or two later to watch the show. To be there the first night was to rub elbows with celebrity, step on the feet and trains of the elect, to have one's own corns honored by being trod upon by peers of the white-light realm, and to inhale an atmosphere heavy with cigar smoke, patchouli and musk, serene in the conviction that one had not lived in vain. On the first night of Helter Skelter a reporter noted, among others in the house, Boss Richard Croker of Tammany Hall, Mayor Van Wyck, Chief of Police Bill Devery, Sheriffs Dunn of Manhattan and Buttling of Brooklyn, Stanford White, Al Smith, Augustin Daly, Tony Pastor, the exquisite Clyde Fitch, and an unprecedented exhibition of what Leander Richardson, who had been indicted on a charge of libeling Weber and Fields, called the "Jewnose Doree."

A Double Loss

Both Miss Rehan and Mrs. Carter were actresses of marked mannerisms, and Fay Templeton and Mabel Fenton, respectively, took them off delightfully in burlesques of the sleep-walking scene from the Drury Lane melodrama and the big act from Zaza.

In the original, Zaza calls at her lover's home to demand that his wife give him up, falls in with his little daughter and is dissuaded from her hellish purpose by the child's artless prattle. In the burlesque, the daughter became a large French poodle, with Richard Garnella as the insides. The conversation between Miss Templeton and the poodle was hilarious. Peter Dailey, Zaza's steady company, reproached her for having invaded his home.

"I could have forgiven you for speaking to my wife" he beat his chest—"but my poor, innocent little dog never!"

The presumably free-and-easy Music Hall public was strangely censorious of both lines and situations. In Mrs. Carter's scene with the daughter, the child asked her "Were you ever a little girl?" At the Music Hall the poodle plaintively inquired of Miss Templeton if she ever had been a little dog. "No, I've been a cat all my life," was her answer. The propriety of this speech was questioned so strongly that it was cut. Objections were made, too to Zaza's innocuous line "You have no right to bring your wife into the same restaurant with me and make me look like thirty cents," but it was retained over protests.

The salary list by now had climbed to the then staggering figure of five thousand dollars a week, exclusive of Weber and Fields, in a pint-sized theater seating only six hundred and sixty-five persons. Even after marking the balance of the first floor up to two dollars, the proprietors were never drawing more than two hundred dollars each a week, against a certain salary of one thousand dollars a week they could command as an independent attraction. But they had set Broadway afire. The acclaim was sweet on their tongues and they thirsted for more.

Then in the midst of their summer vacation they lost their only women principals, both nearly irreplaceable. Fay Templeton, restored to first magnitude by her season at the hall, resigned to star; and hard on her heels departed Mabel Fenton, who quit to give all her time to the Ross-Fenton farm on the Jersey shore.

A canvass of the available comediennes was discouraging. The list was not long, and included not one actress of the proved versatility necessary to fill the vacant shoes of either Templeton or Fenton. The Music Hall was no place for a specialist; a principal had to be prepared to play any position on the team, and play it well. In this dilemma Fields was so daring as to give a thought to Lillian Russell. Miss Russell was the most beautiful woman on the American stage, its highest-priced woman star, never had appeared in burlesque, and very likely would not consider doing so, even if Weber and Fields could meet her terms.

"Well, why not Lillian Russell?" Weber replied to the faint-hearted suggestion, and surprised at his own words.

Engaging Lillian Russell

"Could we afford to pay her price?" Fields doubted.

"No; but we will, if she has one," was Joe's decision.

"Who's going to ask her?" Lew asked breathlessly.

"Why not you?" Joe suggested. "She's at Sheepshead Bay every afternoon at the races, and you're always there."

"Is that a nice way to ask me?" Fields grumbled.

Fields met Jesse Lewisohn in the paddock at Sheepshead Bay the next day. Miss Russell was sitting in Lewisohn's box that afternoon.

The copper man had a straight-from-the-feed-box tip on the second race and shared it with Fields. Lew was more concerned with nerving himself up to approach Miss Russell than with the races, and listened abstractedly. After the race they met again in the paddock.

"Sorry about that bad one I steered you on," Lewisohn apologized.

"Give me some more of your bad ones," Fields said. "That one paid fifteen to one."

"What one?"

"Smilax," said Fields.

"I didn't say Smilax," Lewisohn exclaimed. "I told you to get down on Ajax, and that galloping glue pot isn't home yet."

Fields slapped his knee.

"I knew it was something with an 'ax' in it." Smilax had won, and so had the absent-minded Lew.

Here was his opportunity.

"Web and I have been thinking we would like to have Miss Russell in the company," he led. "Do you suppose she would consider it?"

"Why not ask her?" Lewisohn countered. "She's in my box."

"Would you introduce me?"

"I would," said Lewisohn, and led the way.

Miss Russell was pondering over the entries for the fourth race. Her method of picking a winner was to collect the inside information of everyone from stable boy to stable owner, discard it all, shut her eyes, jab a hatpin through her program, and bet on the horse whose name the hatpin chanced to pierce. As good a system as any, it might be remarked in passing. She was using the hatpin when Lewisohn and Fields entered the box. She explained the method to Lew, after introductions.

"Why not use a fork and pick them one-two-three?" Fields suggested. Miss Russell laughed so appreciatively at his nifty that he popped the question then and there.

"Oh, but you boys couldn't possibly pay my price!" she laughed.

"What is your price, Miss Russell?" Lew asked, and held his breath. He lost it a moment later.

"I'm dreadfully flattered, really," she answered; "but my terms are twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week, a guaranty of thirty-five weeks for the season, and all gowns and costumes to be paid for by the producer. You see, it's quite impossible in your tiny theater."

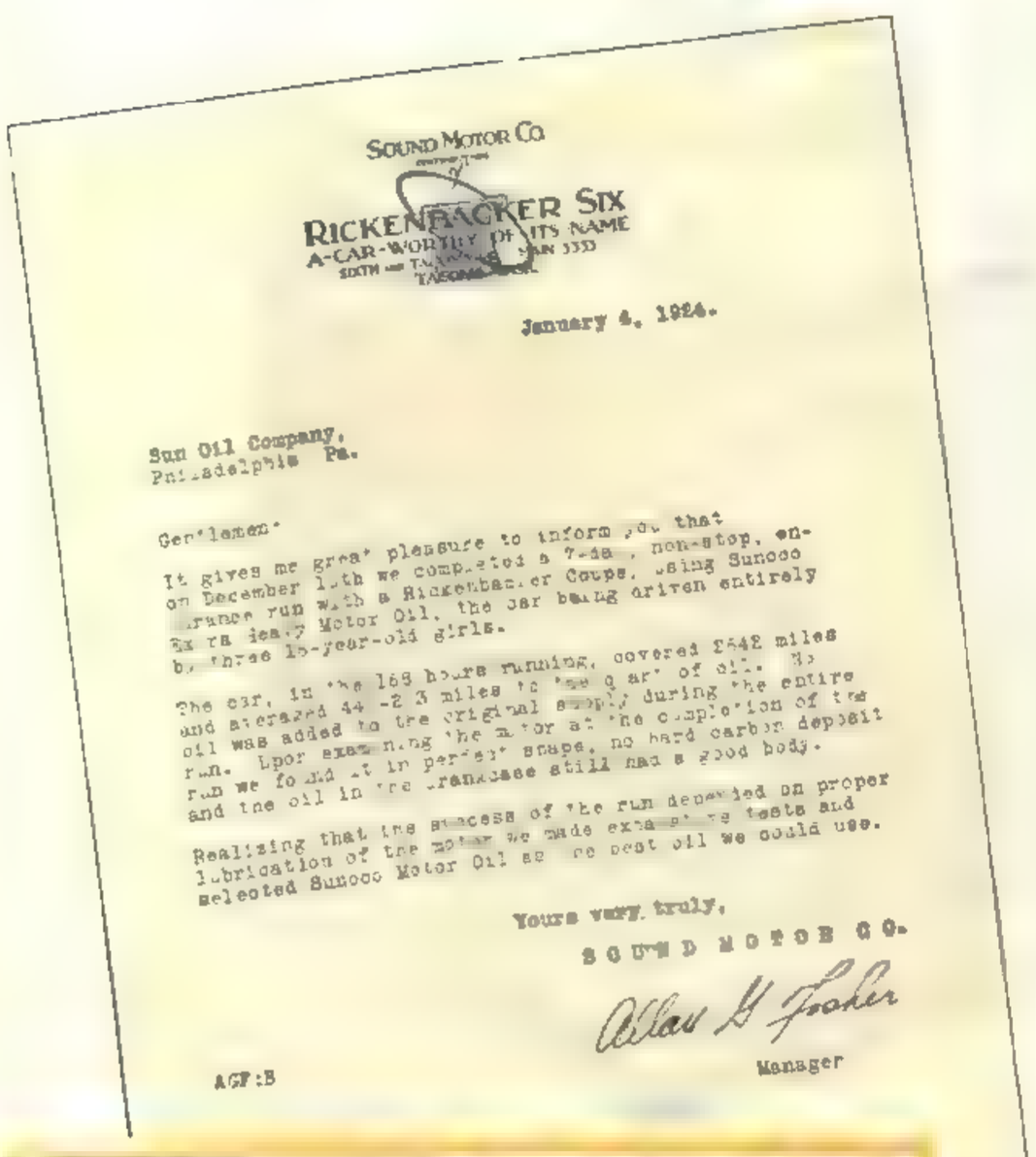
Fields blinked.

"That's quite satisfactory," he gulped. "Just write your own contract. We'll be expecting you in August."

It was Miss Russell who blinked then. She never had broken her word. She had played tag and she realized she was it.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Inman and Mr. Stout. The ninth will appear in an early issue.

"Success of the run depended on proper lubrication"



SOUND MOTOR CO.

RICKENBACKER SIX
A-CAR-WORTHY OF ITS NAME

January 4, 1924.

Sun Oil Company,
Philadelphia Pa.

Gentlemen:

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that on December 14th we completed a 7-day, non-stop, endurance run with a Rickenbacker Coupe, using Sunoco Motor Oil, the car being driven entirely by three 16-year-old girls.

The car, in the 168 hours running, covered 2642 miles and averaged 44 -2 3 miles to the gallon of oil. No oil was added to the original supply during the entire run. Upon examining the motor at the completion of the run we found it in perfect shape, no hard carbon deposit and the oil in the crankcase still had a good body.

Realizing that the success of the run depended on proper lubrication of the motor we made exhaustive tests and selected Sunoco Motor Oil as the best oil we could use.

Yours very truly,
SOUND MOTOR CO.
Allan H. Fisher
Manager

AGF:B

What's good for the experts is good for you. Mr. Fisher's letter, shown here, describes a test made for the benefit of every motorist who is smart enough to take advantage of it. Read that letter. Here are its "high spots"—

168 hours continuous running
A total of 2642 miles
No oil added during entire run

Results—

Motor in perfect shape
No hard carbon deposits
Oil still had good body

A remarkable achievement for Rickenbacker; and for Sunoco Motor Oil.

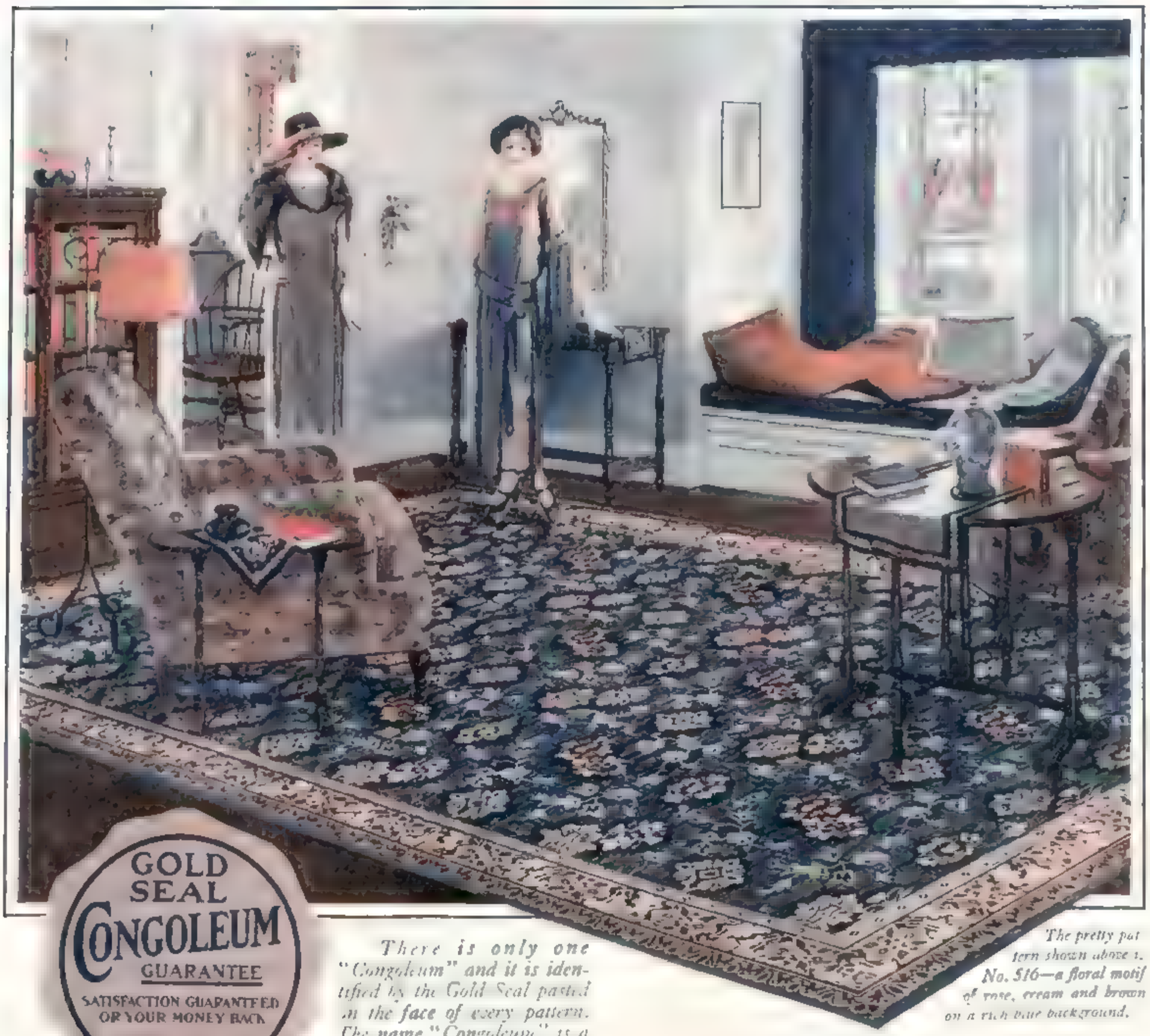
Here is the big fact about Sunoco Motor Oil; it is wholly distilled in every type; absolutely pure and uniform. It contains no cylinder stock.

It's mighty easy to have "proper lubrication"—use Sunoco Motor Oil. It's good lubricant.

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*
Sun Oil Company, Limited, Montreal
Branches and Agents in Principal Cities

SUNOCO
THE DISTILLED OIL

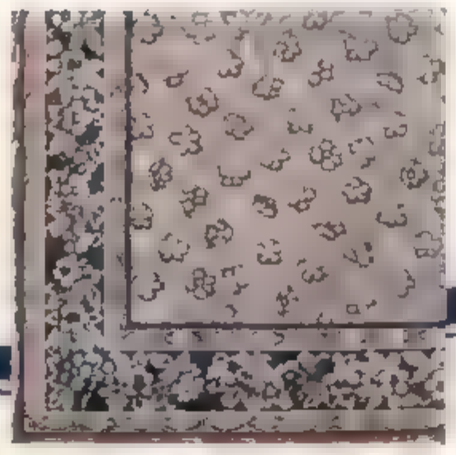
Gold-Seal CONGOLEUM



There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of every pattern. The name "Congoleum" is a registered trade name and the exclusive property of Congoleum Company, Inc. If you want "Congoleum" be sure to ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

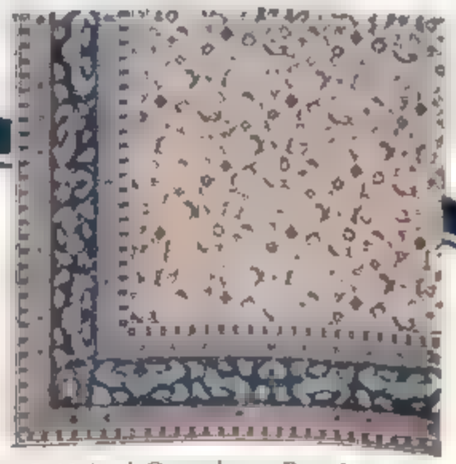
The pretty pattern shown above is No. 516—a floral motif of rose, cream and brown on a rich blue background.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 536



Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 546

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 408



Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 378

WEEK OCTOBER 6th to 11th

A Six Day Bargain Sale of America's Most Popular Floor-Covering!

For the first time in two years genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs, By-the-Yard, and Rug-Border will be sold at bargain prices everywhere throughout the United States.

This Sale will begin next Monday, October 6th, and continue until Saturday, October 11th. After that time, prices will go back to their regular levels.

An Opportune Time

Unlike sales that feature cut prices on left-overs at the end of the season, Congoleum Week gives housewives the opportunity to beautify their floors at a real saving in cost, just when they are putting their homes in order for the Winter. All the Congoleum in this Sale is perfect, guaranteed stock.

All the newest rug patterns are included, as well as the popular regular numbers. Their wonderful variety includes patterns suitable for any and every room; for every manner of taste; for every color scheme.

Durable and beautiful, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs will brighten up your home for years to come. Their ease-of-cleaning will lighten household cares. And the Sale Week prices make them a bargain too good to miss.

Watch the Newspapers

Watch your local newspapers for the reduced prices and the names of nearby stores that are taking part in this nation-wide Sale—look for the special window displays.

Visit one of these stores next week—as early as possible, so that you will find a complete assortment of patterns and sizes to select from. Remember, the Sale ends on Saturday, October 11th.

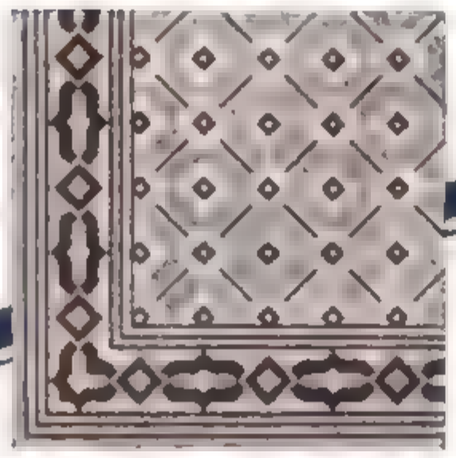
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Look for the Gold Seal: Remember the assurance of comfort which the Gold Seal guarantee of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back" gives you. That guarantee in itself proves that *Gold-Seal* Congoleum *has the quality* to back this guarantee. That quality we pledge to you when we paste the Gold Seal on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. Be sure to look for the Gold Seal when you buy!

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Dallas
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Pittsburgh New Orleans
London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 552



Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 386

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 323

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 558

The picture above shows how the blue flame of the Florence goes straight to the cooking. The heat is *focused* just where you want it.

A good *cooking* stove -a good *looking* stove

An oil range that focuses the heat right under the pot

NO need to try to cook quickly and cheaply over a flame that heats in *all* directions. Here is an oil range that sends its flame right straight to the pot. The Florence is the oil stove with *focused heat*—heat directed right at the point where it is needed, the bottom of the pot.

You get greater speed, greater economy, greater success in all kinds of cooking with the Florence Oil Range—that is the wonderful value of an oil stove built on the principle of focused heat.

Fast cooking, slow cooking, all cooking

You control the clean blue flame yourself—simply turning a lever gives you any degree of heat from intense to simmering. You never guess about the heat; you never waste the heat.

It is very easy to operate the Florence. No wicks to trim, no trouble to light it, no smoking to worry about.

Just about every feature you admire in an oil stove you'll find in the Florence. It is handsome in its blue or white porcelain enamel finish and nickel trimming; it is wickless; it has levelers to insure an even oil-supply, and a spirit level attached to the feed pipe to show you when it is level. It is smokeless—and most important of all, it *focuses* the heat straight at the pot so the heat goes just where it should and nowhere it shouldn't.

You need a good oven along with a good stove

The Florence Oven is just as necessary as the stove itself —just as excellent too. With the range and the oven in your kitchen there is simply no cooking or roasting or baking that you aren't equipped for. Ask about a Florence Oil Range and Oven in a department, furniture or hardware store. Notice the heat indicator on the oven door, showing the amount of heat inside. There will be greater ease and speed for you in the kitchen and greater pleasure for the people in the dining-room.

FLORENCE STOVE CO., Dept. 551, Boston, Mass.

DIVISION OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City

Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

Just look at the oven. Many women give the wonderful Florence Oven the credit for much of the good cooking the Florence Range turns out. There's no other oven like it. The baker's arch prevents heat pockets. The patented heat spreader insures even baking. The asbestos lining holds the heat and saves time and fuel. And there is a heat indicator on the oven door which shows the amount of heat in the oven.

Find out more about the Florence by sending for our free booklet, "Get Rid of the 'Cook Look.'"

FLORENCE Oil Range

JOHN BULL'S BETTING BILL

(Continued from Page 23

innumerable, for all public houses sell tobacco, and such places are fullest in the evenings. But their customers do not seek to purchase in forbidden hours. Those who have neglected to lay in a stock of smoking material before eight are ready to go without if they cannot borrow.

In a country which meekly obeys laws such as this one, the law which forbids cash betting away from a race course has become a dead letter. Large sums have to be spent in bringing to justice the few offenders the police are able to convict in the face of general assistance and sympathy. Magistrates inflict only nominal fines, often with an ironical comment on the inequality of a law which permits the rich man to bet on credit, and refuses the poor man the luxury of risking his cash. The years since the war have seen the street-corner bookie invading every aspect of British life. He is the recruiting sergeant of the betting game, finding fresh mugs every day with the facilities he supplies for betting and the pervading nature of his operations. Nowadays he probably handles more than half the total betting pool; and the bulk of his clients are people who have never seen a horse race in their lives.

This is the last stage in the evolution of a parasite which owed its existence to the young British blood of a hundred years ago or more, who shrewdly preferred to bet against his friends' horses, rather than wager upon his own. Plentiful scandals arose out of the conduct of the aristocratic bookie long before the ruin of the young Marquess of Hastings put an end to the practice forever. The story is a very much quoted one, although its sequel is not so generally understood. The marquess first bolted with the prospective bride of Mr. Chaplin—afterward Lord Chaplin—and then laid his victim £120,000 against Chaplin's colt Hermit, for the ensuing Derby. The colt won in a blinding snowstorm; the young nobleman was tragically ruined; and Queen Victoria, from whose chaste ears the story could not be kept, set her face against all the British gentry who enacted the rôle of bookie. Long before that time the decent turf patricians had handed over the business of collecting and holding the betting pool to a class they genially described as legs—and leg is short for blackleg, so that the blackleg of that spacious era has become the bookie of today.

In the days of good Queen Victoria the bookie had a hard fight for existence. An antigambling league, led by an astute persecutor named Hawke and backed by nonconformity, nearly succeeded in harassing him off the face of Britain. But one legal fiction saved the race course as a place for betting operations; and later another legal fiction permitted betting away, as the British course argot has it. The betting away is governed by the prices of the betting done upon the course; and as the commission agents grew stronger a second market grew up where an owner could place his bets. Out of this arose a game of finesse, which is at the back of the commercial possibilities of racing in Great Britain today.

A Starting-Price Job

Every thousand dollars bet by an owner on the course naturally shortens the odds offered against his horse. But it is possible, by betting the money away at starting price, to place a large sum on a horse without in any way affecting the market price of the horse. In the racing argot of Britain such a transaction is known as a starting-price job; or, more briefly, a job. After being stung by a number of these jobs the betting offices began to devise means for protecting themselves; in fact they were driven actually to do what the law supposes them to do—reinvest the money on the course. When they succeeded in doing that it was the too clever owner who was stung, for he had to accept to the whole of his money the latest and shortest price laid against the horse. The commission agent benefited by the longer prices laid in the first stages of placing the money—that is his agents would get four to one at first about a horse eventually returned at two to one. All sorts of ingenious devices were introduced into this game of finesse between smart owner and astute betting man—wireless, telephone systems, signals of all kinds. It was a battle of wits, with an amusing adventure once in so often, which certainly brightened race-course work in the days before the war.

The war ended the second stage in the development of betting in Great Britain. Before the war, making a bet was rather a difficult business for the ordinary fellow. One had either to go down to the course—and British race courses are inconvenient of access, expensive and amazingly primitive in the alleged conveniences they offer—or he had to open a credit account with a man who knew no legal protection in the collection of debts. There were already numerous illegal street-corner bookies, but they dared not flaunt their occupation and organize for bet collections as they do at the present day.

Sociologists explain gambling mania in a whole nation by one of two sets of industrial conditions: In a period of unusual prosperity, they say, the masses gamble with their surplus earnings because they have never learned what else to do with them; in a period of depression, when earnings are not equal to the provision of ordinary requirements, the masses also gamble, in the hope of making up the deficiency. In Great Britain these two sets of industrial conditions were experienced after the war, a short period of fictitious prosperity being immediately followed by a depression which still continues. In the six years since the peace betting has spread in Great Britain until the Treasury regards it as a taxable luxury, until it has become the ordinary commonplace of conversation; until employers of labor and welfare workers have come to regard it as one of the most dangerous problems of the moment in British life.

Taxing Illegal Profits

Racing itself was never so prosperous. The owner who races for hard cash has attained an ideal a daily pool of cash money, put up by hundreds of thousands of mugs, upon which he can draw on the most profitable terms, under a system which I will presently illustrate. Breeders of racing stock find good markets for the produce of their studs, and talk of a great producing industry, much as the maker of roulette wheels in the Principality of Monaco might talk of a productive industry. Shares in race-course companies pay the maximum dividend permitted, and leave a surplus. Some towns which own their own courses find themselves able to dispense with rates. Turf tipsters flourish in their hundreds and spend liberally on newspaper advertising. A small but flourishing contingent of professional backers of horses follows all the meetings, and its members keep well ahead of the game. One of the fraternity recently told a receiver in bankruptcy that he had made as much as $500,000 in a year at this business. The fortunes of all these racing professionals swing one way or the other, naturally; but they are all able to dip into the racing pool. That's where the money comes from to keep it all going. The mugs supply every penny of it.

Banned as he is, in theory, by the law, the street-corner man has already achieved some sort of standing for himself. One of the oldest and best-known street-corner men in London has in his time probably paid hundreds of fines on behalf of runners of his, caught by the police in the act of accepting betting slips and cash. Until the third year of the war his experience of government officials was probably confined to transactions in the minor courts of justice. But when the call for money to win the war became insistent he felt the urge of patriotism, and loosened up to the extent of $50,000, receiving war stock in return for the money. A few weeks later a revenue official called upon him and propounded rather a testing question: "If you can afford to invest $50,000 in war loan, why have you never paid any income tax?"

The answer was that he lived by an illegal calling. Just the same, he was forced to produce his bank books, his pay-in slips and all the other evidence of his means which was available; and before he had got through with his unwelcome caller he saw another nice slice of his savings transferred to the government coffers; but this time he got no war stock in exchange. Worse than that, he was assessed at a certain rate of earning, and has been paying tax upon the profits of his calling ever since. Now it hurts him to think that the government takes part of his profits, and spends the money in hiring men to chivvy him from his betting joints and generally to see that he makes no profits at all. Naturally he wants his position in British law to be regularized.

The police want that very thing, more than the bookies themselves. They were even ready to support the betting-house scheme, just in order that they might exercise some control over the men who play so important a part in the everyday life of the masses nowadays. Among my acquaintances is a police official who holds a responsible position in the district of London where I live; a straight man, whose one desire is to do his duty by the public. One evening he called on me with an invitation to accompany him to a friendly lead. When a good fellow dies, leaving his dependents in a bad way, his friends gather at the public house he was wont to use, in order to see what can be done about it. That is called a friendly lead. In this instance the late lamented had been a street-corner bookie with a good reputation in the district. He paid his losses promptly and in full, was ready to put his hand in his pocket for any charitable object, spent freely, and so on. But when an accident cut short his life, his widow and five children found that all he had left behind him was the name of a good fellow.

So it appeared; but my police friend had discovered something else. There was the goodwill of his business—the right to have his runners stand at certain corners, the right to employ the milkmen on certain rounds as his betting agents. The police captain knew it was a property, because others had already been trying to jump the claim. So we solemnly sat about a room in the public house and auctioned the fantastic goodwill of such a business, which was eventually knocked down for $3000. The buyer told me that the chief inducement to purchase was the tacit assurance that all rivals on his pitch would feel the weight of police activity, while he would be immune from interference; for that was practically guaranteed.

Police Attitude Toward Bookies

Naturally you suspect a rake-off for the police head, but you may as well put that out of your mind. He explained to me—and I believe that he told the truth—that his chief reason for being at the friendly lead was the public interest, although he had a soft spot for widows and orphans as well. But, since he must have a bookie in that part of the district, he thought it his duty to see that the business went into the hands of a solid, decent man. Bribing the rank and file of the uniformed police constitutes a regular charge on the profits of the street-corner man. He has a fund and makes regular offerings to all the uniformed men who come his way. Some refuse to accept the money; some take it, feeling that they may as well have it as refuse; and some not only accept their regular cut but contract the habit of going to the bookie whenever they experience the need of a little extra money. But whatever may be his attitude toward the bribe, the uniformed cop rarely interferes with the operations of the bookie while they are conducted with a reasonable air of secrecy. The constable finds it better to look the other way, whether he be an honest cop or a venal rogue.

The higher police authorities are not much exercised over this general leniency. Law and order in the big cities of Great Britain are mainly due to the admirable management of the people by the ordinary constable, and his greatest asset in exercising this control is personal popularity. It is part of his training to be thought a good chap and to employ good nature and the appeal to common sense as his first and surest means of keeping order. Should that fail he has public opinion behind him in any severe steps he may find it necessary to take. It is a common thing to hear offenders in the courts volunteer tributes to the patience and the consideration shown by the police. It may be because it is one way of obtaining lenient treatment; but it certainly is a mere commonplace of a day in a big police court. "The constable did no more than his duty, your worship."

(Continued on Page 81)

Harmony

It's a matter of picking the right notes, of course—

Or the right chocolates!

Our aim in making Romance Chocolates has been to make not simply chocolates, but *gift chocolates*. That explains the purity of the ingredients—the rich and smooth chocolate coatings—the surprising variety of delicious centers.

The constant increase in their popularity is an evidence of their unusual goodness.

Cox Confectionery Company
East Boston, Mass.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail you (postpaid) on receipt of $1.00 and your dealer's name, a pound box of Romance Selections.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Yes madam $6.25 is all you need

TO OBTAIN A HOOVER, *complete with household cleaning equipment*, with which you may clean every article of furniture and furnishings in your home, $6.25 is all you need, no matter where your home may be.

This $6.25 will bring you:

An Electric Carpet Beater

Every housewife knows that rugs must be beaten. So, The Hoover *Beats!* Every particle of deeply-embedded, nap-cutting grit is gently *dislodged* and *vibrated* to the surface

An Electric Carpet Sweeper

As it Beats, The Hoover *Sweeps!* Its soft-bristled brush gathers up all beaten-out dirt and even stubbornest clinging litter straightens crushed nap and revives color

An Electric Suction Cleaner

As it Beats and Sweeps, The Hoover also *Air-Cleans!* Powerful suction draws all the dirt dustlessly into the Hoover bag

Three kinds of cleaning, all combined in one operation! It is easy to understand why your rugs will wear years longer when you see how immaculately clean The Hoover keeps them.

And it's no task at all! You simply glide The Hoover back and forth, in long, slow, easy strokes.

Then, your dusting. How many corners and crevices there are, in the home and its furnishings, where dust may

A Most Remarkable Set of Air-Cleaning Tools

They snap together—*and lock tight!* In a minute you're ready to "dust" and air-clean draperies and furnishings. There's a cleaning tool for every purpose. No stooping or stre

A swivel joint where the tool attaches relieves your wrist of any twisting strain. Every feature of design thus considers your comfort and convenience. And *it's dustless dusting*

Just imagine housecleaning with a Hoover! No rugs to take up; no dusty beating or sweeping; no tired arms or aching back. And many, many hours saved, for rest and pleasure.

You need a Hoover! See your Authorized Hoover Dealer today. For $6.25 he will deliver your Hoover, complete. The few remaining payments are so small they'll be no burden at all.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 79)

But the policeman who makes himself unpopular in his district forfeits a great part of his usefulness. The custom is to transfer him elsewhere without loss of time. To interfere with street betting is to make oneself unpopular automatically, and I have been assured, over and over again, that more harm than good would come of it. The uniformed men would lose their influence on the crowd, and the way would be open for disorders far worse than betting.

The authorities are compelled to move against the street-corner bookie in another way. Many citizens disapprove of street betting and, when they see it going on every day under their very noses, are moved to write letters of complaint. Therefore special bands of plain-clothes men are maintained to raid districts from which complaints are coming with undue frequency. The bookie seems to have his own way of getting notice beforehand when these raids are contemplated, but he is bound by a course of procedure from which it is well for him not to depart. The arrangement of a raid means that a conviction is coming to him. It is his business to see that nothing shall happen which is likely to reflect upon the vigilance and promptitude of the plain-clothes raiding gang. If the bookie were to dodge he would have to submit to a course of harrying and interference practically unending. He must take his medicine and get it over.

Naturally he does not wish to be marched to the cells in person; nor does he want his trustworthy assistants to suffer from such an experience. Moreover, there are risks. Magistrates turn nasty and hand out terms of imprisonment without the option of a fine to men who have been too often convicted. Therefore the bookie sets his stage with two or three fall men, the scapegoats of the betting world, who are always ready to be arrested and fined, in return for consideration received. These fall men draw regular wages all the year round, with a bonus for every conviction, and double pay for all time passed in the cells. They are transferred from city to city at frequent intervals, in order to avoid too many punishments in one place. A more impudent set of rascals it would be hard to find; but some of them are very amusing about their experiences.

The street-corner bookie handles most of the new money which comes into the racing game—the mug money. His one concern, as far as can be judged, is the fear that his clients will sicken of the game, just as his one display of enterprise is in the direction of roping in fresh recruits to the amusement of betting. Most of these small backers are possessed with the idea of running a very small outlay into a very substantial killing; with which object in view, they attempt doubles, trebles and other accumulating bets. Day after day and week after week they leave their money with the bookie; but now and again there comes a day's racing which sees three or four of the popular picks all winning. That is the time to see the street-corner man at his best. He sits behind the counter in his pay-out office, with a big queue of lucky backers waiting outside to draw their money. The doubles and trebles have come home at last, and some of them are to receive thirty or forty to one on their money. The policeman stands sympathetically beside the queue, to check possible disorder. It is illegal to bet in cash, but there is nothing illegal in paying winnings, which is done openly.

A Gilt-Edge Mailing List

The bookie greets each client, as he steps up to draw, with a word of hearty congratulation or a mock appeal for sympathy for himself. His clients have had a sweetener at last, and business will be brisk for many a day to come. He murmurs to himself one of the few aphorisms bookmaking has produced, "It all comes back to the book," knowing well that it will bring a rich harvest of new money on top of it. In the office buildings next day the bookie gets even a better advertisement. The runner comes round to pay over winnings, and the news is whispered all over the offices. The lucky girl typist who has struck oil invites others, not yet infected with the fever, to celebrate in the tea shop at lunch time, and to help choose the new hat she is able to buy at last. "I like 'em to have a good day now and again," one of the bookies confessed to me, with the air of a public benefactor.

Some time before the Epsom Derby, a firm of bookmakers drew up the prospectus of a sweepstake on the big English race. Tickets were to cost a shilling each, and they guaranteed the drawer of the first horse $10,000, with $5000 for the second and $2500 for the third. It was a lottery pure and simple, and illegal, of course. The tickets, issued in books, were disposed of by approaching the runners in every block of office buildings in Great Britain. These runners were not the employes of the promoting firm, and would not have solicited ordinary bets for them. They were bound in such a matter to the hundreds of different street-corner men they represented. But the disposal of sweepstake tickets was another matter, and the sale of these was readily undertaken.

In Great Britain people who never bet will buy a ticket in a Derby sweep without hesitation. These runners found customers not only among their regular backers but among office boys, girl typists and simular small fry, who were indulging in their solitary annual gamble. Every ticket holder was made to give name and address in the block of the ticket book, and these ticket blocks all went back to the promoting firm. So they became possessed of a mass of information about possible backers of horses, never yet exploited. And when the Derby was over, every ticket holder in that sweepstake received a letter from the bookmaking firm, offering to open a credit account for betting. In each case the credit offered was the exact amount the recipient of the letter was receiving as weekly salary.

The Job Merchant

This brings me to the latest development of the art of backing race horses. An owner of my acquaintance wished to exploit a horse which had been running in its own handicap class and had finished in the ruck five or six times in succession. The animal was racing into form and was given a spell from actual racing and a winding-up preparation for a race shortly due for decision. A trial showed the beast to have an even-money chance of winning, and in his last three races he had been quoted at odds of eight to one. The owner knew that a thousand dollars placed on the course would drive him to half those odds and another thousand dollars would make him a hot favorite.

He had recourse, therefore, to a job merchant. By employing an army of men and a wonderful organization of telephones and other means of swift communication, this man can place a bet of $50,000 without a cent of it ever reaching the real betting ring or affecting the course price in any way. My owner made known his requirements to the job merchant, and the pair discussed all the probabilities. They agreed that the horse would probably be quoted at eight to one again.

"How much money do you wish to bet?" the job merchant asked.

"Ten thousand dollars to win, and ten thousand for a place."

"I'll bet you 50,000 to 10,000 a win, and 12,500 to 10,000 against a place."

The bet was accepted. Ten minutes before the race started the job merchant let loose his corps of men, each provided with $100 in cash. Simultaneously they were set to work in all parts of Great Britain. In five minutes every penny of the money had been placed. The horse won, at a quotation of ten to one, and there was no whisper afterward that the owner had won a big bet. It will be noticed that the job master won as much as the owner himself. He took the chance of the news of the horse's fitness leaking out, in which case the price on the course might as easily have been two to one, and he would have had to make good on his bet. Such things do happen to him; but the transaction I have instanced is an everyday occurrence for him; sometimes he executes three or four such commissions on one day.

I asked him why the street-corner men, knowing his operatives and his methods, did not refuse to accept his bets. The answer revealed one more way of passing the buck—to the patient mug, of course. The mug who draws money from the bookie most often, even though he draws in only small sums, is he who consistently backs favorite picks. Statistics of British racing show that about 40 per cent of races are won by favorites; and the proportion seems to be repeated year after year. The mug is allowed to back the favorite blind, without naming his horse. He wins whenever the race is won by the horse with the shortest betting return. Most backing systems are

We Amaze Men

With this Shaving Cream, whatever they expect

By V. K. CASSADY, *Chief Chemist*

GENTLEMEN:

Our claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream sound almost too good to be true. But they tempt millions to ask for samples.

Then comes the test. Our cause is lost—and forever—if we fail to make good on these claims.

We do make good. More than that, the most skeptical are amazed. They do more to advertise Palmolive Shaving Cream than anything I write.

The talk of a nation

This Cream has become a sensation. Few creations ever won so quickly such multitudes of converts.

Just because we learned the five things that men wanted most. We worked 18 months to excel in those things—made up 130 separate formulas. And our knowledge of soap, gained in lifetimes of study, gave us the needed skill.

Now give us a chance

We offer a Shaving Cream which millions regard as a marvelous advancement. So will you regard it.

We ask you to accept a Ten-Shave Test to prove the claims we make. Do this in justice to yourself and us. It may mean a lifetime of new shaving delights.

5 *Delights*

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

10 SHAVES FREE

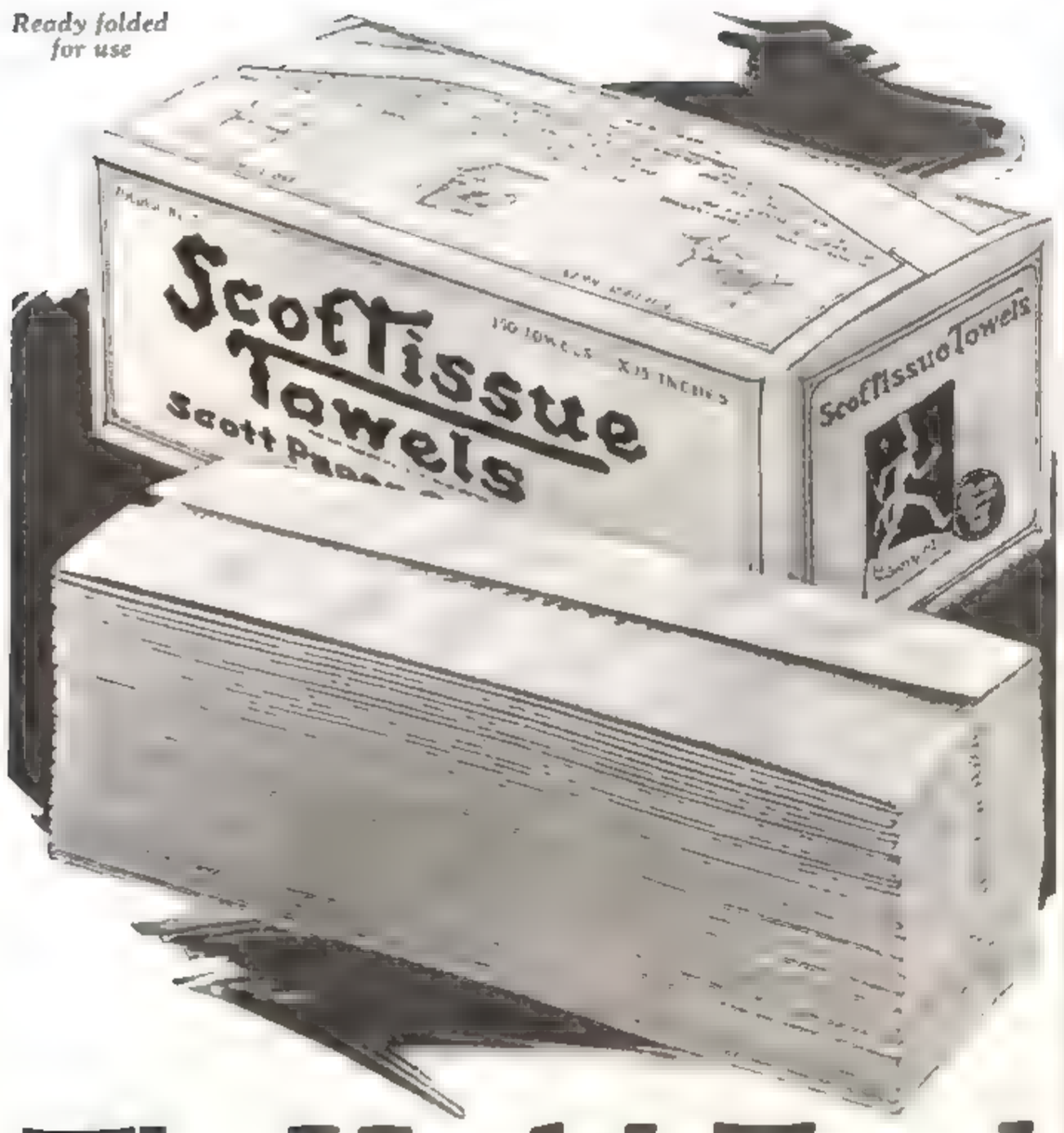
and a Can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and ma

Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. B-900. Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-900.

2510

Ready folded for use



The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

In the home—office—factory—garage—wherever there is need for clean, safe, comfortable towels that *really dry*—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

In the kitchen, for instance

—they have many varied uses. One of the most popular is that of draining grease from fried foods. Fried bacon, eggplant, French fried potatoes, etc., are made deliciously crisp and appetizing by laying them on a ScotTissue Towel. Every particle of excess fat is thus absorbed and your palate is treated to a greaseless dish that just melts in your mouth. Try a carton today.

Drying hands and face	As napkins
Wiping kitchen sink, gas range, pots, pans, etc.	As pads under hot dishes
Polishing glassware, porcelains, mirrors, etc.	Covering hot Muffins, etc.
Cleaning windows	Mopping up spilled liquids

150 towels in dustproof carton. 40c. In Rocky Mountain Zone and Canada 50c. (Postage paid here.)

10 cents per carton with [illegible] and 25 cartons [illegible] Price per carton $[illegible] F. O. B. [illegible] Weight [illegible] lbs. [illegible] Ask your dealer, or send us your order

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa.
Also makers of
ScotTissue Toilet Paper

Scot Tissue Towels

for

Kitchen-Bathroom-Automobile-Office-Factory

© 1924 S. P. Co.

based on backing the favorite blind, and the bookie has always a fair amount of favorite money on his book. Whenever an outsider wins, therefore, the bookie has enough on his books to clear the job merchant's winnings, provided that the merchant is the only backer on the winner. The bookie's kick comes when he finds other backers have got wind of the job, which may happen through leakage of information from the job merchant's helpers. When that happens the bookie raises a loud yell and the slack-jawed help is promptly fired.

Dog does not eat dog, and professional racing men do not care to interfere with one another in the course of their struggle for motor cars and champagne. Outside the profession the bookie has a short way with backers who are either too lucky or too clever. I once went through the well-managed offices of a man who conducts, side by side, an illegal cash business and a legal credit agency. Every client, whether he bet for credit or for cash, had a separate account, showing his winnings and losings; and as soon as a client's winnings mounted up to a certain sum his credit account was closed or the runner was instructed not to accept his betting slips and cash.

"I don't want clients who are too lucky or too clever," explained Mister Bookie "I want to do business with mugs."

There are enough of them, and to spare, interested in the betting fever which is shaking Great Britain. I have made a passing reference to the alarm expressed by employers of labor and by welfare workers. Employers of labor find in the craze a growing menace to efficiency. Betting every day is all done in working hours, and at intervals in the day it distracts attention from business. In the morning there is the comparison of notes and tips, which leads to the selection of that day's dead snip. Then comes the call of the runner to collect bets and cash and to pay out whatever winnings may be due. Later in the day comes a period of expectancy, when no attention can be obtained for business until the result of the vital race is made known. All this—I quote the employer—means slackness and disorganization, periods of interrupted work, blunders by bookkeepers and typists. The credit system gets youngsters into the debt of men who can threaten exposure if they cannot exact dues by legal procedure.

As Welfare Workers See It

"There was a time," said one employer, "when I got rid of any worker of mine when I found him interested in betting. That is no use nowadays. What is the use of firing one betting man, only to take another on in his place?"

Welfare workers are more emphatic still. They are beginning to rank betting equally with drink as a cause of domestic trouble and of the neglect of family and home. Children are being reared to accept it as one of the commonplaces of life, and even to trace their brighter moments to its successful outcome. For the few days when there is content and plenty in the home are the days when father has had a win or mother has managed to strike the bookie and replenish the depleted housekeeping money. Children habitually carry betting slips and cash to the bookie. In one case recently before a London police court police witnesses testified that the accused bookie had accepted eighty betting slips in half an hour, and that more than fifty of his clients appeared to be children under the age of sixteen

These critics are naturally alarmed, and it is not surprising that they have developed hostility to betting, which is one thing, and to horse racing as well, though that can be quite another thing. An agitation against racing is shortly due in Great Britain, and the persons largely to blame are the people most concerned in the sport. I have the report of the evidence given before the betting commission under notice as I write, and the most astonishing feature of an amazing document is the assumption that the bookmaker is an essential part of the conduct of the sport.

Where the Money Comes From

Though he is allowed to hold the bag the bookmaker is clever enough to allow everybody in the profession a dip, provided enough mugs can be recruited to keep the game willing and prosperous. Owners share, as a class, although many owners still exist who refuse to tap the secret betting pool. Horse breeders emit short yelps of anguish at any mention of interfering with racing; which suggests that this producing industry is really subsidized at the expense of the mug. Railway companies, racing managements, newspapers, tipsters—they will all tell you that the present prosperity of racing is due to the bookmaker, and they are right.

The people who pay for everything are mainly sufferers from unemployment. When father is on the dole the girl typist and the white-collar young man have both to turn in a bit more for home expenses from their weekly pay. They are short on clothing allowance, and money for cinemas, dancing and holidays. They try to make up the deficiency from the bookie, and hundreds of thousands of them try it every day. Abolish the illegal bookmaker, and they would not be able to do it; in a very short time they would not wish to try.

Can the street-corner bookie be abolished? He has gained a tight grip, but the sympathy extended to him is largely due to class feeling. It is expressed by magistrates, who dislike fining one man for betting in cash with a workingman when another may bet for credit with a backer who can boast a banking account.

Great Britain, with a million unemployed drawing the dole, maintains an army of 100,000 betting men. What John Bull's betting bill really amounts to is a matter of guesswork, but the sum which goes to maintain all the British bookmakers and their helpers cannot fall far short of the total paid each year in unemployment gratuities. Unemployed men may be seen drawing their weekly dole and carrying it round to the street-corner bookie, in the hope of making a lot out of a little. They are the sort of people who foot the balance of John Bull's betting bill.

Old Road Near Chester, Nova Scotia

PITCAIRN

Water Spar

Varnish

WATERPROOF and SOLEPROOF

The Chair You Forgot to Bring In

WHEN your porch furniture gets caught in the rain, does the varnish turn white? Does it crack and peel? Not if it has been finished with Waterspar. This varnish will not deteriorate even when soaked in water for months, as is proved by the famous aquarium test, seen at all Waterspar dealers.

Waterspar is easy to apply. Waterspar Varnish is one of the Pittsburgh Proof Products, manufactured by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. There is a Pittsburgh Proof Product to fill your needs whether it be glass, paint, varnish or brushes.

"A Guide to Better Homes" written by an authority on interior decoration. Send 10c to Dept. A, Milwaukee, Wis.

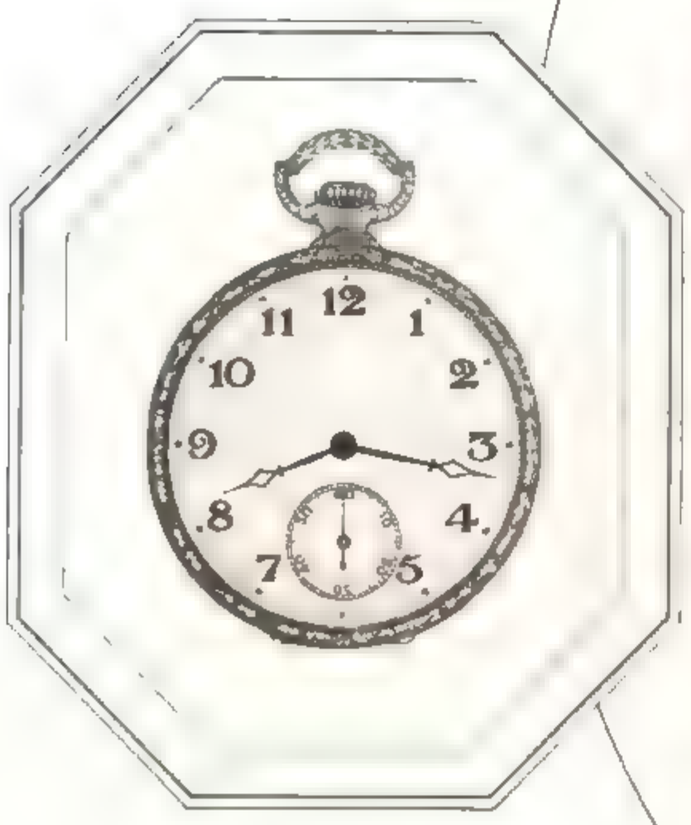
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

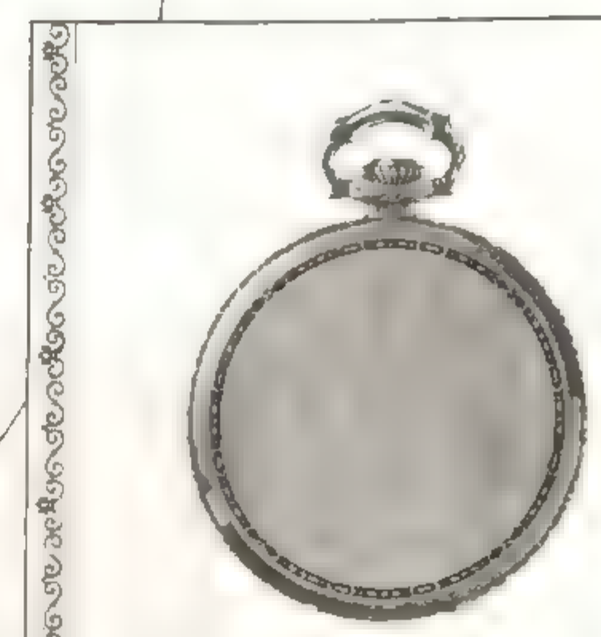
GLASS ~ Manufacturers ~ PAINT.

Paint and Varnish Factories — Milwaukee, Wis. Newark, N.J.

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

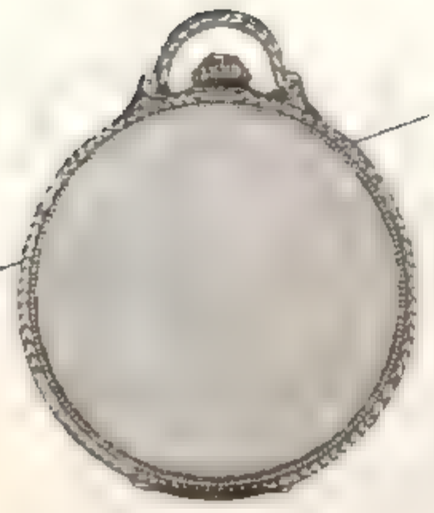




IT is but natural to assume that a Wadsworth Case, since it adds so much to the worth of a watch, should also add greatly to its cost. You will find, however, that the watch movement of your choice costs no more in a Wadsworth Case of distinctive beauty than in a case of ordinary design.

To secure this extra measure of beauty and that fine exactness of fit so essential to the protection of the movement, leading manufacturers and importers have for more than thirty years dressed their timepieces in Wadsworth Cases.

When, therefore, you select a watch with a movement that your jeweler will recommend, you may find that it already has a Wadsworth Case. If it hasn't, just ask that it be so dressed. For the name Wadsworth stamped in the case is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.



THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY.

SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO

Case makers for the leading watch movements

WHEN HALF HUNTERS TAKE THE FIELD

Continued from Page 9

better it will be for him and for humanity. We hire competent teachers to make boys swimmers; we see to it that they are drilled in running a car; we give them a gun and say, "Now, son, be careful."

I doubt the darnedest whether boys are reckless. One of the most careful persons I ever went out with was a young fellow who had filed down delicate bits of blue steel until there was less than a half pound pull on the trigger, but he never allowed any other person to use the gun and he never took it off safety until he brought it to his shoulder. But boys are careless unless they are taken in hand. There is a difference between recklessness and carelessness.

"You don't hear much about guides shooting hunters," declared Colonel Roosevelt during the course of a conversation on irresponsible sportsmen; "but you do hear of many guides who were shot by half hunters."

Colonel Roosevelt was a great hunter. He never had an accident. And yet he suffered from defective eyesight, was temperamental, had spent his boyhood in New York City. He had a wise, level-headed father who gave young Roosevelt every opportunity to exercise his boundless love for open-air life, but he saw to it that his son was fitted and trained for woodcraft and shooting. He sent him into the Maine woods and put him in charge of a skilled instructor. The forest became the classroom, and when Roosevelt came out he possessed a fund of knowledge in firearms, trapping, hunting, camp life and Nature's secrets that helped make him safe and dependable. Despite his poor vision, he never mistook a man for a bird or an animal.

Boys Who Took a Chance

Hunting accidents among boys, the accidents that are in the majority, are due to lack of proper and thorough training. They become half hunters, these youngsters; they have no foundation; they are not aware that there is such a thing as a code of ethics in the world of sport. Glance over this list, picked at random, and speculate on the number of boys who received the benefit of long, hard, careful training before it happened:

Martin Y, 17; gunshot wound in left breast received while leaning on his gun. The trigger caught on a twig.

Ellis W, 17; hand blown off while pulling a gun from a wagon muzzle first.

George S, 14; shot through temple and killed by a brother a few years younger.

Walter Q, 6; shot and killed by his brother Thomas, aged 17, who was cleaning his gun.

Frank L, 18; gunshot wound in the leg when he stumbled and fell in the woods.

Richard B, 14; killed when a hunting companion of his own age playfully pointed a gun at him.

Vincent H, 19; stumbled and fell in front of another hunter's gun as the latter shot at a rabbit. Killed.

Daniel H, 18; pulled his shotgun toward him by the muzzle. Killed.

Kenneth McK, 13; tripped over a log. Found dead in the woods.

Ralph D, 20; killed when Seth C, another youth, pointed a gun at him and accidentally pulled the trigger.

Eddie C, 16; pulled a gun muzzle first from a boat. Another death.

Andrew M, 19; dragged a gun out of a skiff the wrong way. And he too died.

Irving P, 20; stepped in front of his brother as the trigger was pulled. Fatally shot.

Wilfred P, 18; was mistaken for a deer by a young hunter who did not look closely. Slain.

Milford F, 18; shot dead by a younger brother who didn't know the gun was loaded.

Addison K, 17; fatally shot by a cousin who was anxious to get a squirrel.

Solon L, 12; killed when a dog jumping up to him fired the gun.

The list could be continued to a pitiable length, fine, laughing, active, healthy boys with an overpowering craving for the woods, fields and wild places built by Nature; boys, who constitute nearly 70 per cent of the hunting victims each gunning season.

Of the few casualties given here, only four were fairly unavoidable. Three of them were cases in which the boys stumbled; the other was caused by a dog which had been locked in a barn freeing itself, following its little master across the field and in an ecstasy of joy leaping upon him. The dog's paw struck the trigger and the gun went off. Every owner of a hunting dog can understand exactly how it occurred. Had someone told Solon that many accidents were due to failure to guard against the demonstrations of dogs he might have been able to protect himself; but how is a twelve-year-old child to come to a knowledge of these things unless some person takes an interest in him and teaches him? All the other accidents were due to carelessness and there was no excuse for any of them. Several were criminal in their degree of wantonness.

One newspaper clipping held my attention for a long time. It was typical of the hunting accident that never should happen:

"Jacob G——, Jr., was shot and killed by his father when hunting this morning near East Prospect. The elder G—— shot into a thicket when he saw some bushes move, believing he was aiming at a rabbit. The contents of his shotgun struck the younger G—— in the head and shoulders, killing him instantly. The father is prostrated with grief."

There it is; a tragedy of the most deplorable sort told in sixty words. A father full of attachment for a son in the strength of young manhood sees something moving in the brush, and without stopping to investigate closely he fires. Carried away by the thrill of the hunt and never hesitating to weigh the value of a son's life against a rabbit, he took a chance.

A few years ago a man who was my chum in boyhood days went into the Adirondacks with three city friends and a guide named William Schreyer. My friend was the son of an army officer; he had been raised in a mountain country, knew considerable about guns and was familiar with outdoor life. In the party, however, was at least one who lacked the training that makes for the safe hunter. They were in the Tupper Lake district, where the guide had hunted for twenty-five years.

The men separated and were engaged in still-hunting. The guide was working his way through the timber softly, silently. Several times my friend caught sight of him, just a fleeting figure. Instinctively he followed the movements of other members of the party. Then there came the sharp crack of a rifle from the side of a hill; a cry of pain. Another hunter; one who lacked the ability to distinguish a man from a deer and took a chance. An accident? Yes, if you please to look at it that way.

Criminal Negligence

Some states have passed laws designed to reach the reckless hunter. A few years ago a man who shot and killed a neighbor in mistake for a ground hog was convicted after a jury trial. That is quite proper, but far more good will come when the hunting clubs and camps and the game associations take the lead in a well-organized campaign for the suppression of the man who risks life or who hasn't sense enough to handle a gun with care. There is such a thing as criminal negligence, and when it is recognized by and punished by the hunters themselves, when it is enforced by the man in the field, there will be fewer accidents.

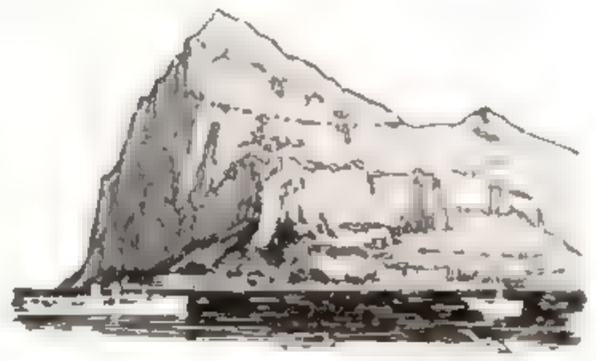
There is mass carelessness too. It may be compared with the mob spirit or the panic that sweeps through a crowded hall during a fire.

One of my companions once figured more dramatically than he wished to, and after he came out with a whole skin he was the gratefulest man I ever saw return from the woods. It was at the head of a ravine, a favorite spot for hunters because several deer runways from the valley converged there. The mountains were steep on both sides and these slopes were thickly spotted with still-hunters. Often other hunting parties would make drives up through the gully. It was during one of these drives that my partner caught sight of a buck

Dunlop
is more than
a tire

just as
Broadway is
more than
a street

just as
Gibraltar is
more than
a rock



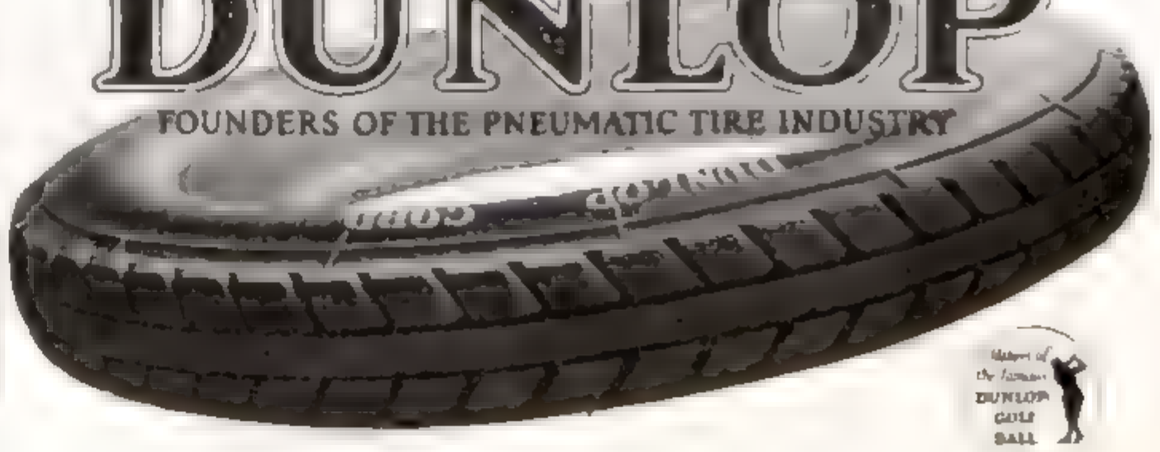
just as the
20th Century
Limited is
more than
a train

that is why
every 2½ seconds
somewhere in the world ~
someone buys a Dunlop Tire

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY



Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

60 cents a pound
Buy it in your home town

The Candy of Wholesome Enjoyment ~and No After Regrets

INDULGE in the delight of eating just all the candy you want. It is safe with Fralinger's—safe for your digestion and your complexion.

Fralinger's Original Salt Water Taffy is healthful because not too rich.

When you have tasted the refreshing luciousness, and felt the dainty, creamy texture on your tongue, you will want Fralinger's every day. Sea air and sunshine are sealed in every box. It is fine for the children, too. The charm of the 25 assorted flavors seems always new. And every flavor keeps its freshness.

Send 10 cents with the attached coupon for a box of ten full-size Tasters of Fralinger's, or buy a full pound box at your favorite candy counter.

FRALINGER'S, Atlantic City, N. J.
Five Stores on the Boardwalk

The Super-Quality Long Kind

Fralinger's ORIGINAL SALT WATER TAFFY REG U.S PAT. OFF

If your dealer can't supply you, order from us direct. 60 cents a pound postpaid.

FRALINGER'S, Atlantic City, N. J.
Send me a box of ten full-size Tasters. I am enclosing 10 cents
Name
Address

coming in his direction. The woods were quite open. He let drive with his rifle and missed. The deer continued in his direction. He gave it a second shot and wounded it. The sight of the crippled buck sent every other hunter in the district clean crazy.

"Half a dozen fellows turned loose. I yelled to them to stop, but they continued emptying the magazines," he said, "and I knew that they both saw and heard me. I was wearing my red coat and red cap and I was standing out there in the open, while the deer plowed directly in toward me. Several other fellows came in and they took part in the festivities. The bullets ripped up the ground all around me; the air was filled with the sound of missiles ranging from high-power small-caliber projectiles to rumbling 48's. It made me so hot under the collar that I clean forgot to shoot any more at the deer. I spent my time cursing the idiots. Finally one of the bullets knocked the buck over, and it was so close when it fell dead that I could have kicked it. Then those fellows congratulated me on having escaped. Think of that! They were so tickled that they hadn't killed me that they shook hands and they persuaded the man whose shot brought down the buck that I was entitled to head and hide as well as half the meat, and he was so glad I was alive that he agreed to it on the spot."

How this particular hunter came through is one of the large mysteries of hunting. Other hunters who looked over the ground and counted the marks of bullets on trees, rocks and ground attributed it to some special providence. Why did a crowd of men assume such a risk? Simply because they were seized with mass recklessness, each so intent upon claiming the honor of the kill that no power on earth could have checked the wild fusillade.

On another occasion I ran across a manifestation of the same hunting-mob madness. A rabbit, stirred from its squat in an open field, scurried toward a fence so close to a hunter that he could not shoot. One chap in the field, ignoring the perilous position of his associate, fired. Until then the others of the party had withheld shooting, but the moment he opened up four others followed suit. The funny part of the whole business was that the man in the center of the flying pellets waited for a favorable shot and got the rabbit.

Not all the victims of carelessness are those who are near by. More than half the accidents react upon the trouble-maker himself. Some may say that this is just retribution for fools, but even the fool must be saved from his errors, otherwise you can't guard and protect those on the sidelines.

Avoidable Accidents

Returning home from a trip to the mountains after grouse, a man who was looked upon as an experienced hunter placed a loaded gun in the back of his car. He said he wanted to be ready in case he saw anything along the road. Several hours later his machine was found halfway up an embankment and the hunter dead. Evidently he had run across a grouse or a rabbit while driving. He had reached back for the gun. In drawing it toward him the trigger had caught in a blanket or some hunting gear and the whole charge hit him under the arm. Some states have laws against carrying a loaded gun in a car.

For several hundred years guns have been used by man in war and in sport. By this time everyone should know that the most calamitous trick a firearm has is exploding when pulled forward by the muzzle. It was true in the days of the flintlock, it was true in the days of the percussion cap, it is true in these days of the hammerless and automatic.

A rifle or shotgun has only one dangerous end, and the only time the muzzle is safe is when it is pointing away from a human being.

Statistics from many states of the Union reveal an abnormally high percentage of accidents resulting from drawing a gun toward you by the muzzle. A shooter wants to climb a fence. If he has been well trained he will place the gun flat on the ground with the stock nearest the lowest rail or strand of wire. Both hands will be free when he gets over. Once across, he then can reach through and pull the gun after him, butt first. At no time will the wicked end of the firearm face him. It is the half hunter who tries to climb a fence with a loaded gun in his hand; it is the half hunter who does that other mad act of resting his piece against the top rail and later dragging it toward him with the muzzle on a line with his head or heart.

I came across a frightened quail hunter one afternoon along the banks of the Magothy River in Maryland. He was quivering like an aspen. He was weak and there was a sickly smile on his white face as he explained:

"You see, I tried to pull the shotgun between the rails, but one of the triggers must have caught in the greenbrier. The charge went so close to my head that I could feel the swish of the wind on my cheek."

He went home talking to himself. You always can pick the inexperienced hunter by the way he handles a gun in the field. For some strange reason he likes to pick it up by the muzzle or drag it out of a boat or automobile or rack by the dangerous end. It must be because the barrels are smaller and fit the hand better. Some men have to be drilled for weeks to break them of this careless habit acquired in youth. Some get a demonstration as did the Maryland quail hunter and they are so frightened that they reform. Many a good man has gone to glory because the triggers of his gun caught in a strap, sleeve of a hunting coat, blanket, vine or twig. The butt end of a gun rarely hurts anybody and that is the end the wise shooter prefers.

Sensible Precautions

News came of a killing over on Green Ridge and some of the boys went out to get the details. They met up with Elmer Hockley, who explained it in this way:

"Our fellows were getting started to make a drive, and some of the standards had left for their posts. We noticed a stranger coming up the hill from the creek. He seemed to be going it alone, and we found out afterwards that he had simply come out for the day. We didn't pay much attention to him as he headed toward a clump of pines. It couldn't have been more'n five minutes later that we heard a shot and then a cry, 'Oh, my God!' Well, you know what that meant. We fellows beat it up the ridge as fast as we could, but by the time we came to the trees he was dead. The man had tried to climb one of the pines in order to get a better shot at anything that might come along. It sure is plumb foolish for a person to climb a tree with a loaded rifle The bullet went clean through him."

Check this incident with the information that only a half hunter attempts such a thing. The capable man or boy invariably unloads his gun before he climbs either a tree or a rock or a particularly precipitous slope, and he is equally careful in coming down. The most skilled hunter likes to do his climbing with both hands free. He carries a thirty-foot piece of heavy twine in his hunting coat to haul his gun up after him, unloaded. Next to a knife and matches, a long bit of strong twine is as handy a thing as one can carry.

Next to a gun that has been taken apart, the safest firearm is the one from which the shells have been ejected. The half hunter only thinks the gun is unloaded. The real hunter knows.

The man who neglects to empty the magazine of his rifle or pull the shells from his shotgun upon approaching house, camp or conveyance deserves the swift kick and the harsh word.

In most camps and with many hunting parties it is a rule that loaded guns shall not be permitted within fixed bounds. Sometimes the leader is held responsible for enforcing the rule. In a big-game country lots of guides insist upon handling each rifle before it is brought into the cabin. After a hunter has been called down once or twice he most generally prods his memory. The sight of the boss of the outfit emptying his rifle leads the rest to follow suit. It is poor policy for a hunter to make the confession, "I forgot." It takes only one negligent person to cause an accident. The caution of all the others is nullified. That's why so many camps adopt the iron-clad rule of no loaded firearms indoors.

The importance of unloading guns is emphasized by sportsmen because it is so closely associated with the far too frequent practice of handling the firearm by the muzzle. In camp there is a rack, nearly always upright. In some houses and cabins

(Continued on Page 88)

The FOOT
ARISTOCRATIC

In the new footwear, look for the trade mark of the one and only Vici kid

MAKERS and retailers of fashionable footwear for men and women are now offering new models in Vici kid.

Many of these smart shoes, featured by the leading stores of the country, now carry the Vici trade mark in order that you may know the upper leather is the one and only Vici kid.

Look for the Vici trade mark in the new kid footwear. It is your final assurance of Vici quality.

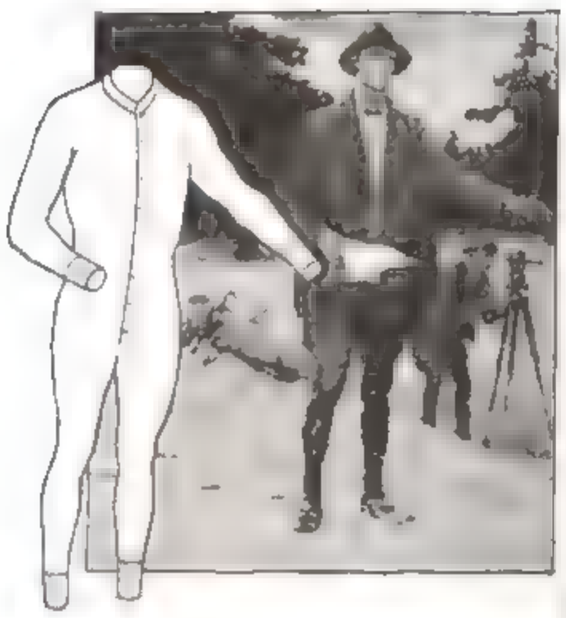
No other leather combines all the qualities of Vici kid. Its graceful pliancy, smooth finish and rich coloring have made it a prime favorite in the new footwear fashions.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA
Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This mark is now being used in shoes by leading manufacturers and retailers to identify the upper leather as the one and only Vici kid.

THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER



There is more than *warmth* in WRIGHT'S

Out in the open—back and forth to work—with ice-laden winds blowing upon you, you can keep warm and comfortable in Wright's Health Underwear.

There is more than warmth in Wright's. There is health. It helps to keep you free from colds. Your pores continually give off excretions—over a pound a day. If this matter is not absorbed, your pores become clogged. *You* become exceedingly sensitive to colds. Wright's Health Underwear instantly absorbs all excretions. The wool in every Wright garment is naturally absorbent. It is made doubly so by the patented loop-stitch with which it is knitted.

The wool is a non-conductor of heat. The natural warmth of your body stays in. Raw, bitter cold stays out. You can safely face the worst shocks of winter weather.

Wear Wright's Health Underwear this winter. Your choice of all pure wool, worsted or cotton-and-wool mixtures. Union suits or separate garments. Weights to suit every preference and every climatic condition.

Go to-day to your favorite store and ask about Wright's Health Underwear. Or write for our booklet, "Comfort." It will tell you all about it. Please include your dealer's name.

WRIGHT'S
Health Underwear
FOR MEN AND BOYS

Wright's Underwear Co., Inc
74 Leonard Street, New York City
Mills at Troy, N. Y.

For forty years, the finest of underwear

(Continued from Page 86)

the guns are stacked in a corner. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the guns are taken out by the dangerous ends, and unless every member of the party knows that every gun is empty, then no man in the group is safe.

The most frequent form of gunning accident is monkeying with the wrong end. After that comes shooting in mistake for an animal. In Maine last year four persons were killed because some near-hunters took them for deer. The year before that in the same state there were six slain for the same reason, and in 1921 the death toll was five. Other big-game states show a heavy death list, but in the aggregate more persons are killed or wounded while rabbit hunting than in either deer or bird shooting, simply because there are more rabbit hunters and because they know less about rules of safety. During the rabbit season the woods are filled with irresponsibles.

Time was when the greatest percentage of fatalities took place in deer hunting. It was a commonplace season in Michigan when less than fifteen were slain, and one year it went above twenty. New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Maine, Pennsylvania, California, Louisiana, Oregon and Washington, with large deer herds, averaged ten or a dozen killed deer hunters with sad monotony.

The buck law gave a marked reduction. In a single year in Pennsylvania it dropped from eleven to two victims. Under this law it is illegal to kill a female, or doe, deer. Now the buck deer carry the antlers and the females are hornless. There are fines of from $50 to $300 for violation of the law. Sportsmen don't like to be arrested, and they object to paying fines even when an honest mistake has been made. So they look for the horns. In order to escape a money penalty they refuse to take a chance. Before they press the trigger they are certain that they are pulling on a buck deer with horns of legal length. They may hear a noise in the brush, but they no longer shoot blindly. They let the female deer pass unharmed. Only the highly excited half hunters shoot at the guide or drill a hole through a companion. In those states which have adopted the buck law, deer multiply and human life is conserved. All because of a $100 fine.

That may be putting it cynically, but such has been the operation of one of the wisest measures ever adopted by legislators for the safety of big-game hunters. Designed to prevent the extermination of deer by preserving the breeding females, it has worked in saving grace for the happiness of the wives and children of hunters.

But rabbits do not have horns save in exceptional instances, and then the horns generally turn out to be bonelike parasites; and rabbit hunters are not subject to such heavy penalties; also they are a more careless bunch. They see something moving in the brush and they fire. It may be a rabbit or a cat or a hound, or it may be a man. A load of Number 6 shot has no intelligence and is quite impersonal.

Men Mistaken for Game

Fred Saalbach jumped a rabbit in the field and it made for a stone wall where it had its burrow. The hunter believed that he had to get that ball of brown before it reached the fence. He forgot that his brother was in the neighborhood, in the field on the other side, and like many other hunters he concentrated on a quick shot. Fortunately, his brother didn't get the whole charge; but it took the family doctor quite a spell to pick the pellets out of the young man's face and neck.

Half hunters who shoot others in mistake for game have no defense. There may be sympathy for the hunter who fires at a bird or a rabbit or a deer and has no way of knowing that another sportsman is in the line of the shot. We take that chance when we go out. There can be neither sympathy nor forgiveness for the half hunter who fires at something he has not seen. Most always, when cornered, he falls back upon the ancient apology, "The leaves and brush were so thick I couldn't see." In the early part of the season, before the leaves have fallen, the risk in the hunting country is greater than later; but this ought to make and it does make the true sportsman more careful

How under the sun any person can be mistaken for a grouse seems past understanding, and why any hunter with fine instincts should shoot at a grouse on the ground any more than he would shoot at a cowering quail in a corn row is beyond the viewpoint of a regular he man; but a few years ago in New York State a woman was shot and killed because a chap with a gun imagined he saw a bird instead of a human being.

In Virginia, West Virginia, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, North Carolina and Georgia there are instances of hunters being mistaken for wild turkeys and getting shot. Pennsylvania reduced the element of danger much by stopping early morning and late evening turkey shooting. A hunter sitting behind a stump watches for the big birds, which, when scattered, are exceedingly wary. They have a sharp eye and are fleet of foot. Although it is barred in some states, the hunter may do a little calling, and if he is an adept in the use of the wing bone he may deceive another hunter who, creeping up softly, sees a movement and lets go with a charge of Number 4 shot, or larger, propelled by twenty-six grains of smokeless powder. The fellow who did the shooting may convince some persons that he was certain he aimed at a turkey, but that is not highly consoling to a mother or widow.

Shooting without an absolute certainty of what may be hidden among the leaves or behind a wall of brush is a common and constantly recurring cause of trouble. Every hunter shoots at game he does not see; of course he does. A rabbit is jumped and it scurries among the grass or weeds or brush. A grouse goes up with a thundering roar and in a flash is hidden among the thick laurel. But the trained hunter when he fires does so with the knowledge that he is shooting at a rabbit or a grouse. He has seen it. That's what makes him different from the fellow who pulls the trigger merely because the leaves stirred or a twig cracked.

Stumbling Accidents

There are some things it is difficult to guard against. Any hunter is apt to stumble. A loose or wet stone, a log may throw him; a vine or greenbrier may noose his leg; a root may trip him; a concealed hole may hurl him headlong. There is a knack in worming through tangled underbrush, for if you become excited you struggle and in the exertion the gun is quite apt to go off. Stepping from hummock to hummock across a swamp with plenty of decaying logs, cypress knees and briers to impede the way is difficult work. It isn't at all easy to cross a stream on a smooth, slippery foot log. Exigencies of the chase often demand a dash among the big rocks on the crest of a ridge, and when the dogs are bringing a rabbit up through the woods the hunter is called upon to sprint where masses of roots, fallen trees, blackberry reeds and other stuff combine to upset him.

Stumbling accidents are the third most numerous. They are apt to happen to boys and men familiar and unfamiliar with woodcraft alike. It takes years to learn the hundreds of pitfalls and traps set by Nature, and the man who lives in the city or town cannot be expected to find his way with the same facility as the mountaineer. The more practice a lad can get in traversing rough country the more assurance there will be for his safety when he carries a gun.

Ask any old hunter and he will tell you that he is forced to give more attention to his footing than to locating game. He develops something akin to an extra sense and he never ceases to learn, for conditions seldom are duplicated. A rain or light snowfall will create new dangers, a freeze bring on new hazards. It is poor policy to carry a gun in both hands except when there is a likelihood of running across game. You seldom see the natives of the hills do it. They know how difficult it is to maintain equilibrium unless one arm is free to catch at the branch of a tree or edge of a rock. In a tumble it is easier and quicker to swing the point of a gun to a position of safety with one hand.

In the large majority of accidents resulting from falls the man who stumbles is the one who gets hurt. He almost always pitches ahead, and by a queer whim of fate the butt of the gun is tossed forward, leaving the muzzle pointing at his legs. Unless his companions are very close by they are not in much danger. The first thing to remember when one stumbles is to swing the point of the gun in the direction it will do the least harm in case there is a discharge. It isn't easy to do this, but if the thought is kept uppermost, it will become automatic after a time.

In following a narrow trail, hunters are in file formation. It would seem that there would be a large element of danger here, but the records show that few persons get hurt at such a time. More are injured when they are spread out. When the men are following in one another's footsteps a community spirit of safety is strong. Frequently the gun is carried on the shoulder. Everybody is thinking about the chap just behind him, and if a gun is shoved too close to a person there is strong language used. So the rifles stick out at an angle of forty-five degrees or more. I have noticed, too, that at this time the most of the hunters set the firearms at safety. The same thing is done when they come together for a conference or stop at a spring for a drink or lunch. There is a fairly well-observed rule that guns should not be rested against a tree or stump or clump of bushes, but must be laid on the ground, pointing out. Few accidents happen when this precaution is taken.

However, such accidents do happen. Less than three weeks after the opening of the 1924 season, in August, a bunch of Pennsylvania boys who had been hunting gathered at a favorite spot for a rest. One of them laid his gun on the ground, but pointed it the wrong way. Somehow it went off—they didn't know why—and the charge was sent into the midst of the party, badly wounding one youngster.

Gedden Albert was killed a few years ago because one of his comrades stacked a loaded gun against a tree with some other firearms. The gun that slid off to the side of the tree happened to be cocked, and when it hit the ground the jar caused the hammer to drop. So, too, Howard Derr, on another occasion, laid down his shotgun in the proper manner and seemingly it was quite safe. But a hunting dog blundered over the gun, got its paw entangled in the trigger guard and discharged the piece. Derr happened to be standing squarely in front and he was killed. This fatality could have been avoided had the gun been set on safety before it was laid down. There is only one time when good hunting form calls for a gun to be set with cocked hammer, and that is in close proximity to game.

It takes only a moment to make a gun harmless. The slight pressure of a thumb marks the space between life and death. In Cayuga County, New York, a hunter undertook to stop a fight between two of the dogs. He took his gun by the muzzle, not stopping to put it on safety, and with that deadly end pointing toward him he swung the butt at the animals. The gun was discharged, the shot tore through his abdomen and he died.

When Seymour Sings

There is a common belief that stray shots from high-power rifles cause numerous accidents. The percentage is quite low. In any thickly wooded country long-distance shots seldom find a human mark. A bullet cannot travel far before striking the side of a hill or a tree or rock—that is, unless it is fired at a high angle. Long-range bullets seldom bring down a deer, as every hunter knows, and they need not worry the man in the woods. They do find their victims, but only in isolated instances. Two years ago hunters came across a wounded man lying in the scrub oaks in the Alleghany range. He was in a bad way, a bullet having cut an artery in the leg. He did not know where the shot came from. The same year two men were wounded in New York State from the same cause. Colorado and California have had hunters struck by spent bullets. Generally speaking, however, the shot fired at close range does the deadliest work. Carelessness is more to be dreaded than anything else.

There are odd and there are rare casualties, some of which fall into a class of their own. Adolphus Seymour, an Adirondack guide, had killed a deer, dressed it and swung it over his back to carry it out of the woods. He was striding along silently when a bullet whizzed past his face and imbedded itself in the carcass of the dead deer. Seymour dropped his burden and yelled. A much frightened youth came up and explained that he saw the form of a deer and didn't stop to investigate whether it was being carried or was walking running or flying. He apologized profusely for his mistake. After that when Seymour carried a dead deer out of the brush he

(Continued on Page 91)

White Magic

In pools of quiet water, so we read, graceful nymphs found means to contemplate their fabled charms; and, to add, perhaps, a feminine touch in aid of Nature's handiwork.

Today, this little miracle of seeing one's self is accomplished in a pool of light. White magic does it—the magic of National White MAZDA lamps

Throughout your home, National White MAZDA lamps can work wonders. They are universal utility lamps, intended for portable floor and table lamps and for every kind of fixture on which open shades are used. They spread a gracious mantle of diffused light everywhere—illumination without glare.

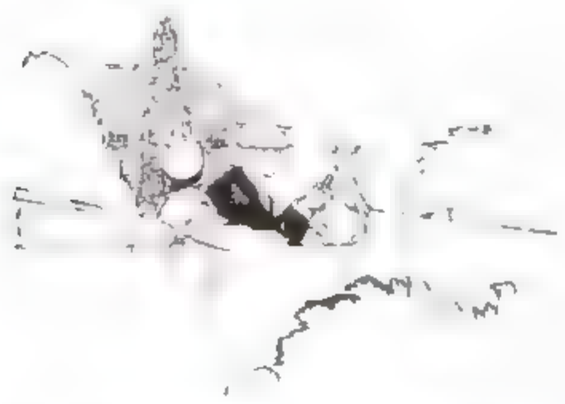
Replace weak and glaring lamps and fill up empty sockets with National White MAZDA lamps. Buy them by the carton—six lamps. Near you is a National MAZDA lamp store where the Blue Carton or the Blue Carton Lantern is displayed There you can obtain real information about good lighting.

Write to National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park [illegible], for "Modern Recipes For Lighting The Home," which tells how to light properly all the rooms in your home.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

NEIGHBORHOOD ITEMS



Jim Hendricks has never dared tell her the real story

WHEN the Hendrickses decided to move here, Mrs. Hendricks sent Jim on ahead to look up houses. It just happened that the Wheeler house was on sale at a great bargain. It was a bit run-down, but otherwise it filled every one of Mrs. Hendricks' requirements. So Jim took a chance and bought it on the spot. Then he began to get cold feet. Thought he'd let Mrs. Hendricks see it before he told her. He drove her past it the day she came to town. "That dilapidated place! I wouldn't even consider it." Anxious moments for Jim. Then he called up the painters. Five minutes after the last ladder and the last can of Acme Quality Paint were off the place, he drove Mrs. Hendricks past again. "What a ducky house," she said, "how in the world did you happen to overlook it?"

ACME QUALITY HOUSE PAINT
Gives pleasing effects and lasting results

Gertrude says she can scarcely drag the children home from their grandmother's now

AT first, when she left them over there, they were so homesick they wept and wailed. Their grandmother was quite distressed. She ransacked the house for playthings every time they appeared. Finally, she recalled the children's things up in the garret. And the last time the youngsters appeared, she had a whole playroom for them, with tiny chairs and tables and desks, and cupboard full of strange toys. When Gertrude saw the room she was speechless. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "you didn't buy all those things?" "Mercy, no," said her mother, "all I bought was a can of Acme Quality Varno-Lac."

ACME QUALITY VARNO-LAC
Stains and varnishes in one quick, easy operation

It's a good thing Jack painted that car when he did

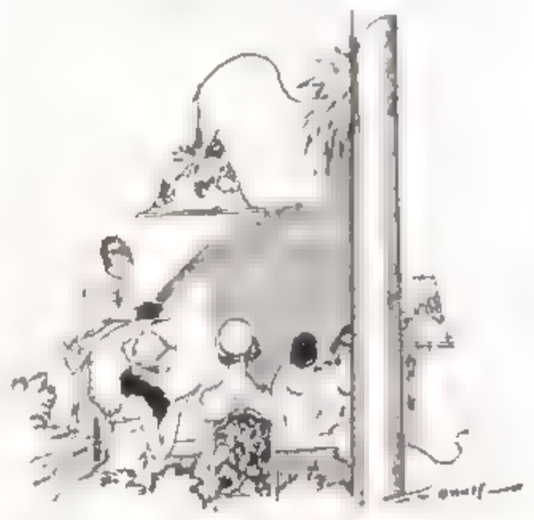
I THINK all along Laura liked Jack best, but it did take a good deal of courage for her to drive up to the Country Club in Jack's shabby car, when Hal was ready to motor her out in his big new roadster. Anyhow, she began to accept Hal's invitations, and Jack was in a panic. Grace Armstrong saw how things were going and cornered Jack. "You aren't afraid to do a little work now and then, are you, Jack?" she asked. "I'm the soul of energy," he replied. "All right. I'm sending you a little present tomorrow, which I know you can use." The next morning there arrived a paint brush and some cans of Acme Quality Motor Car Finish. Jack took the hint—got busy immediately and Laura hasn't been seen in Hal's car since.

ACME QUALITY MOTOR CAR FINISH
Makes old cars look like new

Cousin Susie says her health improved instantly

THOSE hideous walls of hers! For some unaccountable reason, she had a sentimental attachment for them. Poor Virginia, who lives with her, stood them as long as she could. Then she began her campaign. You know what a horror Cousin Susie has of germs. Every few days Virginia would unearth an article on insanitary wall coverings and the germs they harbor. She would read them aloud with great gusto. Finally, one day, Cousin Susie rushed to the phone and called up Pete Sykes, the decorator. Now every wall in Cousin Susie's house has a clean, light, cheerful surface of Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish, and Susie says she is feeling better than she has for years.

ACME QUALITY NO-LUSTRE FINISH
For walls, ceilings and woodwork



Mrs. Aldershot says—

THAT it isn't true that Anne Sutton spent a fortune fitting up her tea room. That she bought the unpainted pieces, and finished every one herself with Acme Quality Enamel Kote. That the reason everyone is so wild about the place is because of the gay riot of colors she put into it. And that the only fact the gossips did get right is that the place is making barrels of money.

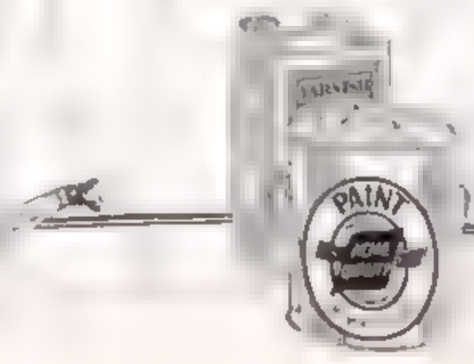
ACME QUALITY ENAMEL KOTE
For furniture and woodwork

Do you know how many fascinating things you can do with Acme Quality Products? The enchanting transformations you can make inside and outside your home? Our booklet, "Playing Fairy Godmother to Your Home," tells just how to do all this beautifying of your walls, woodwork, floors and furnishings, and shows you just what Acme Quality Products to use to get lovely and satisfying effects. Write for this free booklet.

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.
Branches in principal cities—Dealers everywhere



Continued from Page 88

sang very vociferously; in fact he made the woods ring with popular airs. It doesn't pay to tote a deer on your back without letting half hunters know that you are around.

A well-known Chicago lawyer was killed by his boatman a few years ago in a peculiar way. The guide saw a chance to get a shot at a bunch of mallards. He called to his companion to duck his head. The lawyer caught the word "duck," took it to mean that he was to shoot, rose in the craft and had the top of his skull blown off.

It is not often that a duck hunter accidentally sends a load of shot through the bottom of his craft, and yet that very thing has happened occasionally. It is a contingency that all hunters seek to avoid, for unless the leak can be plugged quickly there is a fair chance to drown. Far more duck hunters are killed because they pulled a loaded gun across the seat or side of a boat.

There was a Connecticut lad, Harry Allen, who looked down the barrel of his gun to see if anything was obstructing it. The trigger caught at that unfortunate moment and the usual thing happened. Which brings up the matter of those accidents due to snow or mud jamming the barrels. Sometimes such an obstruction will cause a gun to burst. This is not a reason why one should gaze into the muzzle of a loaded firearm. The wisest thing is to remove the shells and then take a view from the chamber end.

It seems a very foolish thing to use a gun as a staff in getting down from a fence, but one hunter tried it. He might have succeeded but for his negligence in allowing the muzzle to point upward, and also in forgetting to set the safety catch. There was another hunter who tried to slide down a cliff with a loaded gun in one hand and a lantern in the other. When he reached the bottom he had a wicked wound through his shoulder.

A rare occurrence was that of a hunter who shot a duck with one barrel of his gun and then shot himself through the leg with the other shell.

A Rare Type of Casualty

The lowest percentage of all gunning accidents deals with a defect in a gun. The modern rifle or shotgun is so well made that it is safe in the hands of the careful hunter. There are plenty of old guns in use—worn-out, ancient, loose-jointed weapons that no self-respecting person will handle. They are a menace mostly to the persons using them. The present-day sporting firearm will stand up under all conditions. It has a safety mechanism that is put there to be used and not as an ornament. The barrels can withstand heavier charges than any hunter requires. The ammunition is equally good.

Any gun can become a deadly thing in the hands of a careless or reckless shooter. Once the half hunter learns that a careful man will refuse to accompany him into the field he reforms or quits. Many persons feel a delicacy in calling down a dub, but withholding a rebuke may result in an accident; for the sake of everybody, plain talk should be employed. As for the fellow who playfully points a gun at another, he should be knocked down. Words are wasted on him. Just what proportion of hunting accidents can be avoided it is hard to say. After going over a thousand and more cases I believe that fully 50 per cent could have been avoided. There are conservative hunters who declare that fully three-quarters of all the accidents that occur in America every hunting season are due to carelessness or lack of training.

One hunting season found me at the Gardner camp on Big Flat. It was owned by John Gardner and his brother Dick, both quiet, courageous men who had spent the greater part of their lives in pioneer ways; ranching in Montana, lumbering, breaking virgin soil. There was in the party an oldish fellow who did much drinking. Some said he was rum-dum. After supper on the evening of the first day, Dick Gardner and I walked out on the backbone of a ridge to look for signs. It was open country, and to get a better lay of the terrain we climbed up on a big fallen tree. It made us conspicuous. About a minute later a load of buckshot spattered around us. One of the bullets cut a neat hole in Dick's coat. We were curious to know what it was all about, so we hustled down the hill a short distance and headed off the old gentleman who was rum-dum. He said he had shot at a rabbit, but he was much too innocent. At the time, Dick said little; but when we got to the cabin he called John Gardner aside.

In his soft way, John told his guest, "I think that you had better pack your stuff and get out."

"What for do you want me to quit?"

"Well, we don't hanker to travel with men who shoot at rabbits with buckshot; specially when the rabbits are roosting in trees."

That ended it.

By and large, there isn't much difference between the crazy hunter and the careless hunter; you can't tell what either is apt to do.

A Letter From Stuart Henry

EDITOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

SIR: I have read with care your editorial Texas versus Henry, respecting Mr. Hough's North of 36, and your reference to my criticism of this romance in certain of its historical aspects.

May I be permitted briefly to say that my family, with me, moved to Abilene, Kansas, in 1867–68 and resided there continuously until 1883? My knowledge of Abilene and its pioneer years is, therefore, first-hand knowledge and not derived from other sources. McCoyne—for McCoy—was not mayor in 1867, as would appear from Mr. Hough's book. Abilene's first mayor—from September, 1869, to the spring of 1871—was my brother, T. C. Henry, the "Wheat King" of Kansas. Mr. Hough states in his book that he went West in 1881. He never, I believe, stopped in Abilene. His Texas authorities, who make such violent objections to my corrections, either were not there in the late 60's or only as transients.

It is logical for me to think I know better than they whether, in entire innocence, the author erred historically regarding that early development on the mid-Plains. I am a whole-hearted admirer of Mr. Hough as a writer of fiction, yet this could not dissuade me from pointing out historical mistakes which would identify with 1867 later conditions and make decades appear as vaguely "telescoped." I am sure Mrs. Burks, of Texas, did not come up the Chisholm to Abilene in 1867. A few women did afterward appear there from the trail, and these exceptions proved the rule.

My Texas friends are enraged because I did not speak of those pioneers of the cattle camps and prairie "schooners" in moving-picture terms of adventure and embellishment. My family and I saw many examples and these did not blossom out in romance or frontier joyousness. It was life about as poor and hard as possible. I will not quarrel with Texans as to its sordidness. But since they do not like the grim picture I suggested, would they prefer the following glimpse of Texans of that day in Abilene?

During the winters from '68 to '72, the hamlet was a community of plain Northern people, peaceable, unarmed. When the Lone Star men with cattle droves began to arrive in June, Abilene was transformed at once into the most notoriously bad town in America. "Hell was to pay" until they departed for home in September. Some twenty saloons dominated in a space equal to about three short city blocks. Gambling, drunkenness, prostitution were the open order of the day as well as night. Shooting men to death was an accepted custom. The typical Texan in Abilene went equipped with two six-shooters and sometimes a knife for stabbing. He knew no court, no law, no religion. He could not read or write. When crazed by rot-gut whisky he was apt to run amuck like a profane daredevil, firing recklessly in the air, defying, when he wanted to, the law-abiding citizens.

It brings us to the difficult question: Of what class or classes were the pioneers on the Plains? Were they one type of good, God-fearing, more or less oppressed folk, rather pushed out from the prosperous East by a harsh fate? Or were they of all sorts, good and bad, among whom should be numbered those Texans in Kansas? Shall the average be taken as the accurate model, or only a choice selection?

I cannot but look back on that scene through the eyes of actuality rather than through the eyes of error and spectacular imagination. Yet, knowing from our family experience what the genuine pioneers underwent, I naturally yield to no one in "reverence" for them when I consider what they had to meet and overcome.

STUART HENRY.

ROYAL
ELECTRIC CLEANER
Gets ALL *the dirt by Air Alone*

The Complete Electric Cleaner

AN outstanding feature of the Royal Electric Cleaner is the convenience with which it may be used for every house cleaning task. Its light weight, ease of operation, and above all, its speed and thoroughness, mean a use for Royal whenever there is any cleaning task to do.

With its attachments it is a complete house cleaning plant, instantly ready to quickly and thoroughly clean delicate fabrics, upholstered furniture, clothing, furs, bedding, pianos, bookcases, dresser drawers, closed cars—in fact, any and everything that gathers dust and dirt.

The only way you can fully appreciate the difference between Royal and ordinary cleaning methods is to have a comparative demonstration in your own home. Then you will know why the Royal welcomes comparative tests.

The Royal cleans more quickly and more thoroughly—operates easier and lasts longer. Don't choose an electric cleaner until you have tried the Royal.

There is a Royal man near you, who will gladly demonstrate in your home. If you don't know his name, write us.

The P. A. Geier Company
Cleveland, Ohio
BOSTON NEW YORK

Manufactured in Canada for Canadians by Continental Electrical Co., Ltd., Toronto
Also Manufacturers of Royal Vibrator, Royal Hair Cutter, Royal Drier, Royal Clothes Washer

200 tons of ledger leaves
300 tons of order blanks
500 tons of machine bookkeeping forms

LAST year 300 tons of paper—quite a train load—were used to supply Baker-Vawter customers with just order blanks. Greater by far, both in value and volume, were the more than 500 tons of high-grade paper we used to produce millions of machine bookkeeping forms—ledger leaves, statements, etc. Another 200 tons of the finest ledger papers for pen-posted ledger and accounting forms.

This mass production is made up of orders, large and small, from thousands of customers who stick to us year after year only because they get value received.

You can safely buy any Baker-Vawter product with your eyes shut, being certain of right prices which large production and our one-price policy assure; and confident, too, of a quality always dependable and uniform—but never extravagant. That's why 70% of our fast growing business is repeat business.

It will pay you to get the story of how Baker-Vawter products are lightening business routine, and cutting corners on office costs, for thousands of banks and business houses.

We probably can help you. We have nearly 200 men covering the country, demonstrating the economies of our methods; selling our products direct from our factories to you.

Use the coupon. It will bring good counsel—with no obligation.

Baker-Vawter binders for every kind of record are made to give lasting satisfaction.

Our 5-drawer letter file saves you 20% in floor space; increases filing capacity 25%, because of its extra drawer.

All our products possess unique features not found elsewhere—Baker-Vawter quality and reliability always.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

General Offices: BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

Manufacturing Plants at
Holyoke, Massachusetts
Kansas City, Missouri
Benton Harbor, Michigan
San Francisco, California

Attach coupon to your letterhead and mail today

Business System Literature —FREE

Below is a list of folders published by Baker-Vawter in the interest of better records, methods and equipment for business offices and banks.

Each folder discusses an important departmental function and describes a tested system of [illegible] and equipment for its effective handling. Written primarily for executives, these little booklets have proved useful in many instances as good educational literature for the clerical force.

We'll gladly mail you any or all of them on receipt of this coupon, without charge or obligation. Please check those you want.

Departmental Records and Systems for Wholesale, Manufacturing, Retail and Service Institutions

- ☐ 31. Purchase Department Records.
- ☐ 32. Stockkeeping Records and Equipment.
- ☐ 33. Check and Remittance System—Paying.
- ☐ 34. Order Systems—Wholesale; Factory.
- ☐ 35. The Shipping Department.
- ☐ 36. Filing Customers Orders (Direct Reference).
- ☐ 37. Order and Billing Shortcuts.
- ☐ 39. Proof Inventory System (Periodic).
- ☐ 40. Customers Ledger and Statement (Retail).

Departmental Records and Systems for Banks

- ☐ 1. Safe Deposit System.
- ☐ 2. The Central File for new business promotion.
- ☐ 3. The Modern General Ledger and Statement.
- ☐ 4. Loose Leaf Register Records.
- ☐ 5. One-operation (quintuplicate) Loan System.
- ☐ 6. Filing Canceled Checks; Indexing System.
- ☐ 7. Trust Department Accounting System.
- ☐ 8. Savings Department Records and Equipment.
- ☐ 9. Collection Department Records.

Individual Catalogs of Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

- ☐ 61. B-V Binders for Ledgers, Records, Price Book, etc.
- ☐ 64. Ledger Binders for Machine Bookkeeping.
- ☐ 81. Filing Cabinets that will save 20% of your present filing floor space.
- ☐ 82. Counter, 1 and 2 drawer Current Files; 11 sizes.
- ☐ 83. Transfer Cases: Seven Sizes.
- ☐ 84. Deskfile for Busy Executives (Letter-Size).
- ☐ 85. Steel Ledger Tray for Machine Bookkeeping.
- ☐ 91. Filing Systems and Supplies.
- ☐ Glad to talk to your salesman.

Send to Mr.

S E P 10-4

THUNDERSTROKE

(Continued from Page 7)

he had witnessed the climax of the long task when the huge slab, toppled from its position by a heavy charge, rolled down the grout pile and demolished the flimsy and abandoned shacks at the bottom of the great slope. He remembered a tremendous pride in thinking that his father was one of the roots of this vast disturbance; and a little later himself went to work about the quarry, carrying tools and stealing powder for his own purposes whenever the opportunity was offered him.

One summer work was slack; there was nothing for him to do; and he came to Fraternity to help with the haying on his Uncle Chan's farm. The Freel place was near by; the Freel place, which had now been the Mosser farm for close to thirty years. Freel himself was old and ill; of his four children, one was a boy and dead, and the two younger sisters were married and in homes of their own. Maria Freel, the eldest of the three and the least attractive, cared for her father and tended him. She was two or three years older than Dode, but they both were young. Circumstances threw them together; she found that she could evoke in him an emotional response; and it is accurate to say that she seized upon him with a fierce and jealous grasp. Dode was not unwilling to be captured. They decided to be married, and Dode came to live at the Freel place, where a man's hand was sadly needed. It was not long before the old man died.

Chan, the boy, who was born a year or two after their marriage, was not like his father. Dode was small, lean and wiry. Chan was from the first a robust boy, with the long, powerful body and the short, substantial legs which go with utility if not with grace. He was, his mother used to say, like her father; Freel had in fact been a big man and—in the local phrase—an able one. His strength, in his younger days, had been a matter of renown, and Chan inherited this; inherited, too, a certain affection for the soil, for the acres in which Freels had had their roots for a hundred years. There was none of this love of the land in Dode Mosser. He soon discovered that the farm, its acres fertile and well-sunned, needed but the slightest care to provide a living. Work in itself had never appealed to him; within half a dozen years of his marriage he had reduced it to a minimum. His wife, rebellious at existence and at her imprisonment upon this remote farm, fought for years to drive him to greater activity, but without success. To her nervous reproaches and insistence, he opposed a wall of indolent contentment. If any strong attachment had existed between them; if she had been able still to play upon his emotions, she might have made some impression upon his stolidity. But this was not the case. Dode found marriage a comfortable habit, little more. He accepted his wife's recriminations as one of the inevitable drawbacks of his otherwise pleasant state. So they passed their youth and lived through the middle years and now approached old age; and Dode was like a log which has lain so long in one place that grass and mosses have grown over it, binding it down while at the same time they protect it against any outer storm or stress. His bed was comfortable; he was content to lie in it; and the possibility that he might some day be uprooted had never forcibly occurred to him. He had found refuge from his wife's asperities in his own appreciation of the humorous side of life; himself enjoyed laughter, and liked to make others laugh. As amiable a person as you would wish to encounter.

His wife, this woman full of revolt against the world she knew, and torn by formless longings for another state at which she could only guess, was like a bur which bruises or abrades every surface with which it comes in contact. Few liked her; she had no intimates; and so she lived her querulous and fretful life; and though she must long since have abandoned hope, yet she had not even after thirty years given up her scolding efforts to spur some life into Dode.

She might, given the wit and the purpose, have made something of Chan; but when he had grown out of his babyhood and entered that period in which a boy is too young to work and yet old enough to be trusted to his own resources about the farm, he passed more or less permanently out of the immediate circle of her consciousness. She was at that time desperately engrossed in her futile struggle against Dode's inertia; she gave little heed to the boy. So Chan, in whom lived that love of the land which had come down to him from his grandfather, wandered about the farm, swam or fished for trout in the brook, roamed the woods where he surprised partridges into flight, built shelters of hemlock boughs and peopled them from the rich stores of his boyish imagination, and unconsciously acquired an intimate and detailed acquaintance with every rod of ground and every tree that grew upon it. He found this manner of life inexpressibly sweet; and when, as he matured, Dode set him tasks to do, he did them as tasks. That is to say, they were things that must be done and therefore irksome or hateful according to degree.

Dode, with no intent to persecute the boy, nevertheless found it amusing to impose upon him the most laborious or the most repulsive toil. So Chan labored in the hot and dust-filled mow, stowing the hay which came billowing up to him in relentless waves from his father's fork. Or when someone else helped Dode pitch the hay up, Chan led the oxen to and fro upon the piling hay to bed it down; and the weight of the great beasts created a pit about them into which he rolled, sprawling and scrambling between their very feet. It was Chan who climbed into the manure pit to shovel out the stuff in the spring. It was Chan who, when there were stumps to be pulled or bowlders to be dislodged, had the task of handling the dragging chain behind the oxen. The effect was to breed in him a definite hatred for all the infinite work that had to be done about the farm. The fact that Dode found in his son's trials many matters for mirth added to this feeling. So Chan grew out of boyhood into adolescence and found existence a state divided between hours of ignominious toil and other pleasant hours when he was free to wander alone about the farm, to fish, to hunt, or merely to lie dreaming beneath some old and friendly tree in a remote and pleasant silence, secure against the energetic encroachments of the world. He did the work he had to do, but did it indolently and without pleasure. It was a necessary evil; he had never discovered the satisfaction inherent in a hard duty well performed. He was at this time in his twenties; contented enough, but entirely innocent of aspirations.

It was true that there was recently come into his life a new and uncertain element. He had, during the winter gone, become acquainted with a young woman named Carrie Day, whose home was in East Harbor, but who had come to teach school in Fraternity the fall before. An occasional casual encounter led to a more definite acquaintance; and after a succession of contacts between them he recognized the fact that there was something in her which irritated him and at the same time attracted him; which made him uneasy and discontented for no apparent reason at all.

This young woman was a person of extraordinary physical energy. She had gone to the university for a part of one year; but her restless spirit could not be contented there, and she undertook a normal course in physical training in Augusta. Her funds exhausted, she was now teaching school for a year in preparation for further study. The brisk régime of the normal school appealed to her; it had definitely affected her carriage and bearing. Chan was first interested in her because of the manner in which she walked. Himself and those about him, when they went anywhere afoot, went at a slow, almost a dragging gait; a gait which involved the minimum of effort, yet which attained its end, bringing them in course of time to their destination without fatigue. But this girl walked as though walking were in itself a pleasure. The first time Chan saw her he was at Bissell's store, and she came across the bridge at the foot of the hill and up the road past where he stood. At each step she planted her feet with a firm movement like a thrust; her arms swung; her chest was arched and her head erect as though the very air carried some odor which she greedily inhaled. Chan asked Will Belter who she was. He could have discovered no surer source of information, for Will knew everything worth knowing, and was fond of telling all he knew.

"She's the new teacher," Will replied. "Name's Carrie Day. She boards at Lee Motley's. Lives in East Harbor. Walks out every Sunday afternoon and back in

(From an actual experience)
IT WAS DECIDED not to tile this bathroom. The floor was treated with an ordinary finish. It proved—
1. Hard to wash
2. Not sanitary
3. Surface flaked off
4. Showed water spots
—it was then decided to try
The Liquid Floor Covering
A few months proved that the floor had been made as sanitary and washable as tile. Further, no spots appeared; no wear showed.
Such results are usual with this remarkable preparation—Koverflor. Although Koverflor is applied like paint, it is an entirely different kind of product. It creates a surface that has the smoothness of tile. Consequently, it is most sanitary. It resists wear and tear. It prevents wood from decaying, cement from dusting.
Use Koverflor on both inside and outside floors, of wood or cement.
Koverflor is supplied in solid colors, for homes; industrial and commercial buildings; and steamships. Hardware and paint dealers handle it. If unable to secure it conveniently, we will supply you direct.
STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
443 Fourth Avenue, New York
San Francisco Grand Rapids London Eng
STANDARD VARNISH CO. of Illinois
2600 Federal St., Chicago
KOVERFLOR
CLIP AND MAIL
Two Helpful Books free
"The Liquid Floor Covering" describes how what this revolutionary, Kover
does
facts about enamels and enameled woodwork.
TO-MOST-CONVENIENT-OFFICE
Check here if you want us to include information about other famous Standard Varnish Works products
Salinette Enamel, the china-like enamel
Classica Varnishes specific varnishes for all purposes.
KwickWork Auto Enamel the auto enamel that dries overnight.

again Fridays." He added, in a puzzled tone, "I offered to give her a lift one day, going in, but she said as how she'd rather walk it, like it was fun walking."

"Where's she going?" Chan asked, his eyes still following her as she climbed the hill toward the ridge.

"Going for a walk, most likely," Will told him. "School's out for the day, and she most generally does."

Chan said no more; but the impression she had made remained with him, perplexing and provocative. On his occasional appearances in the village he saw her again and again, but never spoke to her. Their first direct encounter occurred one afternoon in November, when dusk was settling swiftly, the sun just dipping below the hills. Chan, his gun under his arm, was moving quietly across one of the low ridges above the cemetery, with an eye for partridges, when he crossed an old wood road and saw her coming toward him, down the slight grade, at a swift run. He was an inconspicuous figure, blending into the shadows of a clump of cedars at his back, and she did not see him. He stood still, watching her approach. She ran so earnestly he thought she must be pursued; but no one came behind her. Then he decided she must have been frightened; and when she came within a few paces of where he stood, and discovered him, and dropped to a walk and then stopped still, he asked gravely, "What's the matter?"

"There's nothing the matter with me," she told him briskly.

"What you running for?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

Her voice was astonishingly crisp; her tones were curt to the point of hostility.

"Something scare you?" he asked.

She laughed in a pleasant way.

"Oh, that what you mean? No, no; I just ran because I felt like running. I've been walking up toward the pond, and I thought perhaps I'd be late to supper at Mrs. Motley's, and then I felt like running. It was downhill, and I think most people like to run downhill."

"I dunno as I do," he said; and she seemed surprised that he should differ with her.

"Especially when it's in the woods," she insisted. "It's fun to run through the woods, pretending things, pretending something's after you."

"You scare everything in a mile, the noise you make."

She laughed.

"I almost ran over a partridge," she confessed. "He was scared—by the noise he made. But I guess I was as scared as he was."

"If you go slow and keep quiet, you can get right on them," he told her.

She glanced at his gun.

"And shoot them?" she asked. He nodded. "Sneak up on them and shoot them," she repeated. "Why don't you shoot your chickens?"

"It's more fun shooting pa'tridge."

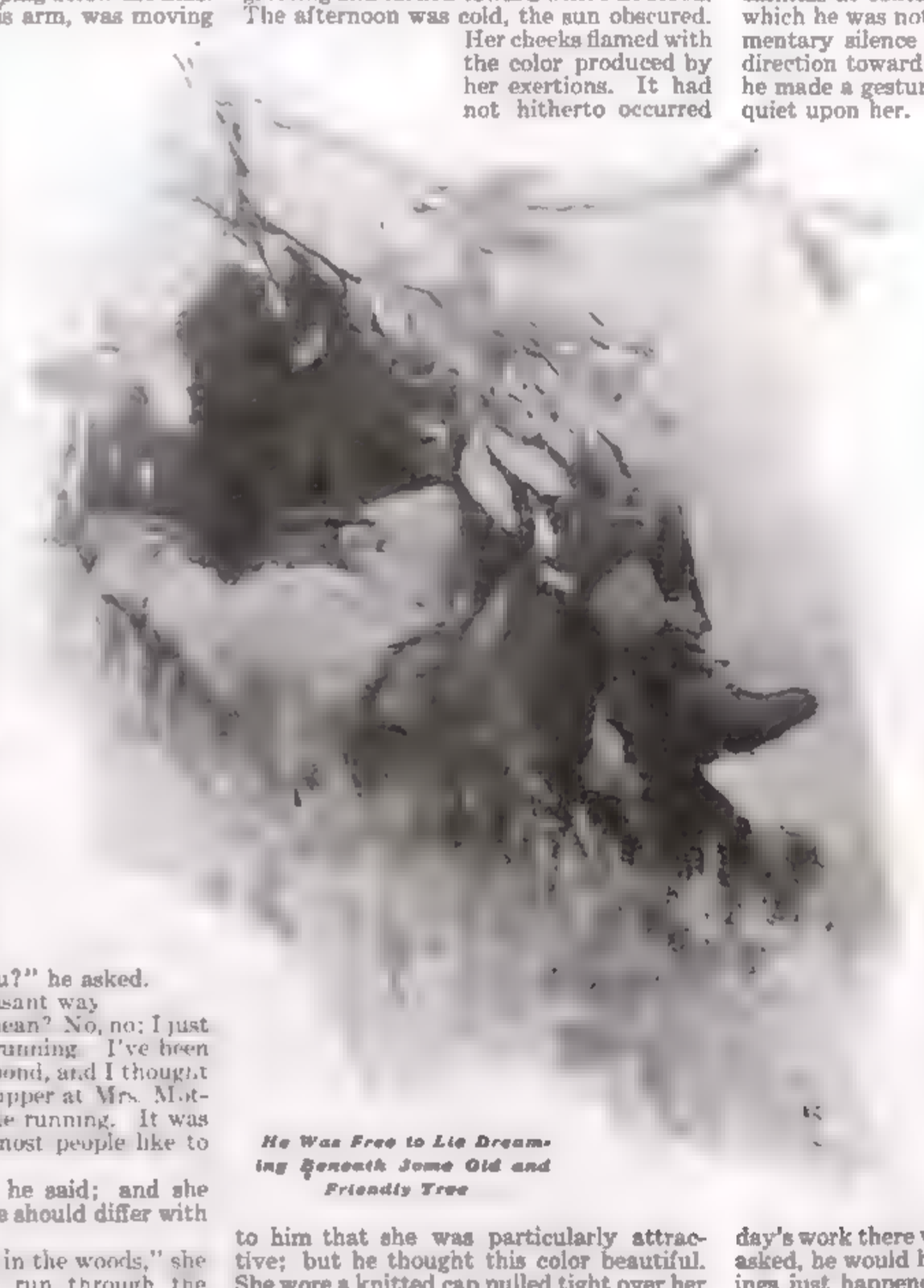
"Fun!" She asked abruptly, "You're Chan Mosser?"

"Yeah," he agreed.

"I know your father's farm," she told him accusingly. "It's as good a place as there is in town, and you do less with it than anybody. I should think you'd stay at home in place of hunting little birds—a man your size."

The sun had gone; the shadows, deep and colorful, lay heavily about them. He said nothing, weighing what she had said; and she moved past him and on toward the village without a further word. A few rods away he saw her again break into a run. He went slowly home, profoundly disturbed, profoundly bewildered by this contact. There was an extraordinary force in her; he felt himself shaken out of his habitual indolent contentment.

Thereafter, when he encountered her in the village, she spoke to him by name, and sometimes stopped to exchange a word or two. There was in this nothing remarkable; she knew everyone and was on friendly terms with everyone. Nevertheless each such encounter renewed and accentuated the first impression she had made on him. One day in January they met again in the woods. He was on snowshoes, with gun and hound, on his way down over the shoulder of land behind his father's pasture toward the rabbit swamp. She had come through from the northern road, and he heard the click of her snowshoes before he saw her, and waited for her to come in sight. She discovered him and lifted one hand in greeting and turned toward where he stood. The afternoon was cold, the sun obscured. Her cheeks flamed with the color produced by her exertions. It had not hitherto occurred to him that she was particularly attractive; but he thought this color beautiful. She wore a knitted cap pulled tight over her hair, and a heavy blanket coat and woolen skirt above her stout laced boots.



He Was Free to Lie Dreaming Beneath Some Old and Friendly Tree

A rabbit hung at his belt; and she touched its fur, white as snow, and asked, "Did you shoot it?"

He nodded. The hound was baying somewhere in the swamp and he listened to the sound.

"There's apt to be one come by down below us here," he told her. "I want to be where I can get a crack at it."

She followed him down the slope a few rods.

When he observed her movement he hesitated as though he would have objected; then contented himself with saying, "You'll have to stand still."

"Why?"

"Rabbit'll see you."

"Mustn't talk, must I?"

"Talk low, if you got to," he advised.

She laughed crisply.

"If I see one coming, I'll probably scare it away on purpose."

He looked at her with a quick turn of the head.

"What for?" he asked.

"Why do you want to kill another?"

"To eat."

"I'm on the rabbit's side. Besides, I don't see how you can eat them. I hate the taste."

"They're good, cooked the right way."

She made no reply to this, and he directed his attention once more to the swamp below them, eyes alert. She watched him, only now and then glancing down the knoll; and she was surprised to discover in his countenance something keen and ready, something surprisingly competent.

By and by she asked, "You like this, don't you?"

He nodded, looking toward her momentarily.

"Guess I do."

"I don't expect you like working so well."

"Well, the work's got to be done," he replied.

"That's the way most people look at it," she agreed in that curt tone she sometimes used, and his ears burned and he felt his cheeks flush.

This was not because she provoked him to any sense of guilt; it was simply his uneasiness at contact with a point of view to which he was not accustomed. In the momentary silence he heard a sound in the direction toward the dog, but nearer; and he made a gesture with his hand, imposing quiet upon her. After a space his eye discovered the rabbit, running toward them. The direction of Chan's gaze informed her of its coming; when presently she saw the creature, she leaned forward and threw up her arms and uttered a cry calculated to turn the rabbit back. The small beast reared on its haunches for an instant, curious and attentive, and Chan's gun roared. A moment later he had plunged down the slope to retrieve the kicking game. When he looked toward Carrie again she was gone, hurrying away up the knoll. He watched her go, making no movement to pursue, utterly bewildered.

But after this encounter Chan found it impossible to put the girl long out of his thoughts. The result was that, more or less without volition, he began to seek her out; to make occasions which would bring them together. He went more often to the village and waited aimlessly for her to appear; he went to Lee Motley's house on unimportant errands, he occasionally appeared at the school building about the time her day's work there was ended. If he had been asked, he would have said that these meetings just happened so; that his more and more frequent encounters with the girl were accidental. But though he might himself fail to understand what he did, the schoolteacher understood. She found a certain amusement in the situation. She was not unused to attention; men had found her attractive before, and had told her so. The only novel feature of this situation was that Chan did not tell her so. He was, in fact, silent and almost sullen when in her presence; had little to say and said that little in a morose and unwilling fashion. She took delight in prodding him, in provoking and angering him by criticisms of himself and his manners and his life. The thing developed into something like a game with her. She was faintly piqued because she could not rouse him to the point of fighting back, and there were times when she decided he was as weak and indolent as he seemed to be.

But that he had some stubborn stuff in him was evident by the number of times he managed to see her, and she recognized this fact and was amused by it.

"If he'd put as much time in on his father's garden," she thought, and spoke the thought to him, asking him flatly why he continued to seek her out. He denied that he had done so.

"Well, you've been happening around mighty often," she told him briskly.

"You move around quite a lot your own self," he told her. "It'd be funny if we didn't run into each other."

"You mean to say I'm trying to run into you?" she demanded.

"I dunno as there's any reason you should," he confessed.

"Nor any reason for you to keep after me all the time."

"Well, if I was, I dunno as there's any reason I shouldn't," he argued stubbornly.

"What if I don't want you to?"

"I guess you could dodge me if you had a mind."

"I don't dodge anybody," she said crisply, but felt her cheeks burn. "There's no reason why I should dodge. But you've got something better to do than hang around this schoolhouse every day; or you ought to have."

"What have I got to do?" he asked.

"Your farming," she retorted. "I guess there's enough to do." He was about to reply, but she stopped him. "Or if you haven't anything to do, I have."

This particular encounter was before the schoolhouse door at the noon recess; she put a period to it by going into the building and shutting the door behind her, and Chan moved reluctantly away.

She had come to occupy a very large place in his thoughts. He could not help puzzling about her, even though to do so made him restless and uncomfortable and ill at ease. He was grateful for one thing: His father had not remarked anything unusual in his movements. Dode would have made a lot of funny talk about it, Chan thought; and his face burned resentfully.

This night after he had come to bed, while Dode in the other room wrote his letter to the insurance agent under Mrs. Mosser's insistent hand, Chan thought for a little while about Carrie Day. He had begun to be able to guess what her reaction would be to a given state of affairs, and he thought she would make as much fuss as his mother was making over this question of the insurance. Women, he decided, were always fretting at a man.

The distant thunder rumbled once more as he drifted swiftly into sleep.

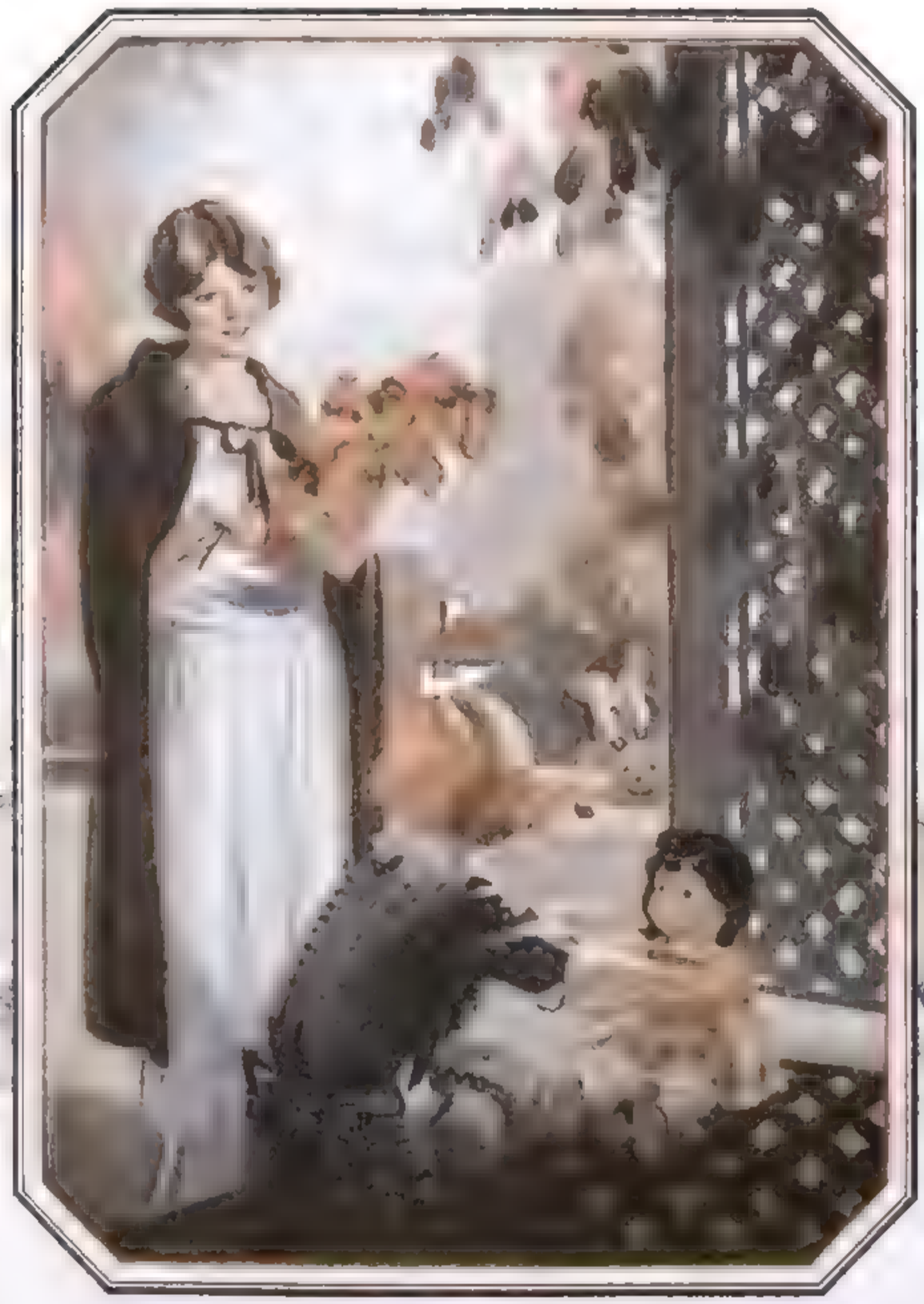
III

DODE MOSSER'S stand of buildings stood a few rods back from the road, on a low knoll. The house was of the small single-story type most common in the community. Its end faced the road, a seldom-used front door presenting a blank stare to passers-by, above the stone slab which served as doorstep and about which tall grasses grew to mark its disuse. The side porch and the kitchen door opened on the barnyard, which was formed by the shed in line with the house and the barn at right angles. The great barn doors thus faced the road. There were no outbuildings. As is usual in this climate where the rigors of winter are a problem that must be considered, shed and barn formed a continuous structure with the house; and the shed itself was short, permitting the storage of a few cords of wood and housing the pump.

The kitchen and the dining room were the heart of the house. There was a front parlor, with crayon portraits on the wall an old tall desk at one side and an organ at the other. A stuffed owl sat benignly atop the desk, and moths had been busy about the roots of one of its ears, so that the tuft of feathers was cocked at a wise and knowing angle. There were two deer antlers, which Chan had one day picked up in the woods, crossed behind the owl. The kitchen ran clear across the house from side to side, its door opening on the barnyard, its window looking out across the lower fringe of the orchard and along the road. But the dining room and parlor were narrower, and the house widened out to accommodate three bedrooms along the side away from the barnyard. Dode and Mrs. Mosser slept just off the dining room; Chan's room adjoined theirs; and a large front chamber which was reached through the parlor and stair hall was used when guests occasionally stayed overnight.

Chan's room was small and bare. His bed was no more than a cot, with sagging springs and a mattress which had worn through from below, spilling its substance through the woven-wire springs upon the floor, where Mrs. Mosser swept it up piecemeal. The mattress was so nearly gone that in winter Chan needed as many blankets below him as above; if his windows were open, cold air struck at him from beneath. There was no closet in this small room. He had a walnut bureau with a marble-slab top, which accommodated his few but sufficient garments; and the suit of clothes which he occasionally wore on Sunday or on some other occasion demanding the formality

(Continued on Page 99)



365 days out of the Kitchen!

The woman who uses a Perfection oil range enjoys all the freedom of the woman who cooks with gas.

She has found in the Perfection, as quick, as clean, as powerful cooking heat as the gas stove gives.

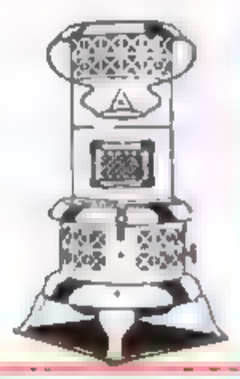
She endures no needless drudgery over blackened pots and pans, for there is no soot in Perfection's intense heat.

She works in a clean and comfortable kitchen, for this *modern* oil range does not smoke or smell.

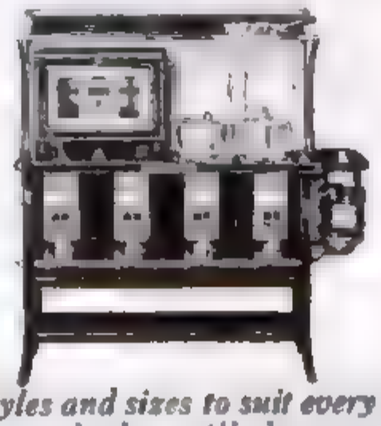
There are more than four and a half million of these women today—each one happy that she has banished the old fashioned coal or wood stove for Perfection's year 'round satisfaction and dependability.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., *7611 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio*
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



For quick warmth, whenever and wherever needed—the Improved Perfection Oil Heater.



Styles and sizes to suit every need. Your dealer will demonstrate.

For quick, abundant hot water without gas get a Perfection Kerosene Water Heater.

HART SCHAFFNER

The fall clothes shown here are for you young men who have an eye for the drape of a coat, the draw of a vest at the waistline, the easy hang of the trousers - snug at the waist and then free, down to the swing of cuffs For those

&MARXCLOTHES

who like the all-weather topcoat - broad at the shoulders with an informal easy hang We put those things into clothes - together with fine tailoring, all-wool fabrics, and our label - a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Men who know values quickly appreciate quality.

© Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

(Continued from Page 94)

was hung in the closet in the front room. He had no washbasin, and his morning ablutions were customarily performed in the kitchen sink. A low rocking-chair with a broken rocker was of little use except as a target toward which he might toss his garments when he removed them for the night. A single wall separated his bed from that in which his father and mother slept; and when they all went to bed at the same time he could hear them talking together, hear his mother's monotonously fretful tones and his father's indolent rejoinders. But when, as was the case this night, he went to bed before they did, he dropped quickly to sleep and their conversation did not disturb him. Sometimes when the stock in the barn needed attention in the night, at calving time, or when a marauding skunk or fox alarmed the chickens, Dode was accustomed to call to his son to get up and go see what the matter was.

Sometime this night Chan was wakened by such a summons from his father. He roused reluctantly, dragging his senses back out of the sea of sleep, and heard Dode shout again, "Hey, Chan!"

The young man answered drowsily; and then as he became more fully awake, a flash of lightning and a simultaneous and terrific crack of thunder crashed upon his ears.

He sat up in bed, and Dode called to him, "Your maw wants you should go see if the barn's on fire."

Chan retorted sullenly, "I guess we'd know if it was."

Lightning flashed again; thunder exploded in a prolonged and splitting blast and something shook the whole structure of the house. Mrs. Mosser screamed; and Chan swung his feet to the floor, startled wide awake by the shock, his skin tingling, a curious numbness in his hands which had grasped the iron side of his cot. He realized that it was not raining. This fact made the furious bombardment of lightning which played around them the more sinister and threatening. He got up and went to the door of the room in which Dode and Mrs. Mosser were abed, and the floor irritated his bare feet.

"This'll stop soon as it begins to rain," he protested.

"The barn's hit," Mrs. Mosser wailed querulously. "I know it's hit, and afire; and you both too lazy to do a thing!"

Dode said amiably and truthfully, "Now, maw, you always think that."

"I can hear the cows stamping around," she insisted.

"Well, Chan, you go look," Dode told his son, "to satisfy her."

Chan passed through their bedroom into the dining room, his nightshirt dangling about his big knees. Another lightning flash illumined the barnyard; he saw the streak of light and was momentarily blinded in the darkness that followed. Thunder reverberated; the floor beneath his feet trembled and shook, and he abruptly realized that his nostrils were filled with an unaccustomed and pungent odor. This galvanized him into quicker movement. He unlocked the kitchen door and stepped out on the porch, into the warm and prickling air of the night.

He saw at once that there was fire in the barn. Smoke was purling through the mow window in the peak of the roof, and even while he looked at it this smoke was illumined from below and behind by a red glare. He stood for a moment, paralyzed by this discovery, helpless in the face of the catastrophe his mother had so long predicted. Then was galvanized into action and leaped back into the house with a shout.

"Barn's afire!" he cried.

His mother screamed again, a cry like a long and hopeless moan. Dode Mosser uttered an ejaculation of incredulity; asked questions.

"What you talking about, Chan? It can't be so."

Chan was stirred by an unaccustomed energy.

"You old fool, it is so!" he cried. "The hay's caught."

He was jerking on his trousers, fumbling for his shoes. No man will willingly go abroad, even to fight fire, in his nightshirt. When he plunged back through their room, Mrs. Mosser was out of bed, snatching wildly at her garments; and Dode sat with his feet on the floor, scratching his head and mumbling in bewilderment.

Chan ran out through the kitchen and toward the barn door. His first thought had been for the horse in its stall; for the cows with their necks fast between the staves in the tie-up; for the chickens on their roosts. The double doors of the barn were drawn almost closed and smoke poured out between them; red smoke lit by tongues of flame. He could not approach them directly, but came at them from one side and drew one back, and then darted across the opening to slide the other along on its rollers. The horse's stall was just inside, on the right; he wondered that the creature was not screaming or fighting to be free; but no sound came from it, and a wall of flame rising from hay in its manger separated them, prevented his even attempting a rescue. Hay littering the floor of the barn had caught; there were flames everywhere in this end of the barn floor. He could not enter; and when he was sure of this he ran along the end of the barn and leaped the fence into the lane that led to the pasture and tried the door of the tie-up. Flames there too. The interior of the barn was already full of fire. Still in desperate haste, he made his way to the rear door, found his entrance blocked there as well as elsewhere.

But returning toward the barnyard, he passed the entrance to the stalls where the oxen were housed under the barn floor. The fire had not yet reached down for them; the beasts were bucking awkwardly, wrenching at their bonds. Chan stepped in between them; his foot was crushed by one of their plunging hoofs; himself was caught between their side-swaying bodies. But he managed to free them. There was not even any smoke down here; only through the cracks in the floor he could see the fire above his head. The oxen backed and bolted into the open air; and Chan, glad of this much success, hurried around to the barnyard again.

He found that his father and mother had come out-of-doors. Dode stood by the kitchen porch, watching helplessly as the fire increased in intensity. Mrs. Mosser sat on the edge of the porch, holding her knees with her hands and rocking and moaning. Chan gave them only a glance; he caught up a ladder that lay along beside the shed and set it against the eaves, and shouted to Dode, "Get water! We can wet down the shed roof!"

"There ain't a mite of use," Dode protested helplessly.

His head was bare, his scant hair disheveled; and Chan perceived almost for the first time that his father was an old man. The revelation shocked him into momentary silence; then he flung off the blow.

"Might stop it," he insisted. "You work the pump and keep filling buckets fast as you can."

He leaped in through the shed door, went through to the kitchen for the bucket there, filled it and came out and climbed to the shed roof and poured the water along the ridge near the barn. The shingles were old and rotten, dried from prolonged clear and sunny weather; they broke and crumbled beneath his feet. Dode made no move to help him; and Chan dropped to the ground and filled his bucket again and climbed again, knowing the futility of his efforts, yet unwilling to surrender, driven by a mad and fighting rage. Mrs. Mosser rocked and moaned on the porch, and Dode scratched his head and watched in stupid dismay. Chan continued his efforts, climbing the ladder with the full bucket, wetting down the shingles, dropping to the ground again.

The fire in the barn—though the mow was almost empty at this season of the year—gained with astonishing and frightful rapidity. There was a litter everywhere which burned like powder; the old timbers were dry and easily ignited; the shingles of the roof smoked for a while before red patches appeared here and there and flames burst through. Abruptly the whole roof opened, pouring flames toward the sky like a great torch. Embers whirled and spun lazily upward in this fierce blast, drifted like down until they escaped from the draft, and then fell like rockets, sometimes expiring in the air, but more often coming down ablaze like brands. There was very little air stirring. Lightning still played; but the rain would not come. A burning brand fell in the long grass in the orchard and a circle of small flames widened from the spot in all directions. Other embers dropped upon the shed roof and upon the roof of the house; and Chan scrambled to and fro, emptying his bucket now upon these points. Sparks showered down upon his shoulders, charring his thin nightshirt; and once or twice he felt them bite into his flesh, and tilted the bucket over himself till he was wet to the skin. The heat now became more intense; the side walls of the barn were burning and he could not approach them; a skirmish line of flame began to creep along the roof of the shed, the fire broke through, filling the place with smoke and making it more and more difficult for him to get water from the pump there. Once he felt the ridgepole of the shed roof sag under him and drew back warily, watching the treacherous fire thereafter with more attention.

On one of his trips to the ground he saw that his mother and father had disappeared; gone into the house, he guessed, to save what they could. Dode came out, painfully lugging the cream separator, which he had wrenched free from the kitchen floor beside the sink. Then Chan saw smoke rising from the roof of the house itself, and clambered up there to find the shingles aflame where a brand had fallen unseen. His single bucket did not suffice to extinguish this blaze; when he came back with more water it was larger than ever, and he made a third trip before he was satisfied that he could not master this new attack. The shed by this time was half full of flame; he was driven away from the pump, into the yard, his bucket empty.

Mrs. Mosser came running out of the house with the lantern which always hung in the cellar stair. She hugged it to her breast as though it were her dearest treasure. Dode having salvaged the cream separator, had exhausted his energy and now drew back from the heat of the flames to watch submissively their course of destruction.

By this time neighbors began to arrive. The first came afoot, from the nearest farms; others presently by automobile. They came full of a fury of helpfulness; and Luke Hills and Joe Brine triumphantly tumbled the old organ out of the front parlor and through the front door to the roadside. For a space the house was full of them; they ranged to and fro; they appeared with strange burdens and disappeared into the house again. Chan watched them with a certain slow scorn; calm returned to him. He was beaten, but he was not routed; his thoughts had never been so clear as in this moment when it became plain the house would go. He went quietly in through the kitchen and got his clothes; fetched his gun from the corner of the dining room; opened the door into the shed and wondered if it would be possible to reach the ax, but decided against this attempt. Outside, a miscellaneous heap of salvaged stuff was steadily growing; but someone brought out the five-gallon oil can, prating of the danger of an explosion, and managed to spill the can over a part of the heap; and when the heat of the flames drove them all to a greater distance, a dropping brand did the rest.

Mrs. Mosser was wailing, in a continuous monotone full of reproaches addressed to her husband and her son. Chan heard her scream in sudden more acute dismay and went slowly to her side. She had just remembered the letter written to the insurance agent the night before; remembered there was money in it.

"It's on the mantel in the dining room," she told them. But the dining room was already full of flames.

Chan said gently, "It don't matter, maw. That little wouldn't amount to anything."

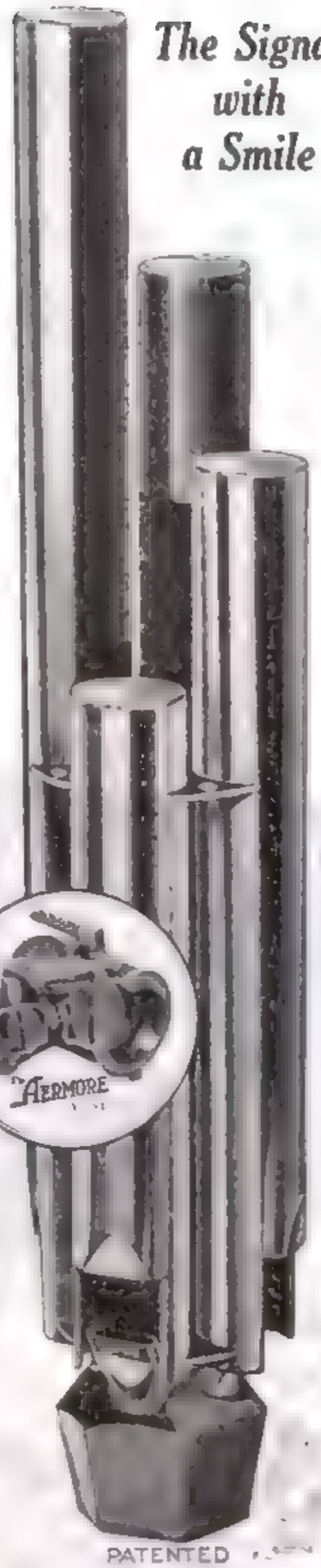
Someone heard, and the word ran among the little throng. "Insurance has run out," they whispered to one another. This put the cap to the catastrophe. The insurance would have been of small account in any case. Insurance companies will not grant a sufficient policy on these remote farms, where even a small blaze is almost sure to mean complete destruction. Dode's house and barn could not have been rebuilt for five thousand dollars; his insurance had been only twelve hundred.

"But that would ha' been something," Joe Brine remarked, then added philosophically, "Well, you might know Dode'd let it go."

The barn collapsed first; the stout timbers bent like candles, then let go their holds; and the walls folded in one upon the other, dragging down with them the end of the shed. The shed roof sagged in and fell, and a fiercer draft sucked away that end of the house and sluiced up through the roof. Chan, withdrawn to the stone wall a dozen rods away, watched with mild interest. He was hot and scorched and weary; but his eyes were clear and thoughtful. Now and then his glances shifted from the burning house to where his mother wrung her hands among a little group of neighbor women.

(Continued on Page 101)

The Signal with a Smile



PATENTED

Clears the Way for America's Finest Cars

The AERMORE Exhaust Horn

BECAUSE of exclusive beauty and quality of tone, the Aermore is found as auxiliary equipment on an increasing number of America's finest cars.

Its carrying powers are unsurpassed, yet such is the quality of its melodious tone that the warning it gives is always agreeable, never startling or confusing. No horn could be safer, more ideal, for crowded city or open country driving.

Durable, dependable, fully guaranteed. Installed on your car easily. At your dealer's, or direct from us. In ordering, give make and model of car.

Four Sizes: Prices complete with Valve and Dash Control

No. 00 22 inch length, for large cars	$14
No. 0 17 inch length, for medium cars	12
No. 1 15 inch length, for small cars	10
Ford Special 13 inch length	7

Write for Circular describing Aermore and the Fulton Foot Accelerator for Fords.

DEALERS: Write us for proposition giving name of your jobber.

THE FULTON CO.

732-750 Ave. Milwaukee Wis.

Automotive Equipment

Pace Setters of Quality

New GARFORD REGENT SEDAN

Pullman Car OF THE HIGHWAY

Garford engineers have created a type of bus that offers more comfort to passengers, more profit to operators and exceptional ease of operation to drivers.

The Garford Regent Sedan Six is low slung on long flexible springs. Wide spring centers on the rear axle reduce body sway.

The six-cylinder motor is the largest made for bus work. There is a reserve of power which never need be drawn upon. Handles like a pleasure car—smooth in operation, quick in pick-up, snappy in get-away.

Interior appointments are truly regal. Deep cushioned seats, ample leg room and an artistry in design and decoration new to public motor conveyances.

The Garford Regent Sedan Six comfortably accommodates thirty people. In the rear is a commodious smoking compartment. Luggage is carried in a large loading well to the right of the chauffeur's cab.

Suitable for hotel, sightseeing, interurban or long haul service.

In the phenomenal growth of motor bus transportation, Garford has played a leading role. Through long experience, exhaustive surveys and the facilities of a large, modern factory, Garford is in a position to supply bus operators with the equipment best suited to their needs.

Through the Garford Bus Development Bureau a fund of valuable information is available. Direct inquiries on all questions pertaining to bus operation are invited.

Address
BUS DEVELOPMENT BUREAU

The Garford Regent Sedan Six

Also Made in Pay-Enter Type

Passenger capacity—25-30.

Low chassis frame; 20½" from the ground. Overall length, 336". Overall height, 80". Extreme width, 90".

Body designed by bus specialists. All seats equipped with double deck springs and extra deep cushions; backs are tilted to assure comfort. Equipped with device to protect passengers against wind and rain.

Deep section frame prevents body sagging—door binding.

Long wheelbase, 220", prevents excessive body overhang at rear of axle and affords a more efficient distribution of passenger load.

Long flexible springs.

Wide spring centers on the rear axle reduce body sway.

Six-cylinder engine, largest made for bus work. 105 horsepower, 4½" x 5¾".

Steering gear outside of frame gives a large front loading well.

Thorough accessibility to all units.

Four-wheel hydraulic brakes, internal type; emergency brakes on rear wheels.

265

The GARFORD MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, Lima, Ohio

Busses 15 to 35 Passengers

Beginning in 1902 Garford is now among the eight companies manufacturing 78% of the bona-fide trucks

Trucks 1 to 7½ Tons

BUILDING TODAY FOR TOMORROW'S REQUIREMENTS

(Continued from Page 99)

He saw his father, shoulders more drooping than ever, leaning limply against the old elm tree by the road. An old man, no doubt of that now. No one, seeing him, could doubt that his years were heavy upon him. There had always been in Dode a spark, a certain resolute good humor, which redeemed him and made him seem younger and bolder than he was. But this was dead now. Chan nodded his head with understanding. He was glad no one observed him, glad no one came to condole with him. He felt, somewhat to his own surprise, no need for sympathy. There had been, in his brief and single-handed fight against the fire, a stimulating and intoxicating delight. Defeat had not crushed him as this catastrophe had crushed his father. He felt, so far as himself was concerned, no sorrow now; but he thought abstractly that it was hard on his mother and on his father.

"Maw's always kind of looked for it, and now it's happened," he reminded himself; and smiled a little, thinking that she would presently triumph in this confirmation of her fears. She had been right, after all. "Won't let paw forget it long as he lives," Chan thought, and smiled again.

He looked upward, where the sky was obscured by clouds. The lightning had passed on; he could see the play of it across the hills to the eastward; and he wondered if it would strike destruction elsewhere as well as here. Even now it did not rain; but there was a moist breath in the air and a cool odor on the wind which now stirred more briskly; and Chan thought it must have rained near by. A hard rain here might have saved the house, he told himself; but felt no resentment at the fate that had ruled otherwise.

New people came to watch the last stages of the destruction of his home; and among them he saw Lee Motley, who had driven over in his car; and Carrie Day and Mrs. Motley were with him. Chan was himself somewhat withdrawn from the others, shadowed by the trunk of a tree half between him and the fire. He watched the girl, wondering what she would say and do. She went, he saw, to his mother's side; and the two talked together for a moment. Then Carrie moved to where his father stood, and her eyes turned this way and that, as though she were looking for someone. For him, perhaps? She asked Dode some question, and Dode looked idly this way and that and replied with a shake of his head. Chan could imagine his reply.

"He's here somewheres. Was a while ago."

The girl continued her search, moving to and fro among the little groups, eyes alert. Chan forgot the fire in watching her, waiting for her to discover him, wondering what she would do when she saw him sitting here. Then a sweep of her eyes led her glance to where he sat, and she came toward him, with that swift and purposeful walk which had first attracted his attention to her. He did not move as she approached; she came within two paces of where he sat, and paused, and then took a nearer step and extended her hand and said swiftly, "I'm right sorry, Chan."

He nodded.

"Much obliged," he replied.

She looked at him attentively.

"You're all wet."

"Yeah."

"You ought to have a coat on. How did you get wet?"

"Poured water on myself to put the sparks out." He indicated a charred spot on the breast of his shirt.

"Did you get burned any?"

"Just singed a little."

She saw, on the wall where he had laid them, his garments; his best suit; his heavy flannel shirt; his blanket coat.

"Put this on," she bade, and lifted the coat and gave it to him; and he obeyed, finding a certain pleasure in this obedience.

"I suppose you couldn't do much," she remarked, looking toward the house again.

"Couldn't seem to," he agreed.

"Your mother's—feeling mighty bad."

"Guess so."

"But your father don't seem to mind."

"He looks kind of old," Chan remarked thoughtfully; and she swung to study Dode from this distance, and agreed with a nod.

"It's harder for them," she assented.

They saw that the fire was beginning to die. The house was now no more than a shell, the walls still standing, but the roof and floors already fallen. By and by one wall toppled outward, tearing loose from the others; and as though weary, sagged along the ground. The cellar hole was a pit full of fire.

It began, abruptly, to rain; and at once the group of spectators broke and moved to and fro and sought shelter here and there. Lee Motley was talking to Dode; Mrs. Motley was with Chan's mother. Lee looked around now and discovered Chan and the girl and came toward them.

"I thought you folks could come over to my house," he said. "We got lots of room."

"You take maw and paw," Chan suggested after a moment. "I guess I'll stay and watch things here."

"No danger of its spreading, with it raining," Lee urged.

"I'll stay around," Chan insisted.

Motley nodded.

"All right," he assented; then spoke to the girl. "We're going along," he said.

"You want any company?" she asked Chan.

He considered this.

"You'll get wet," he decided. "You better go along."

The last wall fell. Out of the glowing pit rose the chimney, stark and ridiculously thin and naked. A thread of smoke sucked in through the bottom of the flue and came out at the top as though in mockery. Chan saw his father and mother get into Motley's car. Carrie Day still stood irresolutely near him, as though she wished to bring him some comfort. Motley returned to them.

"You might as well come along with us, Chan," he urged.

She seconded this.

"You better come," she told him. "You'll catch cold, wet this way. It's raining too."

He was a little weary; and there was, after all, nothing he could do. He remembered the oxen; but they would not go far. So he lifted himself from the wall and gathered up his gun and his other belongings and went with Lee toward the car. They packed themselves in and Lee started the engine and swung along the homeward road.

No one spoke. Silence rode with them. But the question in the mind of each one of them was the same. The question: What were they going to do?

IV

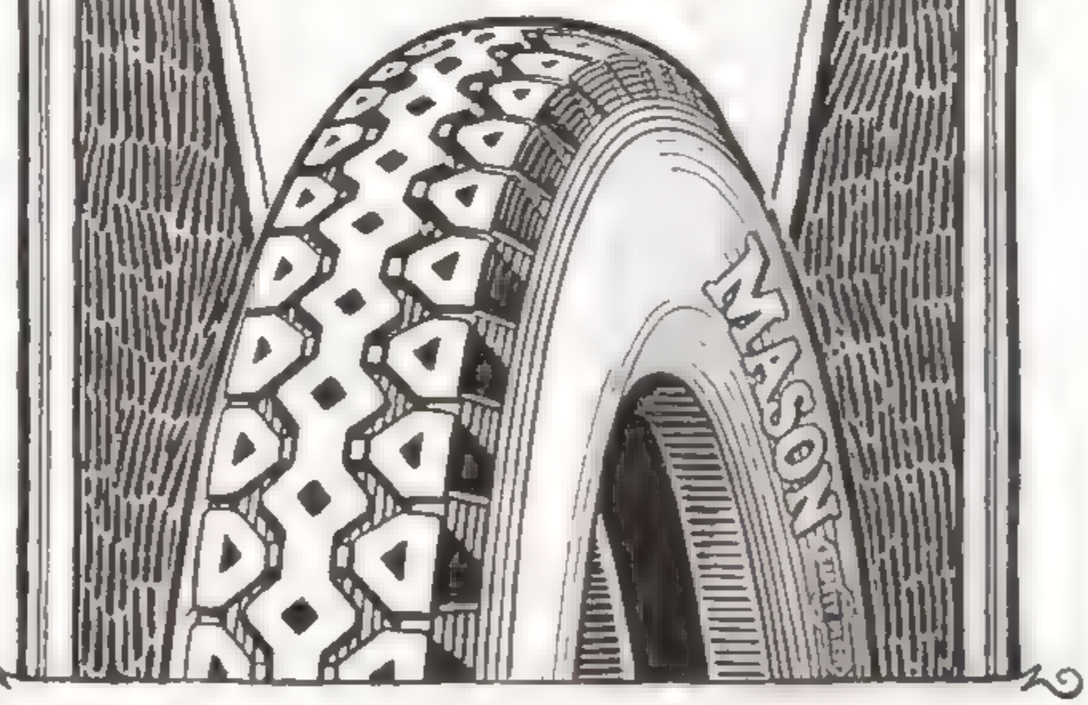
LEE MOTLEY'S car was not a big one. It was supposed to accommodate five persons, but six were crowded in it now. Mrs. Motley sat with her husband on the front seat, and she had taken on her knees Chan's clothing and some few articles of apparel which Mrs. Mosser had saved. Chan and his father sat on the seat in the rear, Mrs. Mosser crushed between them; and Carrie Day half sat, half leaned against the door of the car, a part of her weight resting upon Chan's knee. His mother by his side trembled and shuddered so that her tremors were communicated to his own body; beyond her Dode Mosser slumped submissively, his head drooping. Chan was conscious of Carrie's weight upon his knee. He found it faintly burdensome, since it cramped one of his legs into an uncomfortable posture; but he made no attempt to shift his position, endured the discomfort in a sort of fear. If he spoke or tried to move his leg she might have changed her position, and he was painfully content that she should be where she was. The rain rippled upon the taut top of the car and slashed against the curtains. Drops of water crept in between them; but Chan, though they wetted him, was unconscious of the fact. He was already wet; but even if this had not been the case, his senses were so stunned that he might not have felt the water. If Carrie had not been sitting upon his knee, his thoughts would have been orderly and cool. Her presence created in him a vague turmoil. Once a bump in the road threw her back against his chest, and he sat rigidly, not moving a finger, until she resumed her former posture. After a time she spoke, made some idle remark; and this broke the spell which held Motley and his wife, so that Mrs. Motley twisted in her seat to talk to Chan's mother. But Mrs. Mosser was inarticulate and Chan and his father sat in silence.

By the time they reached the Motley farm the rain had become a downpour, and Lee drove the car alongside the kitchen porch so that they might step directly into its shelter. Carrie was the first to alight; she helped Mrs. Motley out; Mrs. Mosser climbed over Chan's legs and Chan and his father followed. Lee drove the car into the small portable garage across the barnyard and came back to the house, where Mrs. Motley had already let them into the kitchen. He built a fire in the stove.

The going's still safe after 15,000 miles on Safety Firsts

Safe from skids—safe from tire troubles—safe from excessive tire costs. Safety Firsts made in Balloons, Low Pressure Oversize and Standard Size Cords.

THE MASON TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Kent, Ohio



MASON
SAFETY FIRST
CORDS

Put one on your Car Now!

You will do it sooner or later when you know how much more powerful it will make your motor.

There will be one on every car,

by reason of the big savings in oil, gas and up-keep brought about by the Allen Shutter Front.

It is quickly attached, has no working parts to get out of order, and is beautifully finished in Black Japan enamel.

The motor works best when it is the correct temperature—get 190°F quickly and maintain it steadily with the Allen Shutter Front. At good dealers'—everywhere.

The ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

"Get 'er hot and keep 'er hot"

Not an automatic—positive hand control from the dash.

$15 COMPLETE

Distributors

Wetmore-Savage Company, Boston, Mass.
Geo. W. Nock Co., Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
James Martin, New York, N. Y.
Elm Auto Supply Co., Newark, N. J.
Fiske Automotive Supply Co., Albany, N. Y.
Syracuse Watson Strainator Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
H. D. Taylor Company, Buffalo, N. Y.
Baltimore Hub Wheel & Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.
Foster Auto Supply Co., Denver, Colo.
Northern Automotive Supply Co., Bay City, Mich.
Dyke Motor Supply Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Write for interesting facts on crankcase oil dilution and why you need a Shutter. Mention make of car.

Sole Manufacturers

The Allen Auto Specialty Company

16 West 61st Street, New York — 2015 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Good ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT *all year*

"Do us all good to have a cup of coffee," he suggested, and Mrs. Mosser huddled closer to the stove as the flames roared comfortingly.

Chan thought with a curious detachment that fire was a good thing in its place, all right. He was beginning to be chilled, and Carrie Day made him go into her bedroom and change his clothes. She fussed over him, he thought, in a way that was at once irritating and pleasant.

When he returned to the kitchen, his mother and father sat by the stove as though the night's disaster had driven all the heat of life out of their bodies, and Mrs. Motley was pouring hot coffee into cups. She was full of conversation; full of questions and effusive sympathy none the less genuine.

But Lee said slowly, "They don't feel like talking tonight, mom. Guess we better all get to bed."

"You folks can have the front room," Mrs. Motley told them. "The bed's all made up in there. I guess Chan can sleep on the couch in the dining room."

"I'll make it up for him," Carrie offered. "I know where the sheets are."

Chan himself objected to this.

"Don't you," he protested. "I kind of figured I'd go out in the barn. I'll prob'ly be up early, and there ain't any sense in waking the whole of you."

"You can't sleep in the barn!" Carrie protested; but he quietly insisted, settled the controversy by taking himself out-of-doors. So much talk bothered him; and the abject depression which had overwhelmed his father, and his mother's sorrowful and moaning ejaculations were more than he could endure. He left the Motleys and Carrie Day solicitously herding his father and mother toward the front room, guiding them like babies; and he was full of sick sorrow and pity. A thing like this was a pretty hard knock for his father, and his mother too. Apt to take the pith out of them, he thought. His father was an old man and the farm was all the living he had. Not much he could do now.

But Chan was too weary to speculate for long upon the future. Dry clothes had made him sleepy. He went through the shed into the barn, with the lantern Motley had given him; and in the barn pulled down some hay into a heap by the end of the tie-up and made himself comfortable upon it. He had no idea what time of night it was; it had not occurred to him to ask and he possessed no watch; but by the stirring of the chickens in the lean-to henhouse he thought it must be toward dawn. It was warm; he would need no blankets. He relaxed wearily, half buried in the dusty hay left over from the summer before; and after a little while he fell asleep and slept until the increasing light woke him, and he sat up to discover that it was almost sunrise and that the skies were clear. The night's rain had washed the earth, the world was green and bright and refreshed. He stood up, a little cramped and stiff, and stretched himself, and went out through the wide barn doors. No one was astir in the house; and after a little hesitation, he struck down toward the road and turned toward where his home had been. The distance was considerable; but he walked swiftly, finding it pleasant to be abroad in the early morning. Things were growing fast this morning; he could almost see the spring of life in the bushes beside the road and in the grass across the meadows. There were birds everywhere; they chattered and sang on both sides of the road, in sprightly and reassuring tones.

As he approached the knoll where his home had stood he saw the stark chimney against the sky, and a thin cloud of white smoke like steam arose from the embers. He went steadily forward, and presently left the road and turned into what had been the barnyard and stopped by the rim of the cellar hole. The very grass about where the house had stood was scorched and charred. Here and there black circles in it showed where an ember had fallen, sending out a creeping ring of flames as a stone sends widening ripples across a pool. The cellar hole was filled with a jumble of ashes, half-burned timbers and objects which had in greater or less degree survived the fire. Chan recognized the spiral coil of the frame of an old hoop skirt, which he remembered having seen under the attic eaves, now dangling from a projection of the cellar wall. A flatiron lay half buried in ashes on one of the slab steps of what had been the bulkhead stairs. The kitchen stove stood erect where it had fallen into the cellar, one corner sagging where a leg had broken off. Beside it a piece of stovepipe had been crushed flat by the weight of a timber which had later burned to ash; the flattened pipe served now to bear the imprint of a heavy foot which had descended upon it, then passed carelessly on its way. The marble slab which had been on Chan's bureau had cracked in the heat; but one end, washed white by the rain, reared itself out of the embers like a tombstone. Outside the cellar hole, where the collapsing walls had thrown them, lay here and there window sashes to which triangular fragments of glass still clung. Chan, his eyes wandering from one object to another, decided that many of these things might be put to use if a man were careful.

The ruins of the barn were more depressing. There the horse had been caught, and the cows, and most of the chickens. A few of the fowls had escaped; they busied themselves here and there about the barnyard, intent upon the discovery of something to eat, ignoring the ruins. He thought that was about as much sense as a hen had, and then smiled at himself for the thought. After all, the chickens had to eat; just as he and his father and mother would have to eat. Even though their home was burned, their lives must go on. Food, shelter, clothing; these must be found. The chickens would find enough to eat; but Chan thought they might need shelter. He considered this matter, and chose three or four boards from a pile of old lumber by the fence that ran along the lane, and leaned them against the fence in such a manner that the birds could find protection against a possible shower. He avoided going near the ruins of the barn again. They depressed him. He had known the old horse so intimately; the cows had been individuals to him. The oxen, he remembered, had escaped; and he went to search for them, up through the pasture, and found the beasts and drove them into the lane, putting up the bars to pen them there. There was water in a depression in the lane, and enough grass grew along the wall for them to feed upon. He did these small things with an interest that had never before attached to the tasks of life; put into them a certain energy not usual in him. He found himself, without conscious decision, nevertheless laying out a program for himself, planning what he meant to do. But there was no more he could do just now, and he began to be hungry, even as the chickens were hungry, so he turned along the road toward Motley's again.

When he got there he found they had finished breakfast and Carrie Day had gone to the village. School must keep, no matter what else intervened.

"She hated to go," Mrs. Motley told him. "But there wasn't a thing she could do here, and this is the last week of school."

She set out food for him. Eggs and fried salt pork and fresh biscuits and butter and coffee rich with cream. While he ate, she washed dishes. Mrs. Mosser did not offer to help. Chan's mother seemed to be paralyzed by the completeness of the catastrophe. She and Dode were sitting in the dining room, and Chan heard their occasional low tones as they talked together. Lee came in from the barn and went into the dining room to talk with Chan's father, and Chan heard his mother say, "Dode let the insurance run out, spite of all I could ever say to him."

She seemed, Chan thought, to derive a faint satisfaction from this fact. He finished his breakfast and rose and stood in the doorway, watching them and listening. Dode sought to defend himself.

"Wouldn't be any good if I had it, that little," he protested weakly.

"It'd be something," she reminded him. "There ain't a thing now."

Chan thought this curiously shameless, as though she confessed their nakedness to the world.

"Building costs like time now," Lee remarked. "I dunno how a man can rebuild if his place does burn."

"You can't get insurance to cover it," Mrs. Motley agreed. "Less'n you're willing to pay more than taxes for it. If we was to burn out we'd just have to go to town to live, I expect."

"I had some money in my bureau," Mrs. Mosser confessed. "But I clean forgot it, with the barn afire and all."

"It's hard enough to make anything out of a farm, anyway," Motley remarked.

"A man can't," Dode affirmed. "He can get along, but that's 'bout all. Work himself to the bone trying."

"I dunno what we're going to do," Chan's mother said wearily.

Chan, in the doorway, his big shoulder resting against the frame, listened with a vague and fretful impatience. No sense in talking, he thought. There was work that had to be done and they might as well be getting about it.

"Maria and me been talking it over," Dode remarked. "But talk don't git anywhere."

"Cost you like time to build again," Motley said for the second time.

"We can't bear to think of your moving away," Mrs. Motley told them. "I dunno what we'd do without you. So many folks have gone, and going all the time."

"I've thought some lately we'd have to go our own selves," Lee confessed. "Me being sick has put me back, and I got more land than I can handle alone. If I can get a chance to sell back Marshall's Meadows to the Dillards, now Leon's come home——"

"Folks do better in town, seems like," his wife reminded them. "And you can rent a place right reasonable, they say."

"I was talking to Rotch last week," Dode said dully. "He says they're taking on men at the mill. Never did think I might be looking for a job there myself some day."

Chan's impatience burst from him.

"You got work enough to do at home," he protested. "I was over there this morning. There's enough to keep us busy."

They all looked at him, in such surprise that he flushed with slow anger. Dode shook his head.

"Ain't nothing we can do there," he replied.

"Do anything that has to be done," Chan told him vigorously. His voice became like a plea. "Trouble is this has hit you hard, paw. You'll feel more like things in a day or two."

"I had enough of farming anyhow, I guess," Dode told him. "I'm getting old, Chan. Work's too blamed hard for me."

"You'll feel all right by and by," Chan urged; appealed to his mother. "Maw, you talk to him. It ain't no way, to give in and say you're licked—this way."

"I reckon you can do better in town, Chan," his mother told him. "There ain't nothing in the country for a boy now'days."

"You think I'm going to work in the mill, you're mighty wrong," Chan cried.

"Yo're like your paw. Never was much of a hand at working," she told him in mild reproach.

"I dunno why a man should take it on himself to work a farm around here when there ain't anything to keep him," Motley suggested. "'Course, long as it's a living ——"

"Folks keep going to town," Mrs. Motley agreed. "And you can't hardly blame them. I did hear Joe Chase got him a job driving a delivery wagon at eighteen dollars a week down in Camden. And Mrs. Chase gets two dollars a day working out around. They're doing right well. Losing their farm up on the ridge was kind of a blessing to them, seems like."

Chan said gropingly, "That's the way it always is. Soon as things get hard, folks skip away to town where they can take it easy."

"You never was one that liked things hard," his mother reminded him again.

He flamed at them angrily.

"I never see any sense in it," he replied. "We always had a-plenty. Always got along. And we never did a thing right, anyway. Just got along. What was the sense in working all the time? It didn't get you anywhere. But I ain't going to be licked this easy, and I don't aim to go driving a delivery wagon, for all of Joe Chase."

Dode said dully, "No sense in making a fool out of yourself, Chan."

The boy urged helplessly, "You'll feel different by tomorrow, paw. Thing is, you're all knocked to pieces now, coming on you so sudden this way. You ain't rightly waked up yet."

"Sometimes it takes a thing like this," Dode argued. "I guess I'd done better to go to town twenty years ago. Couldn't ha' been any worse off now. Anyways, I'm too old to start in all over again out here now, Chan."

"You'd have to start in all over in town."

"A man can git a job," Dode insisted; "enough to live on anyway."

"And it'd cost like time to rebuild again," Motley said once more. This fact, so inescapable and so conclusive, came upon

(Continued on Page 105

Peter B. Kyne, famous author, writing on his Remington Portable.

"I am not going," Randall told ... in the overcrowded boat. "... and when you get to San Francisco ask Cappy Ricks to send a tug out to look for me

"IT'S A REAL TYPEWRITER"

THE Remington Portable has won the endorsement of Peter B. Kyne, just as it has won the endorsement of prominent people the world over—by its outstanding superiority. Its success has been phenomenal.

Many present owners, like Mr. Kyne, have operated other typewriters. In the Remington Portable they have found a compact machine which meets every requirement, built to do beautiful work, and possessing every feature common to the big machine, even to the four-row standard keyboard.

Countless other owners with no previous typewriter experience have learned the many advantages of owning a Remington Portable. They appreciate the time it saves, its portability, durability, reliability, and ease of operation.

Why should you continue to write in the old-fashioned, slow, tedious long-hand, when with a Remington Portable you can turn out a beautifully clear and legible printed page, with far less time and effort? It's time to buy a Remington Portable. Sold by all Remington branches, and over 5,000 dealers. Easy terms.

Illustrated "For You—For Everybody" will be sent upon request. Address Department 126.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York City

Remington Portable

THE RECOGNIZED LEADER—IN SALES AND POPULARITY

A NATIONAL INFLUENCE FOR OVER 50 YEARS

CHICAGO 11 FACTORIES SELZ 30,000 DEALERS PITTSBURGH

GOOD SHOES

THAT EXTRA TOUCH OF DISTINCTION IN APPEARANCE

BECAUSE cleverly designed to harmonize with present clothing styles. Crisp, distinguished lines. All leather, and of good workmanship. The name Selz stands for all that! Splendid appearance—that *lasts;* good value at money-saving prices. See the new styles now—at the nearest Selz dealer's.

Most Styles $6-$8.50-$10

The Gridiron—A style college men popularized. Now young men show a marked preference. Has the wide toe and short vamp that go so well with the new wider trousers. Made of the new Elkmoor leather featured by Selz. In medium shade tan style B558, in black B555. Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels.

B35

(Continued from Page 102)

them with constantly more crushing force. It would cost, cost heavily. And there was no money at hand.

"You don't have to decide right off," Chan argued. "There's time."

"We got to live," Mrs. Mosser reminded him.

And in the end he was silenced. There was, after all, an inevitable truth in what they said. The whole structure of their lives was shattered. They were homeless; they were become vagabonds, foot-loose upon the earth. Their roots had been torn out of the soil to which they had clung and the task of regaining a foothold was too great for them. Dode was old and his spirit lacked that bold resolution which only youth can maintain. He and Chan's mother had surrendered at the first blow; found a certain balm in their own helplessness; found a deep relief in submitting to this buffet from the hands of fate and accepting the easy way that lay open to them. To rebuild the farmhouse would be to begin at the beginning again, to go pioneering; and if there was pioneering stock in Dode Mosser, it had long since run thin. Furthermore, he was not bred to the land; his father had been a rover, working now and then on the Fox Islands, now at Frankfort, now at Stonington, or wherever his trade took him. Dode had been a farmer for nearly thirty years; but he had lived upon the land, not with it. He had been a parasite, never a part of his own soil. In Chan there was, however, some of the old Freel blood. It had manifested itself until now principally in his love for being abroad, for roving through the woods or along the brooks, for simply being out-of-doors. But the thought that these things were to be taken away from him was suddenly intolerable.

So, though now he was forced to give over his attempt to constrain his father and mother, his own resolution was not impaired.

Carrie Day came home at dinnertime and had some report of the conversation of the morning from Mrs. Motley.

"They're going to East Harbor," she told the girl. "Dode can get a job there, and they'll get along."

Carrie's eyes were full of scorn.

"What's Chan going to do?" she asked quickly. "Go along to town?"

"I guess so," Mrs. Motley agreed. "He don't want to. He's trying to talk them into staying and building again, and all. He's young, you know. There ain't a mite of sense in their trying that, the way things are. He'll go along with them, I guess, when the time comes."

The girl turned away, her lips compressed; but after dinner she spoke to Chan and led him out-of-doors and asked him what he meant to do. He did not answer her at once. His eyes were morose and angry.

"You going to run away and give up, are you?" she demanded.

He shook his head at last.

"Why, no," he said; "no. I kind of figured I'd stay around and see if I couldn't manage some way; see if there ain't something I can do."

Her face glowed with delight; but for a moment she did not speak, faintly abashed before him.

Then impulsively extended her hand and gripped his and said sharply, "I'll bet you can manage, Chan. I want to see you do it."

He was a little surprised at her warmth; found an astonishing comfort and reassurance in the pressure of her hand.

But all he said was, "I guess I can."

V

THE summer seemed to Chan astonishingly short. His days were full and passed swiftly, and his slumbers were so sound that his nights dropped out of his life. He was in the throes of his first passion; a cold and reasoning passion, born in those hours after he gave up the fight to save his father's house and sat as a calm spectator at its complete destruction. His was a passion of resistance against the forces of calamity; he fought a fight in which each day saw some small gain, and in which each small gain was a major triumph, filling his breast with pride.

Fraternity watched him with a certain uncomprehending wonder. Men who till these remote farms learn fortitude and patience and industry; but they also learn submission; learn that it is sometimes easier to surrender than to struggle; learn that when one has accepted defeat the pain ceases. To such men the destruction of the heat of buildings which is the center of their existence terminates that existence as definitely as death. For all practical purposes they do in fact die, and the land that knew them knows them no more. What further life remains to them is lived in other places and in new surroundings, removed from those to which they have been accustomed.

But Chan did not surrender. Dode Mosser and Chan's mother went to East Harbor and Dode found work there; they lived for a week or two with one of Mrs. Mosser's sisters, and then rented two rooms in another house and moved their few belongings into them. At the end of the month they had fitted themselves into this new existence. Mrs. Mosser found herself with little or nothing to do save to fret at idleness as all her life she had fretted at work. Even in Dode the outward change was slight. His shoulders drooped no more than formerly; but his face became weary and humble, and it was remarked that he no longer found humor in life, and that he never made anybody laugh.

Chan, driven by a relentless fury of activity, almost forgot the existence of his father and mother. He had begun singlehanded the task of clearing away the wreckage where the house had stood. The yoked oxen were his only helpers. They dragged to remote places the carcasses of the other stock destroyed in the fire; and afterward their strength tugged the heavier timbers, not sufficiently burned to be useless, out of the litter of charred wood and ashes to a spot in the fringe of the orchard. Then Chan combed the stuff that remained, saving whatever might be saved, picking up here and there those metal objects which had defied the fire or escaped its most intense heat. In the end he called fire itself to be his helper again, and burned to a fine ash all the useless wreckage which cumbered the spot.

There was left the cellar hole, smoked and sooty, and the stone walls which had served as foundations beneath the heavy timbers of the barn. With some of the salvaged timbers, Chan constructed against one of these walls the frame of a shelter for the oxen and covered it with old boards from the pile of lumber that had lain along the fence, so that it would shed any but the heaviest rain. The kitchen stove, precariously put together, he set up in what had been the stall where the oxen were housed. Stone foundation walls inclosed it on three sides. He made at first a rude shelter here for himself, and later felled a tree or two in the woods above the pasture and dragged their great trunks behind the lumbering oxen to Joe Brine's steam mill and had them sawed into wide boards. These boards made his roof and a wall at the open end of the stall. Within, he managed a bunk for himself, and thereafter was able to sleep at the farm and thus avoid the wasted time and energy involved in walking to Lee Motley's and back again night and morning.

He did not, in these labors, lose sight of the fact that the farm must be kept up. So, working always in a desperate fury of haste, he cultivated the garden and even extended it, putting in potatoes and squash and beets and corn. The few remaining fowls supplied him with eggs; and now and then he killed one of the less productive birds and ate it. One day in the orchard he saw with satisfaction that the apples had set well and would be plentiful. In the early summer the hay ripened; and since there was no mow in which he could store it, he cut and stacked the stuff near the ruins of the barn, where the oxen could come at it in the winter that was ahead.

By the middle of July he had not only his animals and his chickens under shelter but himself; his garden was in train; it gave him all he needed to eat; his haying was almost done; and he was able to address himself to the task of making more satisfactory preparations for the winter. To do this, he decided, meant not only warm quarters for the oxen and the chickens but meant that he must at least begin the task of rebuilding the house. With this in mind, he went into the woodlot and felled trees, day after day, lopping off the limbs and roughly squaring some of the trunks, leaving them to dry out where they had fallen. He worked for the most part alone. Once or twice Chet McAusland helped him for a day or two; young Dan Bissell and Andy Wattles and Joe Suter all found time to put in an occasional hour at the end of the day. But usually Chan was alone, working with a cold ferocity seldom seen in Fraternity. He had thrown off the manner of his neighbors. When they felled a tree it was with slow, accurate strokes, neatly placed, doing the work with a minimum of effort; but when Chan attacked the trunk of a tall spruce it was like the opening of a duel; he swung his ax as though it were a sword, nor took any breathing space until the tree trembled and shuddered and swept in a wide arc to its fall. His labors were working a change in him; he had lost his indolent and idle demeanor. His quiet eyes were now become steady and hard; and his shoulders, which had been beginning to sag like those of his father, were broadening and thickening. Day by day an insidious weariness weakened his limbs; but day by day he ignored it until at last the enemy ceased to attack him. He became almost literally tireless. He woke at first dawn, and made a swift fire and breakfasted and was about his tasks before the sun had risen; he gave over at night only when it was too dark for him to see what he was about.

Early in August he began to drag some of his squared timbers down across the pasture and stack them near the cellar hole, putting bits of wood between them so that air might circulate to hasten the drying process. At night, when he could not see to work elsewhere, he lighted a lantern and repaired the walls of the cellar, chinking the crevices, readjusting a great stone here and there so that the walls would serve as foundations once more and support the weight of the structure he meant to erect. He decided after some inspection that the chimney, still standing, might be made to serve for his present needs. Here and there a brick had tumbled out, and he replaced these; the upper half had a cant to the westward, and he knocked it off and put a new cap on the flue. His plan was to build this summer a single room that would occupy the place formerly occupied by the kitchen. The chimney would form a part of the west wall, or rather would rise against the west wall. Next year he could add on in that direction; but a single room would serve him now.

Before his plans had progressed to the point of laying the sills, however, he decided that the pump must be included in his structure so that frost would not cut off his supply of water.

But the pump had been twisted and ruined by the fire, and he would have to have a new one, and would need cement with which to mix concrete for a fresh cap on the well. This meant money. The fact that he had no cash at all had not at first disturbed him. Will Bissell gave him credit at the store for sugar and flour and coffee and salt. He had been able to fit a new handle to the head of his father's ax, and to the hammer; Bissell let him have a few pounds of nails. He borrowed from his neighbors a mowing machine or a rake when he needed it for the haying. The logs he took to be sawed paid for themselves, a certain proportion of the resultant lumber compensating Joe Brine for the work done by the mill. But to buy a pump demanded cash; and to get it, resenting the delay, Chan went to work on the road for a week, worked almost double hours, and with the money made the first payment on the pump, so that Will Bissell's truck brought it from East Harbor, and Chan set it triumphantly in place in the well, and cemented it in.

Chan was no carpenter; but he had that familiarity with tools which any man living an existence as self-contained as that of a farmer must acquire. He was a good axman, and his ax served to square the timbers for his sills. They were not thoroughly dried out; he had to accept that fact. They could be leveled another year, when they had taken final form and line. He borrowed a ship auger and fitted the corners of his sills together and pegged them with oak pegs, forming a rectangle around the cellar at the end where the kitchen had stood. An extension included the pump. Then he began the difficult task of framing his structure, with lumber freshly sawed from the still-green pine and spruce.

Will Belter came one day to watch him at this stage of the work; and he commented on the fact that Chan was using heavy stuff, six-by-six timbers at the corners where lighter stock might have served.

"Looks like you're wasting lumber," Belter suggested. "Just as well put it up with two-by-fours, and it would do all right."

Chan shook his head stubbornly.

"I ain't just building to have it fall down," he replied. "I aim to add on, another year. What I do now has got to stay."

"Do you well enough till you can hire a house built right," Belter urged.

"I don't aim to do any hiring," Chan told him. "I'm going to need all the money I git hold of."

So he persisted in his course, set the heavy corner posts solidly and bound them with a plate. The roof presented difficulties. Eventually he made a pattern out of light stuff, and from this pattern sawed his rafters. He had advice again at this stage.

"Put on a one-way roof," they told him. "Easier to put on and just as good." But he replied as he had replied to Belter.

"I'll be adding on next year," he said. "Then the roof would have to be took down and changed. No sense of that."

His rafters were not well fitted and he wasted a certain quantity of lumber and a good deal of time he could ill spare in the attempt to bring them to perfection. He never attained this end; but he did manage a ridgepole that was level, and his roof timbers were stout and strong. On the day when he nailed boards across the rafters he got a thrill of pride at seeing his handiwork assume shape and form.

He had been in such impatience to see a roof atop his structure that he had not yet set the studs; and when, the roof in place, he attempted to do so, he at once encountered a difficulty. The weight of the roof had caused the plate to sag in the middle; studs cut a uniform length could not be forced under it. This mishap became known and occasioned amusement among the men who occasionally stopped to watch him at work. He was forced to borrow a jack and laboriously lift the plate before putting each stud in place; but in spite of the jests that were made at his expense, he persisted, till in the end the thing was done.

The problem of sheathing and inclosing his structure was a difficult one. Siding or matched boards were out of the question. They would have to be bought in East Harbor, and Chan had no money for such purchases. His lumber, sawed at Joe Brine's mill from his own logs, was still green and would inevitably shrink; so that if he simply boarded up the sides of his house, the drying wood would leave cracks between the boards. He met this problem by laying his siding weatherboard style, each plank overlapping the one below for an inch or more. The result was almost extravagantly rude in appearance, and it would not keep out the wind. But it would shed rain and keep the interior dry.

The matter of windows and doors had been in his mind from the beginning and had seemed for a time to present an insuperable obstacle. It was Jim Saladine who suggested the expedient he at last adopted.

"The old Brant place," he reminded Chan, "over on the back road past the swamp. There's a house in there going to pieces. I guess you could fix it to take what you need."

Chan acted upon this suggestion at once. The Brant place had been abandoned for half a dozen years, and no one would ever live there again. Young John Evered had bought it for the sake of the hay the farm would cut, and Chan went to him with his proposal.

"I can't pay you anything now," he confessed. "But I can by and by. And a couple of windows and doors is all I need."

Evered nodded.

"You just take what you want," he directed. "The old place is just crumbling and falling down. The things ain't worth a thing to me."

"I'd ruther pay, or fix to pay," Chan insisted; and Evered accepted this arrangement and named a tentative figure, ridiculously low, yet high enough to satisfy Chan's pride.

Chan set one window on each side of his house. He set them horizontal instead of perpendicular, thus eliminating the necessity for weights and permitting the sashes to be slid back and forth instead. The doors needed only new screws for the hinges and oil on the old locks. As soon as these doors and windows were set, Chan decided to move into the new house; but to do this meant that the roof must be made waterproof. He wanted shingles; but shingles were expensive, and the laying took time and required also a certain amount of skill. He decided on roofing paper; and though this must be bought and paid for, the amount involved was not large. There were three Gravenstein trees in the orchard; he picked their early fruit and shipped it to the Boston market, and in anticipation of

(Continued on Page 109)

Beethoven and his friends
Painted by
A GRAEFLE

Beethoven playing to friends! Their rapt expressions tell how completely they were overpowered. Familiarity with his works opened their hearts to the full emotional sweep of his glorious art

© Tabet Prang Art

The Ampico is found exclusively in fine pianos. It is built as an integral part of the following makes of pianos, which have been known for generations as instruments of quality.

CHICKERING · · KNABE
FISCHER · HAINES BROS.
MARSHALL & WENDELL · FRANKLIN
In Canada the Willis also

Note that the Chickering and the Knabe are two of the four great pianos in general use on the American concert stage

A few of the hundreds of famous artists the Ampico brings to you

RICHARD BUHLIG
TERESA CARREÑO
JULIUS CHALOFF
JAN CHIAPUSSO
GEORGE COPELAND
REGINALD DE KOVEN
ERNO DOHNANYI
LEOPOLD GODOWSKY
PHILLIP GORDON
EASTWOOD LANE
ETHEL LEGINSKA
MISCHA LEVITZKI
JOSEF LHÉVINNE
ALFRED MIROVITCH
BENNO MOISEIWITSCH
MIECZYSLAW MÜNZ
ELLY NEY
ERWIN NYIREGYHAZI
LEO ORNSTEIN
SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
MORIZ ROSENTHAL
ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN
OLGA SAMAROFF
E. ROBERT SCHMITZ
GERMAINE SCHNITZER
SILVIO SCIONTI
HENRY SOUVAINE
SIGISMUND STOJOWSKI
MILTON SUSKIND
FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER
And Playing Popular Music
ADAM CARROLL
J. MILTON DELCAMP
FERDE GROFÉ
HENRY LANGE
VINCENT LOPEZ
RALPH REICHENTHAL

TO BE DEEPLY STIRRED BY MUSIC

A rapture now possible to you, your family, your guests — at home

YOU are not locked away from music.

You do not need to be a musician, nor do you need to know the technique of music, to be able to respond to its normal, wholesome, and healing appeal.

All you need is to hear music, beautiful music, beautifully played. You need to hear frequently the compositions of great masters played by great artists. Familiarity brings an ever increasing capacity for enjoyment.

And the Ampico brings this familiarity to you through the tonal beauty of a perfect instrument, the interpretive skill of the world's great pianists, and a practically unlimited range of musical compositions.

The Ampico—a great piano, played by great artists

With an Ampico in your home you have, primarily, a fine piano, one of a selected group of acknowledged quality and reputation.

But concealed inside that piano is an almost human device which makes your piano both instrument and musician; both the player and the played.

Insert a recording, push a button, and as if played by unseen hands, from your own piano streams forth your favorite composition just as it was played by the great interpretive artist who made the recording. Every shading of tone is accurate, every gradation of volume is there, from light whispering pianissimo to the crashing splendor of fortissimo. The very strings believe the master is at the keyboard.

A great library of music

You may hear the kind of music you like: sonatas, nocturnes, symphonies; operatic selections, serenades and fantasies; simple songs and ballads, hymns, marches, and jazz—subtle syncopated musical intoxications—the most modern thing in the oldest art.

All this wealth of pleasure is at your command with an Ampico in your music room.

When you play by hand

The Ampico has brought a new meaning to the word piano. Yet the piano which is also an Ampico is in no way affected by the Ampico when you desire to play it by hand. When an artist's recording is not being played, no part of the playing mechanism is in contact with the key action or the strings.

A silent piano, or an Ampico

Every family that owns a piano today and every person who intends to buy one must face the question, "Would we not be happier with the Ampico?" When you have heard the Ampico you will know that there can be but one answer to the question. Hear the Ampico. Hear it at the home of a friend, at your club, or at a piano store where the Ampico is sold.

Hear the Ampico today

Every lover of music is entitled to hear it again and again. The whole world is expected to want to hear this miracle. Hear it at a store where any of the pianos listed on the opposite page are sold, or if you are not near such a store, write us for a booklet descriptive of the Ampico and its music.

Exchange your present piano for an Ampico

The piano which you now own will entitle you to an allowance on the purchase of an Ampico. This fact and convenient terms of payment make owning an Ampico not something to dream of, but a joy possible of immediate realization. Foot-power models, $795. Electric power models, $985 to $5000. With freight added. Uprights and grands.

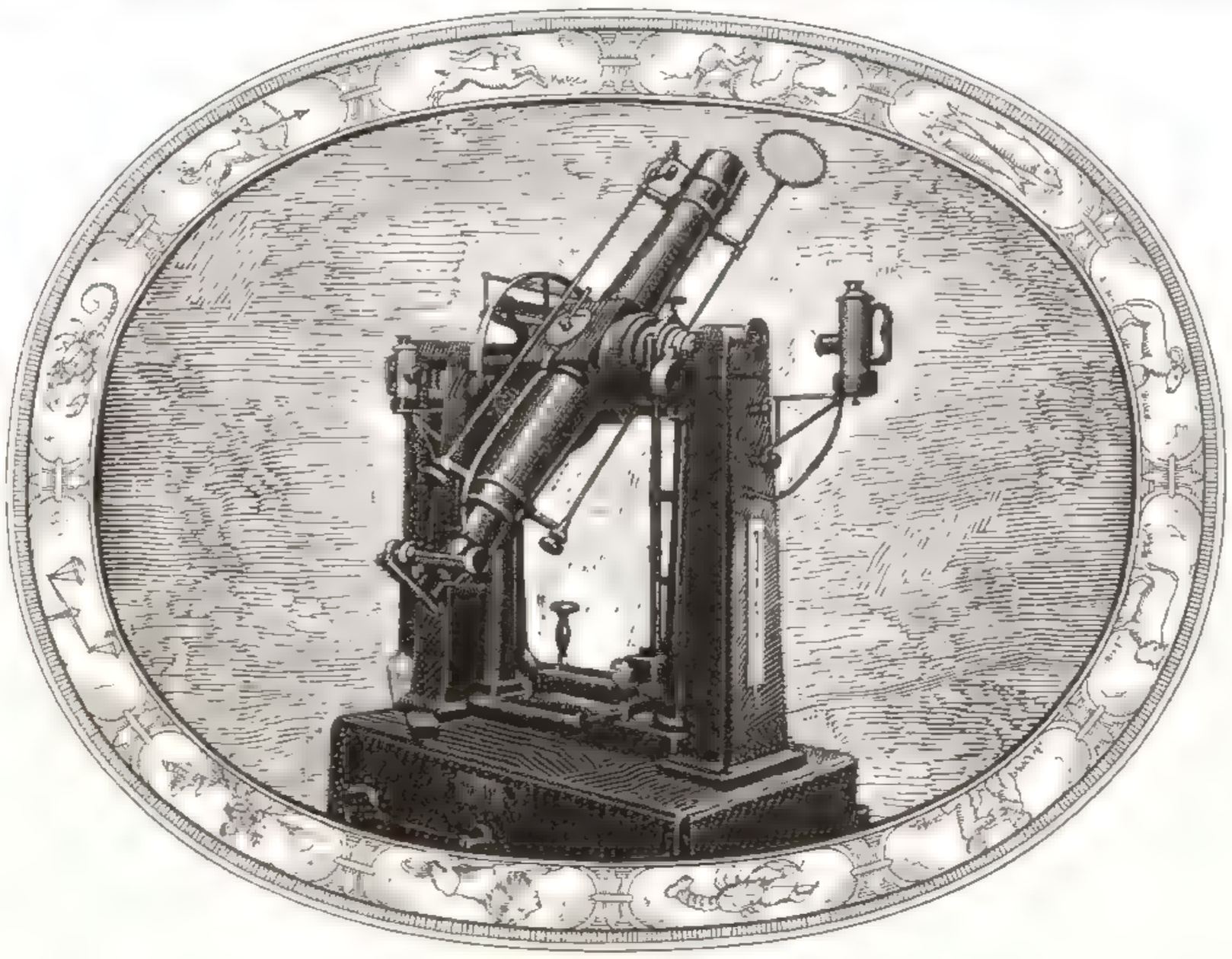
A FEW
SELECTIONS
YOU MAY WANT TO HEAR

	Played by
ETUDE DE CONCERT, No. 2 Liszt	Godowsky
THE LARK Glinka-Balakirew	Bubligy
OVERTURE TO THE 29TH CANTATA Bach	Silber
INVITATION TO THE DANCE Weber	Schnabel
CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY Bland	Kmita
REFLECTIONS IN THE WATER Debussy	Ornstein
SONATA, G MINOR Schumann	Levitzki
MELODIE Rachmaninoff	Rachmaninoff
Or for dancing	
WHY LIVE A LIE Koehler	Lange
CHARLIE, MY BOY Fiorito	Grofe
AÏDA SELECTIONS Fox Trot Arrangement Lopez	Lopez
BAGDAD Yellen	Carroll
LITTLE OLD CLOCK ON THE MANTEL Kahn	Carroll

The AMPICO

The Ampico Corporation, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York City

ELGIN TAKES THE TIME FROM THE STARS AND PUTS IT IN YOUR POCKET



THE CELESTIAL TIMEPIECE ~
and how Elgin uses it to make watches better

A FEW centuries ago men thought that their destinies were controlled by the stars. That events to come could be predicted by the stars.

Today we no longer look to the stars to forecast the future.

But still, in another way, the stars control us.

The stars are the final arbiters of *time*—and by time almost all human destinies are governed.

Every time you look at your Elgin Watch you come in contact with the stars.

For Elgin maintains *its own* Time Observatory—in charge of astronomers of national prominence.

It is in daily use, every working day of the year—*practical use.*

Here the Elgin astronomers take the time direct from the stars.

With star observations almost unbelievably exact they check the master clocks.

And second after second, hour by hour, the master clocks send out the *precise time* to the Elgin work-rooms and timing laboratories to control every operation in making and timing your Elgin Watch.

* * *

If you should wonder why it is that Elgin goes to all this pains and expense of maintaining its own observatory, please bear in mind that Elgin is the *professional time-keeper.*

Everything that Elgin does is done in the *professional* spirit.

More than any other one thing it is this spirit—as it shows itself in practical timekeeping quality—which is leading people to buy better and better watches.

The new Elgin "B. W. Raymond" Railroad Watch is supplied with two types of balance wheel—the Elgin regular steel balance and the Elgin special Invar balance.

ELGIN
The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN U·S·A

(Continued from Page 105)

the money return bought his roofing material on credit and achieved a tight covering for his house. This done, he moved the stove and his small accumulation of belongings out of the quarters he had been occupying in what had been the stall where the oxen lived. This made it possible to prepare that place for their accommodation during the coming winter, and he left off work on the house for a while to make them comfortable. Their stall had been down in the foundations of the barn, beside the manure pit; the earth itself would help to keep them warm. He made a tight roof and end wall; and for greater warmth within, constructed a lean-to against this exposed end, which would insulate the oxen against the cold, and also accommodate the chickens. This task done, he swung without pause into the work of getting together his winter's wood, and felled trees and left them to dry out, or cut and fitted the lopped branches from his former workings, hauling the product down to a growing pile behind the pump shed. He felt more and more the need of a wagon or a sledge; and after discussing the matter with Joe Brine, he got out a section of oak some eight feet long and took it to Joe to be seasoned and sawed into runners which he could put together during the coming winter.

He was established by this time in the small one-room structure which would house him; but the wind penetrated to its every corner and he perceived the necessity of making it warmer. He could be prodigal of lumber, since to secure it it was only necessary to cut trees and drag them to the mill. So he laid another floor atop the first one, spreading newspapers between, and he banked hay around the foundations and weighted it down with heavy slabs of stone. This reminded him that his cellar must accommodate potatoes and apples and squashes and beets and carrots against the winter; so he built a rude partition connecting the base of the chimney with the side walls of the old cellar hole, and insulated this partition with hay and earth and stones. The remainder of the cellar, lying open to the weather, would accommodate a certain quantity of water which would inevitably work into that portion he meant to use. He could not avoid this; there was no way to drain the cellar. But he set boards across as trestles upon which the barrels of potatoes and the like would stand.

Most of this work had to be done in the daytime; but he discovered that he could spend his evenings profitably in putting an inner wall of boards against the studding. Between the outer and the inner walls he stuffed hay. The result was to create a three-inch blanket of hay between him and the cold. He judged that it would serve. His ambitions fed upon his successes, and he began the more complicated task of putting a ceiling of boards across upon the plate. This would serve the double purpose of creating an air chamber between his living quarters and the cold roof, and of providing a certain amount of storage space. He worked at this job at night, after his day was done; and there were nights when he forgot to go to bed until weariness overwhelmed him.

All these things were not done at once, nor in sequence. The tasks overlapped one another. Sometimes he was forced to give over his building operations for a day or two or three at a time, when the farm demanded his attention. But he had attempted no very ambitious farming this year. He sought only to raise what foodstuffs he would need for the winter, to get in hay for the oxen and to market the good crop of apples. Even when he was busy about the place during the day, he worked at night by lantern light. His toil was unremitting; and as its tangible results assumed form and substance, he found his ambitions extending, himself driven onward to new efforts.

About the first of October his condition was this: He had a one-room house that would accommodate himself during the winter, in which he could be sufficiently comfortable and in which he would be warm. Beneath there was a cellar ready to receive his garden products. The pump was in the shed, reasonably protected against the cold. The oxen had shelter, and the chickens as well. His world, though small, was self-contained and seemed to him sufficient. Furthermore, he found to his surprise that while doing all these things, he had also done rather better than usual with the garden, and had cut more hay. Chan was beginning to discover that work thrives on work; that the more one does the more one is able to do. And this new knowledge was revealed in his bearing, in the confidence of his demeanor, in the quiet certainty of his voice.

He had occasion one day late in September to go to East Harbor, and two encounters marked the excursion. He saw his parents and he saw Carrie Day.

VI

CHAN had seen his father and mother once or twice during the summer. Dode one Sunday borrowed a horse and buggy and he and Maria drove out to the farm. Chan was at work that morning upon the siding of his house; he had a board across the sawhorses beneath his knee when he saw the buggy coming along the road; and upon a second scrutiny he recognized his father and mother. The young man at once abandoned his work and went to meet them as they turned into the barnyard. He took the horse's head and Dode and Maria got to the ground

Dode said slowly, "Well, Chan, howdo?"

"Good," Chan replied. "You both all right?"

"Fair," Dode told him.

A puzzled, dull humility sat on the man. Mrs. Mosser looked at Chan almost furtively.

"You're kind of peaked," she said in querulous solicitude.

"Ain't as fat as I was," Chan agreed.

"You prob'ly don't eat enough. Who cooks for you?"

"I get along myself," her son told her, smiling faintly.

"You'd ought to come in and live with us," she urged, in a tone that confessed she knew the futility of the suggestion. "You could get you a job too."

"I got a good job here," he replied in a good-natured tone. "I'm keeping right busy." He tied the horse to the fence along the lane and led them toward the scene of his building operations. "Come see what all I've done," he invited.

They followed him submissively enough; but where Chan saw what he meant to do, they saw only what he had done. Where his eye discovered a house in process, they saw only a bare framework of rough timbers, badly squared; a roof the angles of which were here and there uncertain; a floor of splintery boards. It seemed to them hopelessly little; it seemed to Chan a beginning full of promise.

The two viewpoints were fundamentally opposed, and it was impossible to reconcile them.

Chan was at first blind to their attitude. He explained what he had done and what he meant to do. But in the first pause in his explanation, Mrs. Mosser said obliviously to her husband, "I can't seem to realize the house is gone."

"This time a year from now I'll have it built again," Chan promised.

She appeared not to hear him.

"My grandfather built it," she said, half to herself. "I've heard my father tell. And he cleared the rocks out of the lower meadow and cut off the timber." She was silent for a moment, then said, "I'd kind of like to walk up to his grave, Dode."

So they all three climbed the pasture slope to the small inclosure within the fringe of the woods, where half a dozen of the Freels were buried. Chan was impatient at this pilgrimage. He resented the lost time; he stood on one foot and then the other while Dode sat on the stone wall and chewed at a twig and his mother pushed through the briers to discover the ancient headstones and decipher them. But when they started back and emerged from the young growth and he saw the bright new timber of his house below them, his breast filled with pride, and he walked with his dreams, ignoring their regretful reminiscences.

He had planned to boil a fowl for his dinner; and they ate with him, Mrs. Mosser exclaiming in dismay because her son lived in the cellar of the stable and complaining at the disorder everywhere manifest.

"But I will say you keep your pot and your dishes clean, Chan," she confessed reluctantly.

"I had to," he told her, grinning. "Soot and grease got so thick on them it was on my hands all the time and the boards in the house got all dirtied. I kind of want to keep them boards clean. They look mighty bright and new, seems to me."

Early in the afternoon, Dode and Maria drove back to town, regretful at leaving Chan behind.

"You'll get sick or something," Mrs. Mosser urged. "You better come along with us."

Chan, on the ground beside the buggy, smiled up at them.

"'Bout next summer you'll have to come back and live with me," he countered, "when I've made room for you."

"I don't guess we'll ever come back here," his mother confessed. "Dode don't have to work so hard in town, and we get a lot of comfort out of seeing folks more."

He said awkwardly, voicing a thought that had taken form and grown in his mind, "If you don't aim to come back, you better sell me the farm, when I can pay for it."

"It'd be yours by and by anyhow," she replied.

"I'd feel better, paying you," he urged.

"I guess you're kind of making it yours, anyway," his mother told him, faint pride showing for a moment in her eyes. "If you want to stay out here, I dunno why we shouldn't let you."

When they drove away, he watched them out of sight; for a moment thereafter, abstraction held him. Then he turned and with a quick stride went back to his work, picking up the saw where he had laid it in the shade so that the hot sun might not ruin its temper. He found a keen pleasure in the harsh song of its teeth through the wood; in the thump when the severed end fell to the ground.

This was the only occasion during the summer when Dode and Mrs. Mosser came to Fraternity. Chan was able to understand that for them to see the spot where for so long their lives had centered was a depressing experience; yet there were times when he wished to show them, a little pridefully, how much he had done. He did not resent their staying away; but he regretted it. At the same time he accepted the fact that the fire had made them old people; and he was young, full of a growing ardor for life.

On this day of his trip to East Harbor he went to the house where they had lodgings and saw his mother, and had dinner with them there. The experience saddened him. They had accepted their new life so submissively, had surrendered so completely. His mother's complaints were as continuous as ever; but he saw that they lacked their old sincerity. She was in fact comfortable enough and sufficiently contented; Dode earned enough to keep them; they were even putting a little money by. So long as he could work they could be secure.

"I dunno as we ought to complain," she told Chan, with what seemed to him a mock humility. He thought she was really a little proud that they had established themselves in these new surroundings.

His encounter with Carrie Day came afterward and accidentally. He had borrowed a horse and buggy from Joe Brine for the drive to town; and he was on his way toward Postoffice Square, whence the road to Fraternity turned sharply upward over the hill, when he saw the girl walking toward him along the sidewalk. He recognized her by her walk, two blocks away, and with a strange and thrilling pleasure. Since a few days after the fire, when her school term closed and she left Fraternity, he had not seen her; but she had been in his thoughts more than once. He had found the memory of her both refreshing and strengthening, and she had filled his mind with speculations.

Now, watching her draw nearer, he trembled and found his throat filled and felt his pulses pounding with something like fear, and he had an impulse to turn into a side street and thus avoid the encounter. But his muscles did not respond to this desire to flee, so he saw the distance between them steadily grow less. She had not yet seen him. She was walking swiftly, with that curious suggestion in her gait that merely to walk was pleasant. Not till they were within thirty yards of each other did she look toward the approaching buggy. Then Chan saw her face light, and she left the sidewalk and came into the road to meet him with a quick and eager movement.

"Chan Mosser!" she cried. "I almost didn't know you!"

He pulled the horse to a stop and spat nervously over the wheel.

"It's me, all right," he confessed.

"You're thin," she told him. Quickly amended this. "No, you're not fat. That's what I meant to say. You look so strong!"

"I been working pretty steady," he confessed.

"Turn the horse," she commanded impatiently. "I want to talk to you. Let me get in." He obediently swung the beast

DON'T GUESS
Buy the Coat with a Double Guarantee

For trap-shooting — For motoring
" golf — " traveling
" radio — " office or
" outings — " home wear

Dress well and succeed

2-Pocket Heather Coat
$7.50
value unequalled

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Thermo
KNITTED COATS & VESTS

Comfort Plus Service

Wear a Thermo and enjoy the free-and-easy feeling that comes with this king of comfort coats. Thermo is an attractive looking coat for general wear, indoors or outdoors, at work or play, all the year 'round.

Thermo's beauty is more than skin deep—it retains its shape and good looks longer, because it is made of virgin wool—pure, new wool, free from shoddy often labeled "all wool."

For your protection and so you will have no doubt about the high quality of Thermo, we attach a double guarantee ticket to the front of every genuine Thermo coat

Thermo "two-way" cuffs have wrist straps for loose or tight cuffs. No crushed shirt cuffs, no stretching out of shape. Thermo washes easily.

Thermo Coats come in attractive Scotch Grains, Tartans and Heather Mixtures, $7.50 to $9.00; Vests $5.00 and $6.00. Look for the Thermo Virgin Wool hanger in the neck. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
349 Broadway, Dept. M., New York

Thermo Vest, price $5.00

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

Wild Cat Income

With the Safety of Government Bonds

MILLIONS of people would invest all they have in Government Bonds paying 10%.

And if they yielded 20%, anybody, with any cash or securities whatever, would put every nickel he had into them. Billions of dollars would be invested over night.

Such an opportunity is open to thousands of business men. They can nearly always make a sure 20%. Usually they can make 30% or 50%. Many times they do not have to invest a dollar.

Here is the way to make such earnings. Automatic Sprinklers reduce the cost of fire insurance 50% to 90%. The secret lies in getting the system into your building with *little or no* cash investment on your part. Once it is in, the savings start. These savings are turned over yearly to the company that advanced the cost of the system.

In other words, the system practically pays for itself. And after the cost is thus returned the income from sprinklers is velvet—and the system is a permanent asset on your books.

Nearly every business man who has not grasped this opportunity to make money, and at the same time protect his business against fire, imagines that in *his* case the insurance savings would not be sufficient to make the plan workable.

Yet almost any of these men would make savings equal to 50% of the annual payments required and that means 20% earnings a year on whatever contribution he may have made.

We have organized an operating subsidiary—The U. S. Construction Company—to make Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler Systems available to our customers on this deferred payment plan. By this method of financing sprinkler installation, heavy initial investment is not required. Working capital position is not impaired. The development of this subsidiary company is but another element in the complete service which has so firmly established Grinnell Company in its position of unquestioned leadership in the field of automatic fire protection.

For further information, address our subsidiary, U. S. Construction Co., 302 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

When the fire starts, the water starts

Grinnell Company, Inc. Providence, R. I.

around and she climbed into the seat beside him. "Go ahead," she directed; "anywhere; and tell me what you've been doing."

"Why, just fixing up after the fire," he explained.

He wanted to tell her everything, to recite the tale of his small triumphs; but his tongue would not frame the words. She sensed his reticence, with a sidewise glance at his face; and to reassure him she began to talk about herself.

"I've been away," she explained, "to summer school. I didn't get back till day before yesterday. But I wondered about you a lot. Once I almost wrote you a letter, but I decided you wouldn't care anything about that." She faced him again. "Are you still in Fraternity?"

"Oh, yes, I'm still there."

"Where are you living?"

"Why, I've got a kind of a shack where our house used to be," he explained.

"You've stayed, the way you said you would?"

"Yeah."

"You can't stay there this winter, can you?"

"I figure I can get along," he told her. "I'm kind of planning to do some building, after the apples is picked." He hesitated, then added, "I can work at that, good days, all winter."

"Building? What are you building?"

"Well, I can't hire anybody to do it."

"Build what?"

"Build the house," he explained, blurting out the words self-consciously. Then added, in a rush of pride, "I've got a start. I've got the kitchen done. I aim to live in that this winter."

"Are your father and mother there?"

"No. No, paw's got him a job here in town, and they're living here. Getting along good. I guess maw likes seeing more folks."

"You're all alone?"

"Yeah."

"Isn't it—lonesome?"

"Well, I'm right busy."

"Who cooks your meals?"

"Oh, I can cook pretty good now. I've learned."

Her hand gripped his arm and her voice was vibrant.

"I might have known a man with a chin like yours would be stubborn enough not to be licked."

But Chan could not answer that. The touch of her hand had made him uncertain of his own voice. He waited for a moment, then said slowly, "If you're out there sometime, I can show you what I've done."

"I'm coming out Monday," she told him, "to see about the school."

He had wished she would come; but now that his wish was granted, he was afraid.

"Well, I'll be there," he said.

They spent a long, full hour together before she let him go; and she had asked a thousand questions, and he had found in her a friendliness which brought her infinitely nearer, made her seem more human, more like himself. On the long drive home his thoughts were full of her. He was interested to discover that she no longer made him uncomfortable, no longer irritated him by the brisk energy of her voice and of her movements. There was energy in Chan himself now, a burning fire that grew in intensity; but he did not fully perceive this. He thought she had come nearer him; it did not occur to him that he had come nearer her.

She came on Monday as she had promised, and he found her such an audience as he had craved. She admired the ingenuity of what he had done; she guessed how much of toil his work represented, and told him as much, and praised him for it. She listened to his plans and saw eye to eye with him; and in excited tones, each breaking in upon the other, they planned the house that he would build, and placed a room here and another there, set a window, hung a door, framed the roof. It seemed to Chan, before they were through, that the work was already as good as done. She was to have the school, she told him.

"So I'll be here all winter," she explained. "I'm going to come watch you work a lot. Maybe there'll be times I can help."

"I'd like that," he confessed.

When it was time for her to go, she said, a thoughtful tone in her voice, "Another year, you'll be right back where you were before, won't you?"

"It may take longer," he replied. "I got to do it all myself. Can't hire anything done."

"But some day you'll have the house finished, and a barn."

"Yeah, some day."

She eyed him acutely

"What are you going to do then, Chan?" she asked.

"Why, I ain't figured," he confessed uncertainly. "I dunno as I've looked that far ahead. There's a lot to do first."

A sudden and to him an unaccountable impatience came into her tones.

"But you'll have it done sometime," she insisted. "Then you'll have worked yourself out of a job. What will you do then?"

"Why, farm the place," he replied uncertainly.

"The way your father did?" she asked.

"I guess so," he confessed.

When she was gone, he thought uncomfortably that she had seemed disappointed at the end; and he wondered what he had said or done, or failed to do. She had been almost angry; he had seen words trembling on her lips, eager for utterance, but he could not guess what it was she had wanted to say.

He saw her once or twice again during the next month. She was boarding at Lee Motley's as she had done the year before; but she did not come to Chan's farm. He encountered her only in the village, and her manner had changed. He felt that he was thrust away from her; felt at the same time that she was watching him with an alert and anxious scrutiny, waiting for something.

At the same time Chan was facing a new problem; one which had revealed itself to him with the approach of cold weather. He had planned to do some building that winter; had thought he might get out the

Continued on Page 113

Find Out If You Can Get In on this Bonanza

If 20% net on your money with positive fire protection is a worth-while combination, you must take a sprinkler system on our deferred payment plan or buy one for cash right away.

There are very few concerns whose minimum savings won't amount to half of the annual payments we ask for installing sprinklers. Saving 50% of our annual charge gives you 20% on your money. The following figures illustrate the principle:

	YEARLY	FIVE YEAR TOTAL
Annual payments for sprinkler system ...	$1,000	$5,000
Annual insurance saving	500	2,500
New money put in by you each year.....	500	2,500
Total new money..	$2,500 (without interest)	

Annual saving, after Five years $500.=20% on $2,500

In this example the savings amount to only one-half of the annual payment we ask. But we know of hundreds of cases where the savings are large enough to pay for the equipment entirely in five years without the expenditure of a nickel. Our plan of payments can be altered to fit any conditions of working capital.

There is no use guessing, speculating or getting a lot of misinformation. It is just such half-way investigation that keeps so many firms from getting this sure protection on our attractive terms.

Let us get the facts for you, so that you may be sure they are right.

Write us how much insurance you carry and what you pay for it. Also give us the total floor area of your building. With this data before us, we can start getting you facts and figures you can bank on.

U. S. CONSTRUCTION CO.

302 West Exchange Street Providence, R. I.

Arrested Speeder—"Ye Gods! He's the Man I Sold That Bum Oil Stock To, Last Year!"

Get this newest, biggest fun-maker ever
Loaded with fun for old and young at Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving and other parties, Mardi Gras, Carnivals, Furs, etc.
SPRING Archie on the crowd at Hallowe'en! In no time you'll be the life of the party and you'll have everybody roaring. For Archie's a scream—the most comical fellow you ever saw! He simply can't make his eyes behave! And what eyes they are! You pull the string and they throw sparks! Once they get to sparking, they flash fun that's infectious. There never was anyone like Archie! His complexion, his marvelous mauve tie, his grin, his red hair, his freckles, are just immense. You'll want to own this wonderful new fun-maker from the moment you see him. Apart from being irresistibly amusing, Archie is mechanically perfect. His eyes will flash five thousand times without a miss. Then you just slip in a little reload and he's off again, funnier than ever. There's no battery; no fire; no possible danger. And he's strong too! Don't miss this opportunity to make the party the funniest and most successful ever. Get Archie from your dealer or mail the coupon.
If your dealer doesn't have Archie in stock . . . MAIL THIS COUPON
THE ART METAL WORKS
1 Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
Enclosed find $1 ($1.25 west of the Mississippi) in cash, stamps or money order, for which you are to send me one "ARCHIE," loaded for five thousand flashes.
Name
Street
City
State
My dealer's name is
Street
ARCHIE
the Karnival Kid
..his eyes sparkle!
$1
"Archie" is $1.25 west of the Mississippi
A RONSON TOY

The Smartest Car On The Highway

For seventeen years Velie Motor Cars have been famous for the sterling quality that has been built into them—

And that expresses itself in untold years of satisfying dependable service.

Now comes—the New Velie—five wonderful models—

More amazing than ever in performance—and with a sheer beauty of design and finish that can be compared only with the finest creations of European craftsmen.

The lines of both closed and open cars are new and distinctly original—the color combinations are the work of a master artist—the interior finish as fine as you expect to find in cars of twice the cost.

Add to the distinguished beauty of these cars the famous Velie-built 50 horsepower, airplane type engine—four wheel Lockheed hydraulic brakes—genuine balloon tires—optional colors on several models—and you have—the New Velie—The Smartest Car on the Highway.

More than 250,000 persons visited Velie salesrooms in the United States during the first week these models were shown—Approval was universal—and enthusiastic—Orders are pouring into the factory.

You owe it to yourself to inspect these wonderful new cars—Ride in them—Drive them.

Then ask yourself candidly if you have ever seen the duplicate of this New Velie within several hundred dollars of its price.

Write today for the Velie Book

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, MOLINE, ILL.

VELIE

(Continued from Page 110

structural timbers and perhaps frame the remainder of the house. There would be snow and cold, but he was used to encountering cold without extreme discomfort. He gave a good deal of thought to these plans of his; and he talked with Joe Brine, and with other men in the village who knew something about lumber and about construction. They were in one accord in the advice they gave him.

"You did a good job so far," Joe Brine told him. "But you couldn't go ahead and do a house alone."

Chan asked some questions and Brine expounded the matter.

"It needs knowing how," he said. "Oh, you can frame a house so's it will stand up, maybe; but it won't be plumb, and you'll do a lot of things the hard way, and make trouble for yourself, and it'll all have to be done over in a few years. What you need is a carpenter to help you. You can work with him if he tells you things to do. And you need some kinds of lumber that I ain't got and can't saw out for you. You'll have to buy it in East Harbor."

"I'm comfortable where I am," Chan argued, more to provoke the other to further explanation than from conviction.

"That's a mighty sight different "

"Them other things take money," Chan reminded him.

"Well, you got to have them," Brine insisted.

So this was the problem which Chan faced. It was not so much a problem requiring exertion on his part. He was ready enough for work, no matter how arduous. But this was a matter requiring decision. Joe had not put the thing in words; but Chan did so in his own thoughts. He knew that he could borrow money on the farm. Not much, but enough to pay for what must be bought and to hire a man's labor.

To the accustomed mind, borrowing money for construction or for production is not a frightful thing; but to the small farmer in Fraternity the word "mortgage" has a terrifying connotation. It wears a mantle of terror, sheds affright and dismays the stoutest heart. Chan felt quite sure that he could eventually build the house which had already taken shape in his dreams. What money would be needed he could earn by selling his own labor. But he also perceived that his labor was needed on the farm, and this is a truth hidden from the mind of most Fraternity folk. When one man hires another at two or three dollars a day, he expects a return greater than the figure paid; by the same token, the hired man's labor, properly directed, would be worth as much to him as to his employer. Chan had, during the arduous summer just gone, discovered the value of time, the value of his own time. A day spent working for another was a day lost to himself, and this was quite clear to him.

So from the time it occurred to him that by borrowing money he might get quicker results, the thought was never out of his mind. He spoke of it to no one, but he considered the project from every angle. Again and again his thoughts ran into the word "mortgage" and came to a full stop as though they had collided with a blank wall. But again and again they began once more, retracing the same path. Familiarity with the thought began by slow degrees to rob it of its terrors. He learned to look upon the prospect with unaffrighted eyes, and from this stage he was not long in passing to the more vigorous state of mind of one eager to accept a challenge from a stout opponent. To assume a mortgage would be to put in jeopardy the acres that had become so dear to him; but if he risked them it was for their own sake. He came by slow degrees to his determination. Will Bissell was the first man whom he consulted. Will advised him to go to a bank in East Harbor.

"They won't maybe lend as much," he said. "But they prob'ly won't charge you as much, either, as someone around here. I'd go to them."

Chan found the thing surprisingly easy. His father and mother formally deeded the land to him; and, this arranged, he reached an agreement with the bank. At the moment of signing the mortgage and note his hand trembled; to be thus brought in actual contact with the thing which had always worn so fearful a mien was a terrifying experience. But he signed with a bold stroke of the pen; and a moment afterward found himself already inflated with new confidence and pride, and returned to Fraternity full of even more ambitious plans. As he walked home from the village, where he had left the borrowed horse and buggy, he noticed that the low meadows adjoining his own farm had not been cut that year; the grass lay in disheveled windrows where the frost had felled it. And he thought he might some day buy that land. Hay was a sure crop; there was always a market at some price for whatever surplus he might have.

He visioned himself as the proprietor of even broader acres.

It was two days later that Carrie, after her day in school was done, came to seek him out.

He was busy in his cellar, stowing potatoes in their barrels there, when her voice summoned him; and he climbed to level ground to face her, and discovered a strange and tender excitement in her eyes.

She said quickly, "Chan, Mr. Motley says you've borrowed money on the farm."

He nodded, coloring slowly.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Why, I kind of needed it," he confessed.

"To live on?" she demanded.

He shook his head, smiling a little.

"No, no; I'm all right. But it looked to me I could do a better job building if I hired some help. And there's lumber and things I'll have to buy."

"You borrowed to build?" she asked.

"Yes."

He thought she sighed with faint relief; thought peace came into her eyes. She looked away from him, then back again.

"That means you'll be working for years, have to work hard, to pay off the mortgage."

"Well I am to," he told her.

"The only thing I've been afraid of," she said, "is that when you got the house built again you'd settle down the way your father did. But you won't be able just to sit around, with interest and that mortgage to pay off and all."

"I guess not," he agreed.

She seemed to wait a moment; then she said, "I'm not worried about you now. I can see you're going on the fine way you've begun. The fire was a fine thing to happen to you, Chan."

Her voice was curiously tender; and he began to understand her, and his heart was full.

"I guess it was," he assented in a low voice.

Silence held them for a while, and she watched him; but he would not meet her eyes. At last she laughed, a curiously shaken laugh.

"I can't wait for you," she told him.

"Can't wait? For what?" He was puzzled.

Her cheeks were flaming.

"There isn't time," she explained. "It'll just cost us that much more to wait. I'll have my board to pay and everything."

He hesitated and his knees felt weak, and he sat down slowly on the step of his own door. She looked all around and back to him again, and she stepped past him into the single room of the dwelling he had built for himself. He rose then and followed her and they stood side by side, surveying the interior; the rough board walls with fragrant hay here and there escaping through the cracks; the splintery floor beneath their feet; the stove upon which a kettle hummed; the furnishings he had built against the walls.

Neither of them spoke for a long time; and then she said in a low and musical tone, "I like it, Chan."

"It's comfortable enough, I guess," he agreed.

"And we'll be doing something. Building."

"A lot of that to do."

"It's such a little house," she confessed, looking up at him with a smile. "A person could take care of it and teach school at the same time."

He nodded in dumb assent to this, and after a moment he sighed.

"I guess so," he assented.

She laughed again, in that new and tender fashion. He had not thought so crisp and vigorous a person could be tender, and the revelation had an extraordinary sweetness about it.

"You act scared," she said.

"I—kind of am," he confessed, and managed to smile back at her.

So she took his hand and held it steadily; and her eyes were grave and deep and warm

"You don't need to be," she told him.

In the end, of course, he overcame his terrors; and she seemed content that he should no longer be afraid.

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

KNAPP-FELT HATS
for MEN

KNAPP-FELT MODELS for Fall include a variety of proper styles, colorings and textures from which should be selected the assortment of headwear necessary for correct dress.

AMONG THE MOST FAVORED styles is the Wales, a dignified shape of graceful lines, which is one of the three Knapp-Felt soft hats, that the well dressed man should own. In addition to the Wales, (illustrated above,) he should have a Knapp-Felt Cavanagh Edge hat, and one of the smart shapes that are designed to be worn with the brim turned down.

THE SHADES SELECTED should be such as will harmonize with the different color schemes of his suits and haberdashery. Knapp-Felt hats are made in all of the fashionable Fall colorings.

No use talking, a man cannot be well dressed with but one hat to his name. Three Knapp-Felts are none too many to afford proper dress harmony.

Knapp-Felt Hats, from $6 to $40, are sold by best Dealers everywhere—*Write for* THE HATMAN!

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH ~ *President*
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

A FINGER DIPPED IN GOLD

(Continued from Page 15)

from the table decorations, placed upon his brow. He discovered that these young ladies not only looked and talked alike but that they tasted alike, being slaves to the use of the same brand of lip salve.

In the meantime, Hilary's father, John Toller, watched his son's attack upon the world of affairs with misgiving. Himself a man of industrious habit, who had made a fortune in estate, he could not but feel that his son was scarcely employing his early manhood to the best advantage. A sure sense of good form, coupled with an unrivaled knowledge of musical comedy, its adherents and performers, is an asset of which any young man may well be proud, but it does not advance him very far along the road to fortune. If the boy were to do any good it was time he made a start, and to that end John Toller suggested that Hilary should make a tour of the world.

His line of reasoning may appear obscure, but John Toller was of the school of thought that adheres to the belief in a knock round before a settle down. He made the suggestion diffidently, thinking Hilary would probably rebel against the fag of such an undertaking; but far from rebelling, Hilary was delighted. He had just effected contact with his seventy-second sample of lip salve and the flavor was beginning to pall.

"It's a do, guv'nor," he said. "It's a sure do."

So Hilary ordered some eccentrically appropriate clothes, bought a solar topee, a double Terai, a fur-lined coat, a .32-caliber automatic, a long-barreled revolver, a portable typewriter, some polo sticks, a battery of vacuum flasks, a stop watch, a compass, a barometer, a tent, a bath, a library of translations from modern French authors, one thousand very large cigars and some wardrobe trunks.

The spectacle of his departure from Jermyn Street was impressive. So great was the crowd of beauty at Waterloo Station that his father was barely able to force his way up to the railway-carriage window.

"Well, good-by, my boy," he said, and kissed Hilary, which was rather bad form. "Don't forget to look up your uncle when you're in Australia."

Then the train steamed out and old John Toller, who was feeling a bit lonely and sad, roped in a couple of the best lookers and carried them off to lunch at the Savoy, afterwards driving them home to their lodgings in Chelsea and making his first acquaintance with the flavor of lip salve, which he so thoroughly appreciated that he wondered if he had acted fairly in banishing his son from the enjoyment of such delights.

Following many vicissitudes of travel, Hilary came at last to Australia where, after lingering unduly at Menzie's Hotel, Melbourne, he entrained for Wangarina.

As he stepped out on the platform he observed that it was a one-horse little place where, unless he was mistaken, there was nothin' doin'. There was not even a station master. He was alone in the Australian bush with all his beautiful luggage.

To left and right rose the slag heaps of the disused mine workings. A mile away were a few houses and beyond that—nothing.

"Not too good," said Hilary. "Very putrid indeed."

He was in the act of making this remark when his attention was attracted by a cloud of dust approaching along something which by no stretch of imagination could be called a road. Presently the dust developed into a vehicle of sorts, with an old man seated on the box, wearing blue jeans, a gray shirt and a wide-brimmed straw hat. The vehicle came to a halt by the station wicket and the old man got out.

"You from Valima Farm?" Hilary asked.

The old man nodded.

"I'm Tom," he said. "Have you got a grip?"

"My luggage is over there."

Tom's eyes opened wide.

"No one 'asn't got all them things," he said. "Not likely—oh, no!"

It took a while to convince him. When convinced, he rolled about as though in pain.

"We must get 'em in some'ow," he said. "Yer uncle'll want to see 'em. Wouldn't do my telling 'im. Oh, no!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, yer see, 'e 'asn't 'ad a laugh not for a long time, yer see."

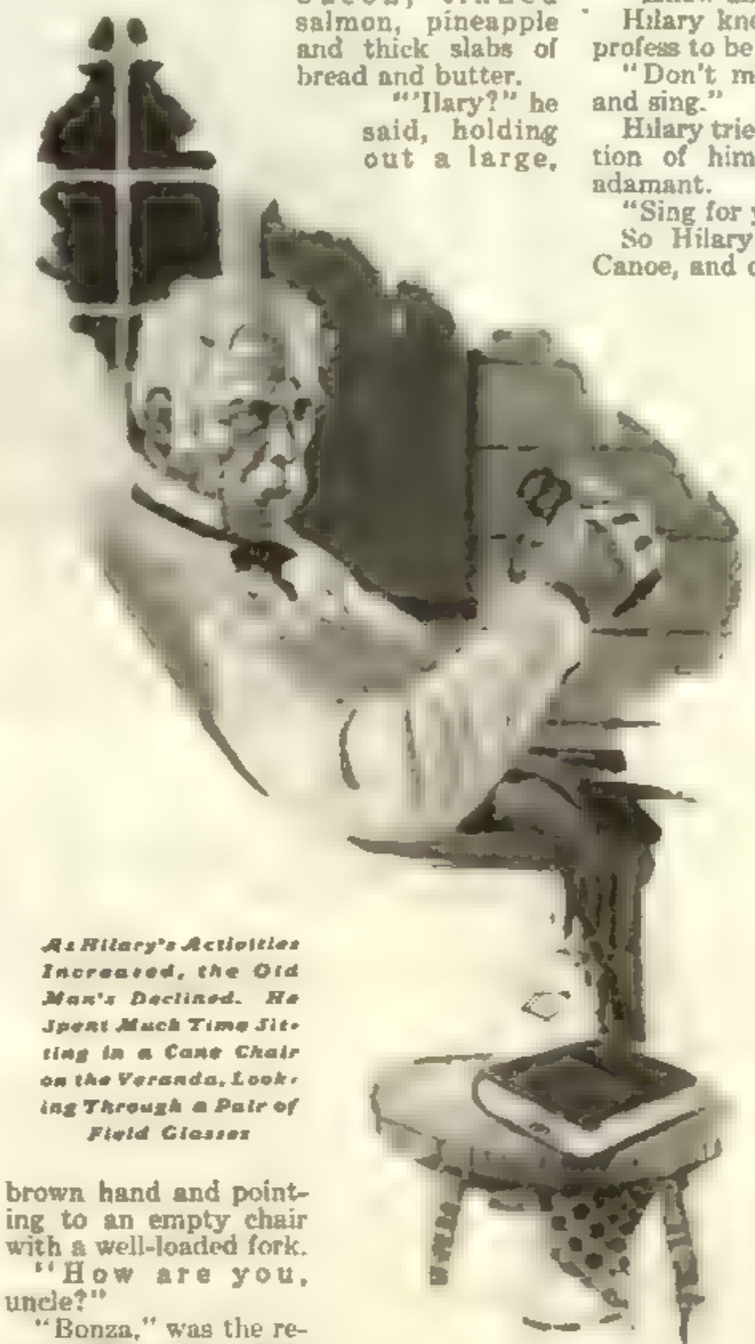
The eight miles to Valima Farm was covered in silence, broken by chuckles from Tom and a repetition of the words "Oh, dear!"

Hilary was not impressed by the exterior of the farm—a single-story, corrugated-iron house with a covered veranda.

"You'll find him inside," said Tom. "He'll split himself over this."

Hilary Toller walked through the open door.

Edward Toller, a napkin under his chin, was enjoying his tea, a meal consisting of bacon, tinned salmon, pineapple and thick slabs of bread and butter.



As Hilary's Activities Increased, the Old Man's Declined. He Spent Much Time Sitting in a Cane Chair on the Veranda, Looking Through a Pair of Field Glasses

"'Ilary?" he said, holding out a large, brown hand and pointing to an empty chair with a well-loaded fork.

"How are you, uncle?"

"Bonza," was the reply. "Drawrup a chair and help yerself. Tea's at your elbow." Hilary did as he was bid and was about to make some comment on his journey when his uncle remarked, "What you got yourself up like that for, eh? Don't wear fancy dress in these parts; no. Dig into the bacon before it whitens."

Abashed and conversationally at a loss, Hilary fell to with forced appetite.

Edward Toller deposited a lump of salmon on a slice of bread and roofed it with a second slice.

"Dipping sheep all day," he said. "Seven hundred. Know anything about sheep?"

"I'm afraid ——"

"H'm Your loss."

"You go in mainly for sheep, I suppose"

"I don't"

"Oh, I thought ——"

"Crops, I go in for, and fruit—vines too. Cotton 'ud grow here, d'you know that?"

"I didn't—er ——"

"It would. Anything would. Matter of trouble, that's all—trouble. See those cherries as you come in? Then what were you looking at? How's your father?"

"He's splendid."

"Haven't seen him these forty years. So you're his son?"

"Yes."

"H'm," muttered Edward Toller. "Well, it's early to say."

With that he walked to the veranda, where he paused before the pile of his nephew's belongings. For a long while he stared, frowning, his bushy brows contracted and his mouth tight shut. Presently he muttered "Humph!" and mounting a horse rode off through an avenue of cherry trees. Five minues later old Tom plucked at Hilary's sleeve.

"Not often 'e 'as a laugh like that. Oh, dear!"

Hilary Toller did not prolong his visit. He stayed for the correct fortnight. His uncle, though mainly inarticulate, preserved an air of tolerant geniality. During the working hours of the day he was absorbed by the business of the farm, but sometimes in the evenings he would reveal social qualities, discussing principles of land development and occasionally making demands on Hilary for forms of entertainment.

"Know any songs, my boy?"

Hilary knew all the songs, but did not profess to be a singer.

"Don't matter about that. Stand up and sing."

Hilary tried to escape making an exhibition of himself, but the old man was adamant.

"Sing for your supper," he commanded.

So Hilary sang Mamie, I've a Little Canoe, and old Edward applauded lustily.

"That's a good 'un, though I've heard better voices. Wait a bit and we'll have it again."

He lumbered from the room and oathily rounded up the farm and kitchen hands, issued beer and tobacco, and bidding them find chairs told his nephew to proceed. After some initial nervousness, Hilary got going in fine style and treated the company to a program selected from the best-known musical comedies of the day. It was received uproariously. When the room was clear, Edward Toller gripped his nephew by the arm.

"There y'are! I'll lay you feel all the better for that."

There was truth in the statement, but it was hardly the form of praise Hilary had expected.

Edward went on:

"You've a good bicep, but soft. Tomorrer we'll have a girl in and a pianner. Can't go on doin' nothin' all yer life."

"But good Lord, uncle, I can't guarantee"

"Bed," said Edward Toller.

Edward Toller ordered the piano by telephone from a town twenty-five miles away. It was delivered in a covered wagon with a team of four horses. Edward Toller paid for it on delivery; one hundred and thirty-seven sovereigns. This was the first indication given to Hilary that the old man had money to spend. It seemed an astonishing piece of extravagance.

At six o'clock the girl arrived on a little gray horse. The girl was the daughter of a horse breeder. She rode like a man and looked like a boy. She was sixteen years old. Her hair, tugged back from her brow, was tied with a ribbon in the nape of her neck and hung down like a tassel. She wore a shirt and a skirt, a pair of brown stockings and sand shoes. Her eyes were the color of Parma violets and looked unnaturally blue against the warm tan of her cheeks.

Hilary, who was on the veranda, wondered what the devil he would find to say to her. The riddle was solved by the girl, who, without dismounting, called out, "You the one who sings?"

"Well, I don't really. I hum a bit, you know"

Then the little horse took it into his head to stand on his hind legs, whereat Hilary made a gallant rush forward.

"Let him alone," said the girl. "Leave him to me. If he gets the idea it takes two to settle him, he'll be an awful nuisance."

Hilary stood anxiously aside while she gave a simple exhibition of bronc busting. When it was over, she tethered the horse to a post and climbed the veranda steps.

"Has the piano come?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Let's see it."

She put a footstool on a chair, sat down and began to play. Her hands were equally at home on the keys as on the reins of a bridle.

"You play very well, Miss—er ——" he began.

"Not badly; only do it by ear though. My name's Alison. It's a showy sort of name, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know," Hilary stammered, embarrassed at the girl's lack of artificiality.

"Well, it is—but so's yours. Which do you like best, England or Australia?"

"It's difficult to judge on so short an acquaintance."

She nodded.

"Of course you don't know anything about us and here yet, do you?"

"Not a lot."

"When I'm twenty, father's going to stand me a trip to England. P'raps we'll meet."

"I hope we shall."

"Don't expect you do really. Expect you'd think it a bore. English people like thinking things a bore, don't they?"

"I think they're always very glad ——"

"Anyway, I shall write to you on chance and p'r'aps you'll fix up an afternoon."

To a young man accustomed to settle everything on the telephone, it seemed terrible to make dates four years ahead.

"Any day that suits you," he said, nibbling his lip to control a smile.

Alison eyed him gravely, observed the cut of his suit, his tie and socks to match and his air of sartorial perfection.

"I'll let you know in good time. You needn't be afraid I shall turn up looking like this. I shall have the best clothes and my hair done properly; then you won't mind so much."

Gallantry came to Hilary's aid.

"Good Lord, as if that would make any difference!"

"Not that I'd care if you did mind," said Alison, "but I'm looking forward to going about."

"Don't you find life here rather dull?" he asked.

"No. Why, do you?"

"No-no, but ——"

"That's because you don't do anything."

"I'm here on a visit," he protested.

"What do you do at home?"

"At present," he confessed, "I haven't done very much, but ——"

"That must be dull, if you like," said she. After a pause she asked, "You think of settling out here?"

"Well, I hadn't."

"I don't know why you shouldn't. People don't, somehow," she added, "unless something happens to make them."

"How do you mean—to make them?"

"Oh, going broke or expecting much more than they're likely to get. We get lots of that kind. Father says they're the curse of the country, but after a time they develop into a blessing."

"Really?"

"Um. He says it takes them ages to find out that so much and no more is all a man has a right to expect. He once wrote that to the Sydney Bulletin, but they didn't publish it. Was a shame, I thought, though it may have been his spelling. You look rather as if you expected a lot for nothing."

"I'm sorry to give that impression."

"Oh, well," said Alison, "sing me one of your things."

Determined to be a success in at least one direction, Hilary Toller obliged with a selection from the Medal and the Maid, Alison joining in readily with the accompaniment.

"Wasn't bad," she said at the finish; "but you don't breathe properly, that's what makes you crack on the top notes."

"I don't crack on the top notes," he said, offended.

"Yes, you do, and breathing is the reason. You ought to fill your lungs lower down. It's hard to do at first, but worth trying. Intercostal it's called. I know 'cos I've learnt. Well, I'm going back to get father's tea now. See you later."

She mounted and rode away.

On the day of Hilary's departure from Wangarina quite a number of local celebrities gathered at the station to see him off. This may have been due to his popularity as an entertainer or vulgar curiosity in his belongings. Everyone was simple

(Continued on Page 119)

THIS FAMOUS OIL STOVE COOKS AS FAST AS GAS

Cook the year round on this different

OIL STOVE

Because you live beyond the gas main—because oil is the chief cooking fuel of your section—is no reason why you cannot have delicious cooking and baking, summer or winter.

If you are not entirely satisfied with your cooking results see the RED STAR Oil Stove—now used for year-'round cooking in millions of homes.

The RED STAR is an *oil stove*—but *vastly different*. It burns kerosene oil, without wicks. It cooks with a heat as fast and as even as gas—produced by the patented RED STAR *all-metal* burners. It gives you *gas speed* for cooking and baking. It gives you *gas stove results*—wherever you live.

There is a size of RED STAR for every need—two to six burners. There is a price for every purse. See a demonstration. If you do not know the RED STAR dealer, write us for his name and a copy of the RED STAR Book.

* * *

There is also the RED STAR GAS *Range*—with fourteen patented improvements—similar to the oil stove illustrated.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

RED STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

The Mark of Quality

Fire

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE

The Bulldog

Tremendous Tractive Power for the Rear Wheels of Heavy Duty Trucks

The Non-Skid Hi-Type

Unusual Cushion and Longer Mileage— With Non-Skid

The Bulldog is a massive cushion tire with extra high profile. It is designed and built to deliver tremendous tractive power under most difficult conditions, such as starting filled trucks from sand pits—pulling heavy loads of dirt from excavations—getting giant steel tanks to oil fields through miles of mud. It digs into any road bed with a business-like grip and holds it.

To match the superiority of the Bulldog, Firestone engineers have developed the non-skid Hi-Type for front wheel equipment.

Correctly balanced, with advanced tread design and unusual wearing depth—this tire provides the extra cushion and low mileage cost essential to most profitable haulage.

Firestone has pioneered truck tires through every stage of their development. Firestone built the first broad tread cushion tire for heavy hauling, and has consistently anticipated later needs for higher truck speeds, longer hauls and more traction and cushion with no sacrifice of mileage. Every truck requirement has been foreseen and met.

Call on the Firestone Truck Tire Service Dealer in your neighborhood, who will advise you regarding the type of tire that will give you best results in cushion, traction and mileage, for every road, load and condition of service.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

FACTORIES:
AKRON, OHIO
HAMILTON, ONT.

Firestone

IT'S OWN RUBBER..... H.S. Firestone

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"Mine is ATWATER KENT"

—a simple statement often made by proud owners with the assurance that elaboration is not necessary—

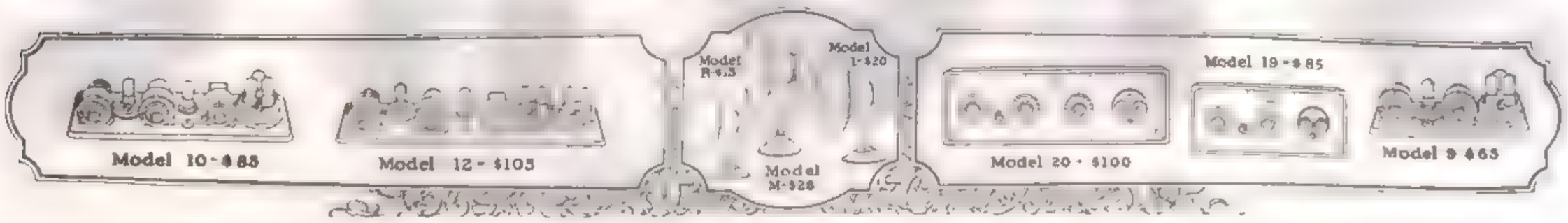
They know that their radio equipment is distinctive—Precision is its dominant characteristic—That it is made for those who demand not only quality and unusual performance in radio reception, but distinction as well.

In selecting your radio, remember that ATWATER KENT standards in design, construction and manufacture are the result of the accumulated experience of more than a quarter of a century in the making of scientific electrical instruments.

Comparison is the basis on which ATWATER KENT Radio is sold—go to your regular store, examine ATWATER KENT Receiving Sets and Loud Speakers and you will appreciate their value.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - 4939 Stenton Ave., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THINK OF WHAT IS BACK OF IT



(Continued from Page 114)

and genial and seemed sorry he was going. His uncle had not suggested he should stay; but had tacitly suggested that if he cared to he might. One night old Edward had revealed the fact that he was a well-to-do man.

"Lot to be made here if you're not afraid of work," he said. "Some day I suppose I'll have to leave it to someone."

The hint could not be mistaken, though it meant little to Hilary, who was accustomed to a rich father and plenty of money to spend.

Alison rode over with a present of hard-boiled eggs to eat on his journey. She gave Hilary a firm brown hand as the train steamed out of the station. She was not the least concerned about his departure. One of her father's mares had foaled during the night and her thoughts were centered on that. Hilary waved from the carriage window, but she did not return the wave. She was busy with her horse, which was lashing out in all directions to show its disapproval of steam traction. Somehow her detachment piqued Hilary Toller. He would have liked to be a greater success with her. He would have liked to kiss her good-by. To have kissed her, he felt, would have been like burying one's face in new-mown hay.

Hilary Toller returned to England, where, thanks to influence, he got an armchair billet in a ship broker's office, within convenient reach of a mahogany writing table where a man might rest his feet, stare at the ceiling, smoke cigarettes and consider how best to reduce a scratch handicap at golf to something in the plusses.

Also he became engaged to the Hon. Idina Faire, a young lady much photographed and sought after, who looked like an angel and ate as much as a dog, stopped in bed all day and stopped up all night, broke a great many hearts and several records, introduced wrestling as a drawing-room sport and wore Russian boots and green hair at parties.

Idina was in no hurry to be married and only became engaged to Hilary because she believed him to be untrue to her.

"Jealousy," she was given to say, "is the only thing a woman never tires of."

Her intimacy with Hilary did him no good. It fixed an already pronounced conviction that having a good time was man's chief duty.

When war broke out, Idina, so to speak, buckled on Hilary's sword with the words, "Pads darling"—she called him Pads—"do go and get killed. I should simply adore you for it."

She then went to lunch with a brigadier, since the staff had become suddenly a vogue.

But Pads did not get killed, though he served valorously in many fields of battle.

"This war," he said, "will about satisfy me for the rest of my life as far as work goes. After it's through, I'll settle down and blow the old man's money."

The old man had quite a lot of money at that time, having realized on his land and estate and invested everything in a new aeroplane fabric that was greatly in demand.

As a result of enforced separation from the society of women, Hilary became sentimental about Idina, and when on leave planned spending all his time with her. She, however, was not able to grant his wishes. Life, just then, was too interesting to waste on a single individual. Officers on leave were tiresomely alike; besides, they had a passion for fondling, and fondling was something Idina could not endure. Her rough-and-tumble mentality rebelled against foolish expressions of affection. A row she could understand and enjoy, and she did not mind having things thrown at her; but sitting before a fire and holding hands and kissing was altogether too awful.

Having regard to this, she was very decent to Hilary on his first leave. She bit his nose when he kissed her and danced with him two afternoons and one evening. Of course, she could not be expected to put up with a recurrence of that sort of thing every three or four months, so she arranged with a friend at the War Office for Hilary to be transferred to a staff appointment in Mesopot, where the danger of his being a bore would be indefinitely postponed. It is probable she saved his life by this tactful adjustment, for a month later his battalion was wiped out on the Somme.

And in the fullness of time the war came to an end and life was robbed of much pleasant artificiality. Hilary Toller returned from exile to marry Idina and have a good time generally.

Witness now how the fates defy a man's ambition. By the very act of victory, England had lost its capacity for enjoyment. London, a few months before the very headquarters of delight, had become dull and ordinary. Men, instead of seeking enjoyment, sought employment. The boom was followed by the slump. The sparkling wine of war was clouded with the lees of peace. But these were national affairs that scarcely affected Hilary Toller; it wanted something nearer home to damp his ardent spirit, and the something happened. Hilary's father died and with him all interest in aëroplane fabric. Money taken from the land had picturesquely vanished in the air. Hilary was left with his gratuity and nothing else, if one excepts an invitation to the wedding of Idina Chloris Patricia Faire to Major Egbert Johnstone Dillingham, R. A., of Little Barrow, Bucks—a wedding which never took place, as the bride ran away with the groom's father two days before the ceremony.

Hilary was more or less used to being without Idina—he had had three years' practice—but he was unused to being without funds. The death of his father affected him profoundly, but the disaffection of his sweetheart, beyond making him angry and disposed to drink brandy instead of whisky, failed to shatter his proud spirit.

The loss of the money was, of course, very serious, since it indefinitely postponed the fulfillment of that good time upon which his ambitions were centered. Ironically enough, he had never felt in better trim for having money to spend. And now there was a paltry five hundred, vanishing at the rate of about seven pounds a day, between himself and penury—or work. "Work"—an offensive word. He knew men who worked and it produced disastrous effects upon them. They became slaves to the practice, forgoing pleasure and amusement and allowing it to interfere with really vital affairs. There was only one excuse for work and that was to obtain enough money not to work. Work for work's sake was gross. Hilary Toller did not mean his young life to be ruined by labor troubles. On the other hand, something would have to be done, because five hundred pounds will not endure forever. He considered planting the lot on a horse, win or lose, but resisted the temptation. In a saner mood, he called on some of his father's business acquaintances and put it to them that he might consider a job at fifteen hundred a year if it were not too exacting. He was thanked for the offer, but nothing came of it. He then seriously considered going on the stage and rivaling that feller Du Maurier, but a theatrical man with whom he discussed the project advised him to refrain. The idea of the motor trade, into which the entire British Army was steadily demobilizing itself, did not appeal to Hilary. It presented the advantage of offering a man a fine range of cars to drive free of cost; but apart from that it meant rubbin' shoulders with rather a slippery lot of beggars. Besides, he did not mean to be dog's body to any feller. Of course, there was chicken farming; but that was a fool's game played in a dull locality.

"What I want," he mused, "is a big lump, a fat slice of luck." In short, something for nothing.

And then when the five hundred pounds had diminished to one hundred, and Hilary, always particular about his hands, had taken to biting his nails, there came a letter which read:

"*Dr. nephew:* Sorry poor John dead. This to wish you happy Xmas. War over expect you will be looking for something to do. Farm here going strong and crops good. Good opportunity for young man. Still have piano. Alison sends regards is well as also I am though getting older. Tom died February. Yr. aff'ate. Uncle,

"EDWARD TOLLER.

"P. S. Made my will and you inherit all.
Valuma Farm, Dec. 1, 1919.

"P. P. S. Since writing have had water laid on in the house.

"P. P. P. S. Young men needed out here since war killed off many young men."

A frank and illiterate letter such as any might read without suspicion. Hilary Toller could hardly be expected to have guessed at the terrific labor of thought and scheming that had been involved in its composition. Old man Edward's cunning was nowhere apparent. Old man Edward, who in consultation with Alison, had contrived the exact moment his letter should be dispatched, working out to a hair the time his nephew's resources were most likely to have come to an end.

"He'll never throw up the chance of a good time while he has money to spend," said Alison, wise in her knowledge of manhood gained at the Dardanelles Hospital in Sydney. "His sort don't."

"Question is," ruminated old man Edward, "is the boy likely to do any good?"

"He might. Thing to do is to get him out here."

So old man Edward, who years before had learned a trick from Nature, beckoned with a finger dipped in gold. And Hilary Toller, who for the last six months had ignored the appeal of attractive posters and windows dressed with wheat sheaves and shining pippins, packed his belongings and booked a passage for Australia. To the friends who gathered to see him off he made no bones about his intentions.

"I shall knock around and make myself pleasant to the old boy until he snuffs it. Then I'll sell up and have a good time."

To the end of making himself pleasant, Hilary took with him a banjorine, a water whistle, the small portable gramophone which had helped him to win his part of the war and a large folio of modern jazz music. He also took the complete works of E. Phillips Oppenheim wherewith to defy the tedium of waiting for his uncle's demise.

Three months later the same rickety wagonette drawn by the same old horse met him at the station at Wangarina and once more bumped him over the changeless landscape. And there was his uncle, looking, rather to his disappointment, not a day older than at their last meeting. A napkin was still tucked beneath his chin, a tin of salmon, a pineapple and great slabs of bread and butter still decorated the table before him. Nothing had changed; it was as if Hilary had stepped back nine years. Even the greeting was the same.

"Drawrup a chair and sit down, 'Ilary. The tea's at yer elbow."

Hilary poured himself a cup of thick tea and sighed. He had reached the journey's end with a vengeance. The atmosphere of changelessness into which he had exiled himself impacted against his imagination with a shock.

"Good Lord, can I ever stand it?" was his thought. "Dammit, the war—anything was better than this." Then he became aware that his uncle was talking.

"Glad to have you back. Been rather an upset since last we met, eh? The world on its head, eh? Changes everywhere. Then labor trouble. Dare say you notice a difference on the farm—a slack look?"

"I didn't," Hilary blurted out.

"Weed in the orchards—the broken fence of the paddock yonder?"

"Now that you mention it."

"Takes a man a long time to see land changes," said old man Edward; "but when he comes by the knack, they stand up clear as a tower on a hill."

Tea finished, horses were saddled and they rode over part of the farm. It would have been three days' work to cover it.

"I reckon," said Edward, "this farm produces 'bout a quarter of what it could produce. Not a bad percentage, eh?"

"Very good," Hilary obligingly agreed.

"'Tis good—when you reckon the start's made from nothing."

Hilary tried to be intelligent.

"When do you suppose you can count on a hundred per cent efficiency?"

"Never—or in 'eaven. There's a slip back for every gain; must be. It's that keeps a man down to his job."

"Uncle," said Hilary with sudden courage, "do you like the life?"

"Well, now you see," came the answer, "'tisn't a case of like or dislike; it's just that the land takes a hold on a man and fastens him down."

"H'm!" said Hilary.

They turned their horses toward the blazing oval of the dropping sun. In England, at this hour, Hilary would be dressing for dinner with pleasant prospects of variety awaiting him. But now —— He stole a glance at the features of the old man, seamed, knotted and weather-beaten, scarred by battle against earth and beast, yet over all wearing a look of steady contentment and unshaken purpose. A fine old chap; a bit crusty, perhaps; quick of tongue and of hand; hard outside, yet soft within. Involuntarily a flush of shame stirred Hilary's conscience at the thought that he had come

(Continued on Page 121)

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS
PHILADELPHIA

The Executive Chair

should be in keeping with the position of the executive. It should convey an impression of massive dignity. But above all it should be comfortable. The executive who would give the best of his brain to his firm cannot afford to have his mental alertness impaired by a tired body.

All these considerations are taken into account in the building of a Sikes Office *Easy* Chair. Every Sikes has that dignity of appearance which cannot be counterfeited, but must result from the use of only the choicest woods and superlative workmanship and finish.

The comfort which is a distinctive feature of every Sikes Office *Easy* Chair is the fruit of 60 years' study of the seating problem. That comfort results from special designs of seat, arms and back curved to conform to the natural curves of the body.

The executive, who understands the close relationship between bodily comfort and highest mental efficiency, has come to regard "Sikes" as standard office equipment. The nearest Sikes dealer (name on request) will show you Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs in models and at prices suitable for every use from the chief's sanctum to the reception room.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

At the right are the "Walk-Over Veterans" — 164 men and women privates and officers who have served in the Walk-Over army for twenty-five to fifty years. The photograph was taken in front of the Memorial Bandstand dedicated to the founder of the business just after the Veterans' were presented with service medals

Above is Harold C. Keith, awarding the gold medals for fifty years' service to Mr. Charles L. Glass (left), and Mr. Henry C. Williams (right), both veterans of fifty years' service who joined the Walk-Over business when Mr George E. Keith founded the organization

5,050 YEARS of experience are looking at you!

Above, at left, is Mr. Sydney Stoker of New Haven, Connecticut, newly elected President of the Walk-Over Dealers Association. At right, Mr. Irving B. Howe, Boston, Massachusetts, retiring president, who dedicated the Memorial Bandstand shown in the picture above on behalf of the Walk-Over Dealers Association

THE 164 "Walk-Over Veterans"—of whom all but a few are shown in the picture above, have served a total of 5,050 years in the Walk-Over organization. They were the guests of honor at the Fiftieth Anniversary celebration of Geo. E. Keith Company, held at the great Walk-Over factories in Campello, Massachusetts, on July 8, this year. Impressive services were held that afternoon in memory of George E. Keith, founder of the Walk-Over business. With six thousand loyal employees and four thousand visitors as an audience, President Harold C. Keith awarded service medals to the "Walk-Over Veterans." The Walk-Over Dealers' Association dedicated a Memorial Bandstand to the founder of the business. In the evening a mammoth pageant was staged, depicting the history of the Keith family since the year 1000 and the growth of the Walk-Over business in the past half century. It was said to be the most impressive celebration ever held by an industrial corporation. With such a past, with such a loyal organization, embracing 6,000 employees and 7,000 retail dealers, it is no wonder that Walk-Over Shoes are the largest-selling trade-marked shoes in the world. With the ideals set before this great organization by its founder, the principles of faith, industry and integrity, it is no wonder that Walk-Over Shoes are the finest, most comfortable, and most dependable shoes that you can buy.

President Harold C. Keith—a snapshot taken just after he had been presented with a watch as a token of friendship from Walk-Over employees. More than 5,500 employees, from Vice-President to the newest factory apprentice, contributed ten cents each toward this demonstration of loyalty.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Walk-Over Shoes

for Men and Women

© 1924 G. E. K. Co.

Below, standing between President Harold C. Keith and Foreign Manager Edward A. Keith, is Mr. John O. Stockholm, Manager of the Paris-France, Walk-Over store. With the assistance of 24 young ladies, Mr. Stockholm presented President Keith with shoes made and worn in the two countries where Walk-Over Shoes are sold.

(Continued from Page 119)

out to mark time until the old man should be called in to where good gardeners are gathered. It had seemed a trifling undertaking back there in England—an undertaking in which conscience took no part. Men die and their substance passes to another, their labors are forgotten, weeds grow up in the furrows they had plowed. That is Nature's law. But here was a man who had loved the land and harnessed it to his will and made it fruitful. It was a shabby trick to pick the fruit and let the orchard rot. With this realization, Hilary blurted out, "Uncle, I'm no good out here. All this means nothing to me. I'm beginning to think I was a pretty good rotter ever to have come."

"There's a bit of something hot for supper," said Edward Toller. "Shake up yer reins, boy."

He rode home a happy man, with his bushy brows down and his mouth shut like a trap.

At the farm Alison was waiting—Alison greatly grown up and observant. She nodded to Hilary and gave him a hand, but to Edward she said, "I wonder what you're laughing at."

"Pickles," he replied, which expression he only used in moments of great good humor.

After supper Hilary had a word alone with Alison.

"Lord knows what I'm going to do."

"Why bother? He hasn't asked you to do anything."

"That's not the point. One can't hang on doing nothing interminably."

"You mean until he ——"

"Don't finish it," he pleaded. "It makes me feel such a frightful outsider. But I don't understand the bare beginnings of this game."

"Dare say you'll bore yourself into finding something to do."

The sharpness of her reasoning aroused him.

"I shall use you as an oracle and roll up for a course of advice."

"Not a course," she answered. "I'm off to England next week."

"Not really?"

"Yes; the war postponed it."

"But you're coming back?"

"In a year—eighteen months."

"But that's shocking news. I was counting on you."

"Well, you've a fine lot of books," she said. "I was looking them over before you came in."

"I'm altogether out of luck," said Hilary gloomily.

Alison was not susceptible to compliments.

"Time I was getting home," said she, and refused his offered escort.

That night Hilary came to a resolve. He had committed himself to a period of colonial life on the promise of easily acquired wealth. It was no good imagining that in the hard-bitten atmosphere of work in which he found himself a man could remain idle and aloof. Hilary had been quite a decent soldier and his energy in the matter of finding amusement had been proverbial. He could play golf all day and dance all night. He had an unlimited capacity for the enjoyment of sports and pastimes. He was fit, strong and practically tireless. These attributes had been of great service to him in the past, but here in Australia they went for nothing. His resolve, then, was to divert his energies into labor about the farm. He did not profess that he liked the idea, for the land made no appeal to him whatsoever. It was a sense of inherent decentness—a temporary concession to atmosphere that persuaded him. When the old man died he would chuck it, realize on the estate and get back to a form of life he understood; but until then—work. If it did no more than help the time to pass, that would be something.

At five o'clock the next morning Edward Toller was astonished to find his nephew up.

"'Ilary," he said, "didn't expect to see you for another three hours."

"The sun came into my room and woke me."

"You must have a blind fixed, boy."

"Don't bother—pretty nice in the early morning. Earth smells good."

"You're quick to notice that."

"Anything I can do?" asked Hilary diffidently. "What does one do on a farm at five o'clock?"

"Take a week to answer that," said the old man, "then one wouldn't have told much."

The lowing of cows sounded from an adjoining byre. A man carrying pails went by. Hilary tightened his belt and followed.

At breakfast Hilary had remarks to make on the subject of milking

"All damn nonsense. That feller Tim had got a bathful before I'd squeezed a pint."

"Well," said Edward over a steaming cup of tea, "he's been doing that for years. Got the knack."

"But there's nothing in milking. Bet you in a week's time I'll take him on and lick him."

"Then again, maybe you won't," said Edward Toller, frowning fit to crack his face.

In the days which followed Hilary Toller made acquaintance with many affairs about the farm which, though apparently simple, defied accomplishment. It was not that he wished to be able to perform these simple duties, but it was tiresome to be defeated. Any fool ought to be able to prune a vine, rope a steer, collar a sheep, brand or dip it, cut a furrow or ring a gum tree. But all his attempts met with failure, and what is worse, laughter.

"Damn it, I'll show these clodhoppers what this land business amounts to!" he vowed.

But it took time to show them, and his various demonstrations, viewed in the light of qualified opinion, were intensely funny.

"But you don't know anything about anything," said Alison, to whom he appealed for sympathy on the evening before her departure for England. She added, "Your ignorance is appalling."

It piqued him. He was determined to show her she couldn't talk to him like that. For a moment he debated giving her the surprise of her life by taking her in his arms and kissing her. His courage failed him, however—or rather a better sense prevailed. She differed fundamentally from other women of his acquaintance—she would not respond to rush methods of attack. Seeds scattered upon rank grass were as likely to grow into flowers as a trick of courtship to produce any impression on that girl's soul. By virtue of simplicity and frankness she became complex and hard to define. Then suddenly he saw in her a living epitome of her surroundings. She was like an acre of warm virgin earth, holding limitless promise of harvest for the man who was strong, capable and patient enough to conquer her.

So Hilary did not kiss her. He accepted her rebuke humbly, saying, "I suppose I am ignorant, though no man likes to be told that. You're a disarming person and I'm terribly sorry you're going away."

"And I've been looking forward to it for years," she said.

"I think you're the realest person I've ever met, as real as this land we're standing on."

"When did you find that out?" she asked quickly.

"About you?"

"About the land."

"I don't know," he said. "Just came to me."

So Alison went away and Hilary missed her—possibly because there were no alternative attractions. He missed her at his milking, his plowing, sowing, gum ringing and reaping. He did all these things, reluctantly at first, but in due course efficiently. Because everybody seemed to be able to do everything about the farm better than himself, he decided to adopt a specialized branch of the work and wrote to the agricultural branch of the local government board for information concerning cotton growing. It arrived, enormous in bulk, and provided some of the most tiresome reading he had ever tackled. After absorbing it painfully, he put a question to his uncle about a piece of land.

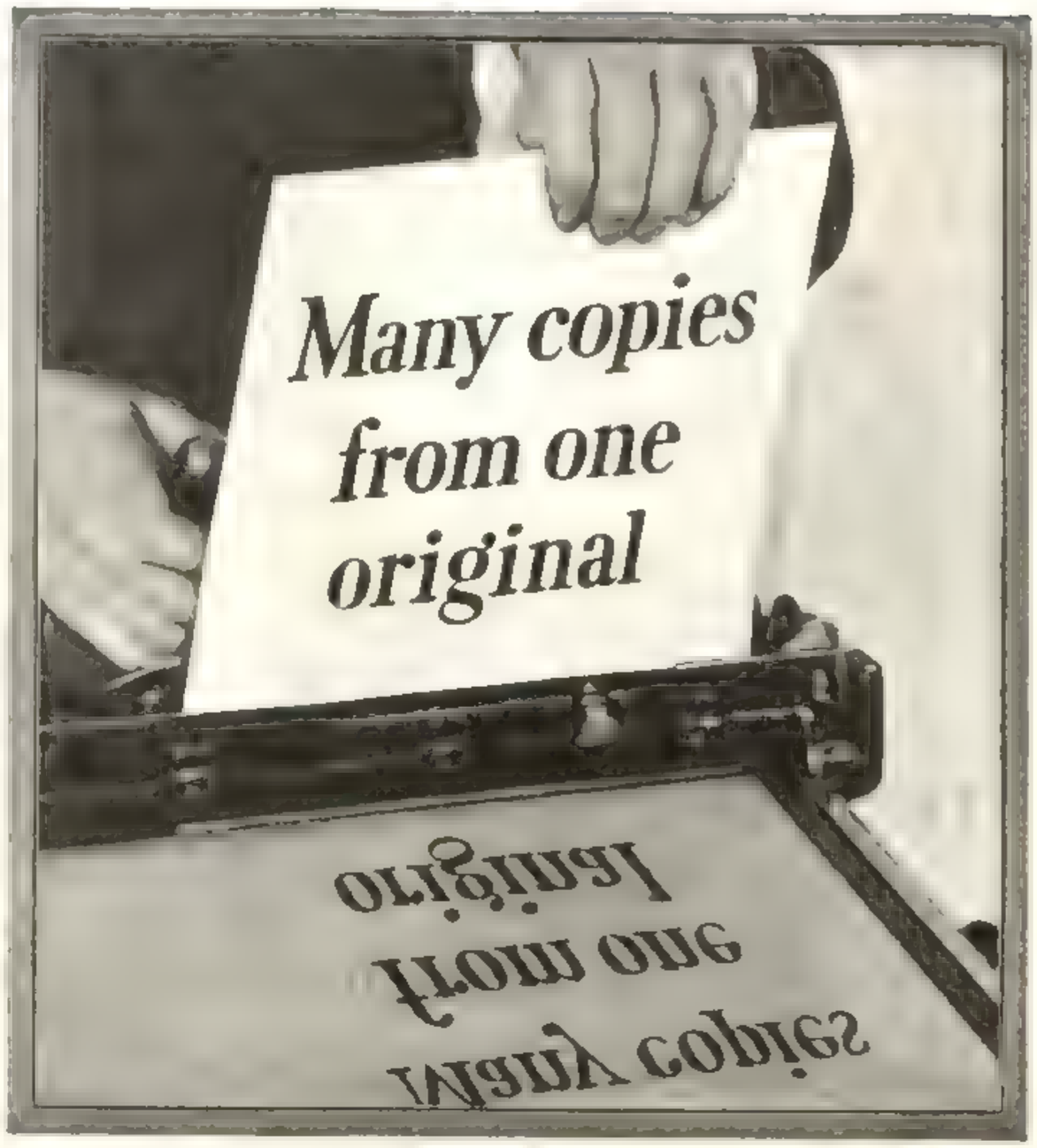
"There's the stretch beyond Denny's paddock. Good soil that is, fine growing soil, was well dunged last year."

Hilary had not expected so magnificent an offer. He had made up his mind that he would have to break new ground for his venture. By accepting the stretch below Denny's paddock, the saving of labor would be enormous.

"But I thought that was going into wheat," he said.

"So it was; but if you want it, boy ——"

Hilary bit a finger nail. A puff of breeze scented with eucalyptus from a cluster of blue gums half a mile away came to his nostrils. Below those trees was an open slope of virgin soil where Hilary had planned



This shows an exact copy being taken from the Ditto copying surface

IT'S a good thing for your business—and every other business—to find a better, cheaper way to handle copying jobs.

A prominent Detroit automobile concern saved on shop orders—$16,000.

A Chicago clothing manufacturer, on writing factory orders and piecework tickets, saved—$14,200.

National Surety Company doubled the work done on their policy-record cards, and saved—$7,000.

—all in the first year—with Ditto.

You can't afford to be without this remarkable money-saver. Thousands of concerns who once didn't realize they needed Ditto, *can't get along without it.*

Ditto makes exact copies of anything typed, drawn, written, or printed; forms, charts, reports, factory production and order-invoice systems; in factory, office, and store. There's no type-setting; no stencils; no carbon. Quick, easy, accurate.

The Ditto Mark

Ditto

ELIMINATES RE-WRITING

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

DITTO, Incorporated, makes a duplicating device for every copying need. Eight styles; $2 to $270.

Better find out about Ditto: for the good of your business. The coupon, attached to your letterhead, will bring the facts. Use it.

DITTO *Systems Offices in All Principal Cities*

DITTO, *Incorporated*
125 W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Give us full facts regarding Ditto. Send the Ditto Book.

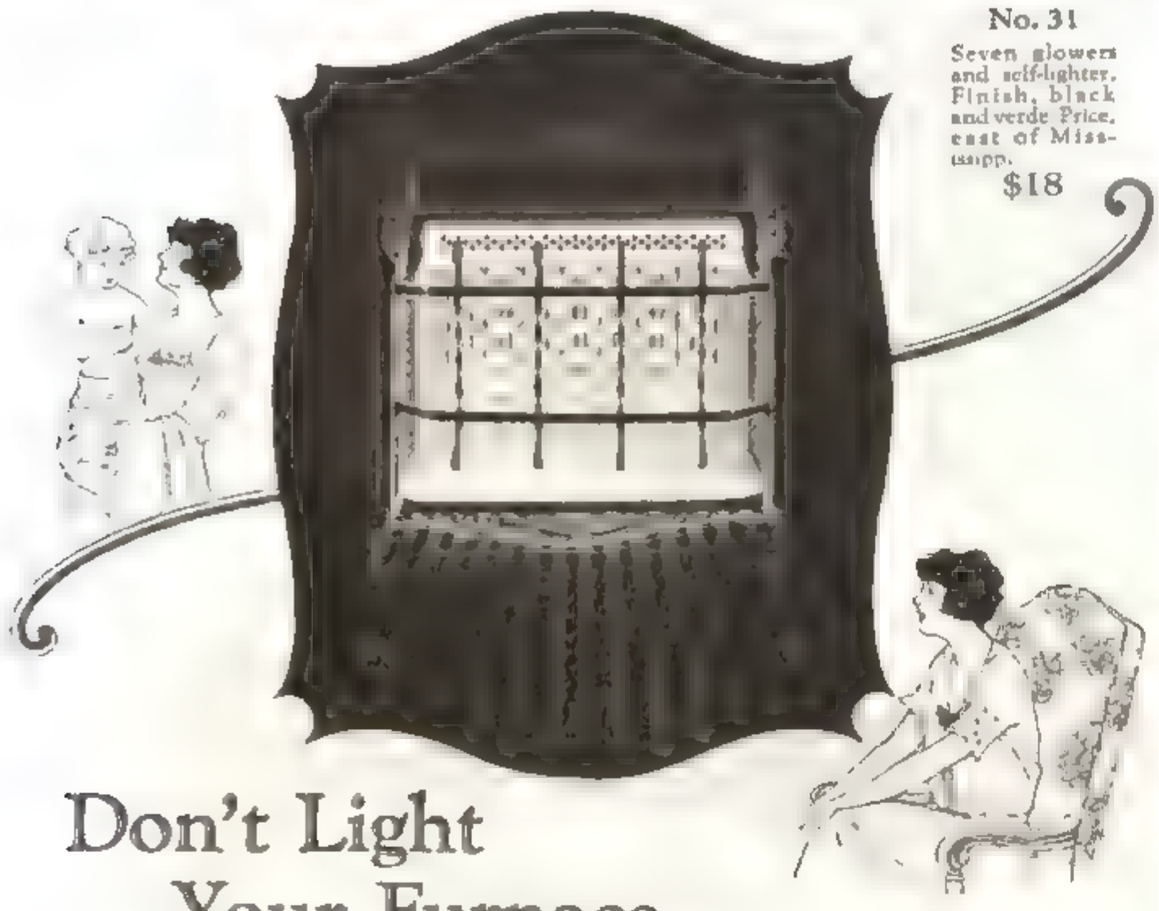
Name_____

Firm Name_____

Address_____

Nature of Business_____

THE MOST HEAT FOR THE LEAST MONEY



No. 31
Seven glowers and self-lighter. Finish, black and verde Price, east of Mississippi.
$18

Don't Light Your Furnace So Early This Year

SAVE coal this year with a Welsbach Radiant Heater. With its high-powered, sunlike warmth at your instant command, you can postpone lighting the furnace for weeks. No need to worry over those sudden drops in temperature that make autumn furnace-fire building such expensive guesswork. And, when winter does come, think what this heating service will mean to you! No matter how cold the weather outside, you can always be kept cozy and snug without the drudgery and expense of constant furnace forcing.

The direct, active, penetrating quality of Welsbach Radiant Heat is the result of a unique method of producing and distributing warmth. Clay glowers, backed by a metal reflector, are heated to incandescence the instant you twist the self-lighter key, and project all their warmth straight out to you. There is no odor, no waste; and you pay for heat only when you use it.

Don't be another day without a Welsbach Radiant Heater. Now is the season when you will come to appreciate more and more its ever-ready service. Consult your gas company or dealer about the Welsbach Heater best suited to your needs. Only by getting a Welsbach Heater will you get Welsbach value, known through two generations as the standard of excellence in gas appliances.

Your gas company or dealer will help you choose the model best suited to your needs. Prices from $15 to $95, east of the Mississippi.

Nine exclusive features are nine reasons for the exceptional efficiency and service of Welsbach Radiant Heaters—nine reasons why you should insist upon the Welsbach name if you want the most heat for the least money.

WELSBACH COMPANY, GLOUCESTER CITY, *New Jersey*
Member American Gas Association

Welsbach
SELF-LIGHTING
RADIANT HEATERS

to start operations. The breeze carried a whisper from the unproved land.

"Try me," it seemed to say. "Since time began I have been waiting for you. It's worth while carrying cultivation one step further. You work for and against me. Have a shot, Hilary Toller."

"Say the word and it's yours," murmured old Edward Toller insidiously.

But Hilary did not say the word. He pointed at the bare slope half a mile away. Old Edward Toller thumped him on the back.

"'Ilary," he said, "damn me if you're not coming through."

Hilary colored.

"Rot! It's only for something to do."

"Call it what you like, makes no difference to me. And if you need help, ask for it."

Then Hilary said an astonishing thing.

"If you want to help me, uncle, you'd best alter your will."

"Pickles!" replied the old man. "Money don't make any difference. Money's a bait, it ain't the hook. The whole of this blessed world is plastered with bait of that kind. But for that it would never have been worked."

"There are slippery fish in the sea, uncle. Some of 'em suck the bait off the hook and do a get-away."

"Maybe, but if the Maker in His wisdom can take the risk, can't an old man follow His example?"

Thereafter began for Hilary Toller a time of real work—a struggle against the forces of Nature. The slope was not easy ground to break. Years before it had been part of a forest whose trees had been razed by fire. Beneath the rank grass charcoaled boles and roots interfered with progress at every turn. Hilary tackled it with ax, dynamite and a stump-jumping plow. At first he cursed himself for refusing his uncle's offer of the meadow below the paddock; but with the slow advance revealed, and at a quarter's end, indefinable pride replaced bitterness. Although he would have been the last to admit it, the spirit of the job had taken possession of him to such a degree that from dawn to dark he worked without respite. His uncle's injunction not to overdo it he put off with—"I want to get my seed down in time for this year's crop and there's a devil of a lot to do."

"Pity almost you chose that spot," ruminated the old man.

"The spot's all right. What's wrong with it?"

"Well, if any time you wanted to extend, there are trees north, south and east of you. Big job rooting up a growing forest."

"One could do a bit at a time."

"Ah," said Edward, "a bit at a time. Fancy you saying that—a boy."

"Why?"

"Boys is impetuous, that's all. Maybe you'd like a couple of hands along to ring them gums and fell a few."

Hilary shook his head.

"I'll tackle that myself, after the seed's in."

He began then to talk about dressings.

In the preoccupation of his own affairs, he had failed to notice a gradual change in the appearance and demeanor of his uncle. As Hilary's activities increased, the old man's declined. He did not go about the farm as he used to do, but spent much time sitting in a cane chair on the veranda, looking through a pair of field glasses or alternatively reading the books Hilary had brought from England. Fine stirring stuff he found them. Just the right literature for a man who was going on a long journey.

"Funny, me never marrying," he ruminated. "Wonder how it was. Too late now."

Behind his creased forehead he was trying to remember somebody.

"Gladys—no Gracie Someone—Shoreham way. Wonder what came to her? Was it she took up with some other fellow?" Memory failed to supply the answer, but in some queer way she had been the cause of his presence here in the Australian bush. He took up the glasses and focused them on a figure half a mile away. "And of that boy being here, and work going on and these miles of tamed countryside given to the service of mankind."

Queer how little a thing is a seed compared with a harvest.

Through the glasses he saw the distant figure straining at a heavy task.

Old man Edward's bushy brows came down straight and hard, his mouth set like a trap. The effort of restraining laughter cost him a sharp ache over the heart. His mouth opened slowly and from it issued a great ringing shout. Half a mile away Hilary heard the shout, straightened his back, and responding to an impulse he could not understand, turned and walked to the farm.

In the cane chair with chin on breast, old man Edward was asleep—for good.

They buried him two days later in the graveyard adjoining the wooden chapel at Wangarina. The ceremony over, a lawyer from Ballarat read the will and Hilary Toller found himself possessed of the stock, the land and estate and a fortune amounting to seventy thousand pounds.

"You are to be congratulated, sir," said the lawyer.

"Am I? I wonder," said Hilary, and went away by himself to those few acres where he carried cultivation one step forward. For lack of a confidant he talked to them.

"But for you I'd be hating myself worse than I do. Anyway, it's bad enough."

An impulse too strong to resist made him drop to the ground and bury his face in the freshly turned earth. There was comfort in the smell of it, and for a long while he lay inhaling its warm mysteries and wondering about himself. Seventy thousand pounds, the stock and estate—say, another twenty at least. The world's pleasure house was his to enter; the world's pleasure house garlanded with tinsel, loud with music and busy with the industry of idleness. Of course he would answer its call of that there was no doubt; but he had no will to answer with unseemly haste. With a fortune in his lap, some small delay in spending it could harm no one. After a decent interval he would go back, as this hillside would go back reverting to its own nature—to fruitlessness.

Hilary gathered up two handfuls of earth and gripped them into his palms. The fine soil moistened by sweat entered the pores of his skin and would not brush away.

Four months later Alison, whitened by prolonged civilization, but otherwise unchanged, rode over to Valima Farm. Hilary, they told her, was out.

"You'll find him yonder."

And Alison, quick to notice land changes, exclaimed, "Hullo, who's been cutting up that slope?"

She found Hilary ringing the bark of a gum tree adjoining the new cotton plantation.

"You back?" he said. "That's good."

"What's all this?" she asked.

"Cotton."

"Your work?"

He nodded. "Did you have a good time?"

"Pretty fair. I'm glad to be back though. Surprised to find you here."

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "I've got my seed down and it's more or less natural one should stay and watch it come up."

"I see. Then I suppose you'll be for England."

"Probably."

She was silent for a minute, then—"If you're only waiting for this crop to show, what's the idea of clearing up this bit of forest?"

He could not think of an appropriate answer.

"One gets into the habit of doing things," he mumbled.

"Not bored?"

"No, rather interested."

"I say," said Alison, "may I borrow one or two of your books?"

"Take the lot. I never find time for reading."

Alison looked at him critically. He was quite sincere.

"I've a dinner to cook—care to ride over with me? I've lots to talk about."

Hilary looked at the sun—he had given up wearing a watch.

"I wasn't thinking of knocking off for a couple of hours. Can't I ride over this evening?"

"Better still," said Alison.

He waved a hand to her as she breasted the top of the slope, and she waved back—her hand traveling from her lips and outward.

Hilary Toller swung gladly to his task. In his heart was a new song he had never clearly heard before—a slow song of earth's promise and reward. The humming of insects was in it, bird notes and wind in the tops of trees, the cracking of eggshells, the pulse beat of life yet unborn and the little sounds made by seeds stirring beneath brown soil.

Needles FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts

Men! a different, better shirt for you!

[1] NEEDLES-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts are *guaranteed* not to fade from sun, or from any amount of washing. [2] They are *guaranteed* for satisfactory wear, or money back at the retailer's. [3] They are made of America's most famous fabric, especially treated and finished. [4] They are made by a firm established 1898 and nationally noted for superlative workmanship. Fill out the coupon NOW. Then ask at the nearest store for Needles-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts.

IMPORTANT
No shirt is a genuine Needles-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirt unless it bears this sewed-in label, woven in colors.

NEEDLES SHIRT
FRUIT OF THE LOOM
COLOR GUARANTEED
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

$2.00
with collar $2.50

L. NEEDLES BROOKER CO.
[illegible] Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
Gentlemen: Send me FREE folder showing new Fall colors Needles-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts, also [illegible] brated fabric from which these shirts are made.

Name [illegible] Address

The Warmth of Pure Virgin Wool

Virgin wool holds its shape —that's *part* of style!

Jacobs Oregon City Virgin Wool Products

Overcoats
Mackinaws
Boys' Suits
Men's Suits
Flannel Shirts
Lounging Robes
Indian Blankets
Motor Robes
Blankets

AFTER months of wind and wear and weather have fixed the friendship between you and your Jacobs Oregon City overcoat, you feel this way about it:

"The makers of this overcoat gave me more than style. They started with the fabric—the very beginning of style. By using only pure virgin wool they have its style stay stylish. This overcoat holds its shape!"

Here in the great wool country we first weave staunch, lustrous fabrics from pure virgin wool. This is long, new fleece, still curly from the backs of Western mountain sheep. How different from "all wool," which may have been worn threadbare in other garments and then reworked!

We tailor these virgin wool fabrics into smart overcoats for men and boys. Their loose fitting lines, for instance, have the distinctive touch you'll notice this fall at the stadium—in the theater lobby.

Look for the Virgin Wool Label

It's easy for you to know our virgin woolens—simply look for the Jacobs Oregon City label. It is your guarantee of quality in both fabric and garment, and the moderate prices will surprise you.

Write for the graphic story, "A Trip Through the Land of Wool." Oregon City Woolen Mills, Established 1864, by I. & R. Jacobs. Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon. Sales Offices in principal cities.

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL ~ WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

KIND FUR KIND

(Continued from Page 21)

"Well, I'm a-comin'! Don't holler me deef!" This to the silent Mrs. Helfenstein, who was waiting meekly a half block distant with the current annual in a baby carriage. "But anyways, I ain't a-lettin' that there fifty git aways from me. Don't go furgittin' to remember that!"

Eben took up the reins.

"Helfenstein will be needful fur his money." Samuel Feltbinder, the hotel keeper, flipped his plaid coattails sportively. "A-settin' that shif'less Arley up into a branch! A undertaker yet! That boy where ain't ever undertakin' nothin' but carousin' since the day he was borned a'ready. Yes, I'm willin' fur to take a bet off anybody on this here: Till it goes a little, Helfenstein will be givin' us a bankrup'ness in this here town."

"You're fur payin' it, ain't you, Ebbie, when your crops is all?" the sheriff inquired anxiously.

"No," said Eben; "I ain't a-payin' it from crops, or from no crops. Gid-dup!"

Eben sketched the incident to Mrs. Stettler when he drew rein beside her tiny house in the Flathead district. She swept back her fine ringlets and stood studying the peaked figure on the wagon seat in considerable perturbation.

"Och, my! It's easy seen he'd be legaling at youse right now if he didn't have such afraid of losing his popularity with the corpses. But anyway, give him the dare to worry fur it a while. Mind to how the hymn puts it out: 'Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone.'"

"I'm a-standin' alone," said Ebbie.

"Yes, and me the same." The widow suddenly laughed ruefully. "Here my sister's boy where passed me his promise he'd stay with this here winter, well, here if he ain't got scared on me and went a-fluttin' back to Andore City. Yes, a'ready on the Heitwille mail hack."

Eben stared at her absently, his monthly burden of expeditiously proffering himself hard upon him.

"Yes, he's only fi'teen and he's overgrowned hisself. And his nerves is, now, wonderful. Why here last night it wasn't only a cow where made that way with her head, and you'd ought to have heard the yell how he let it. The thought come to me still it was Gabriel's trunk yet. Yes, anyhow! But I guess his mom will go packin' him back, fur she says this here country airs will mebbe git his nerves out of him."

"I'm a-standin' alone," proclaimed her visitor suddenly. "But I'm willin' fur to stand double."

Mrs. Stettler stared upon Eben for a moment with the lack of focus incident to one in midleap from one realm of thought to another. Then her heel kicked out mischievously.

"I ain't. I'm a single-gaiter a'ready."

This retort pleased Eben inordinately, not only because of its quality of definite rejection but because of its amazing wit. He chuckled over it at intervals during the four weeks before he saw her again.

Upon two of his monthly visits she was absent. The first time he was glad. The second time he was not glad. He sat in her yard, staring about and feeling with his fingers over the wagon seat. He felt as though he had lost something. He decided on the way home it was because he had lost the chance to tell her of the increased hectorings of Helfenstein.

For Helfenstein, as he had promised, was not forgetting. On a Saturday, as Eben was turning from his driveway into the main road, the small sheriff drew purposeful rein beside him.

It was sorry news he brought. The undertaker had filed his action that day and it was only by finesse that Kutz escaped having the papers to serve upon Eben that very moment.

"It's nothing to do now but to up and pass ower the fifty." Kutz spat mournfully. "If you could only have held out fur six weeks longer! Then the debt would have gone bad on him so he couldn't do you nothing."

"I'm a-holdin' out," said Eben.

"Ain't you anyways onto the hint of this here?" demanded Kutz. "The minute them suing papers gits onto you, your chances fur beatin' Helfenstein goes as dead on you as that there stringhalt where started all this trouble."

He pointed the butt of his whip toward the mound in the corner of the pasture where the afflicted beast had knocked his knees together for the last time.

"Well, then," observed the literal Ebbie, "what's to do is to keep them papers from gittin' onto me, ain't it?"

The roan jumped, then eased, fanwise. This was due to an unconscious twitch of the sheriff's fingers upon the bridle.

"Hold on! Leave me make a thought here!" His eyes sought the distant hills. "'Course, I'm the feller where's got to serve them papers. And if I ain't a-findin' youse nowheres, well, I ain't findin' youse. And if I ain't findin' youse, I can't serve no papers on youse, That's plain on the surface, ain't not?"

"Well, I ain't payin' nothin'." Eben's eyes as they gazed up at him were troubled but valiant. "Papers or no papers."

"But if I git them papers onto you till them six weeks is all, you'll be payin'," reminded Kutz grimly.

"Six weeks," mused Eben. "Well, gid-dup!"

Mrs. Stettler was more agitated than Eben over the dour turning of events. Something of panic quickened in her black eyes as she deftly crimped the edge of a cherry pie.

"You might better pay it, fur all. They might could put youse to the jail yet."

The cherries were Eben's. He did not know why he had wanted to give them to her unless it was because they made him think of her eyes; they were so warmly black. Nor had he had even this insufficient reason for tendering at the same time a small offering of eggs.

"Well, I ain't payin' it." Eben stared from the canary in the window to the geranium upon the sill. As usual, his spirits were rising as he sat in her black-oak rocker. He suddenly remembered that he had not yet tendered his monthly proposal, which he had elaborated with unusual care. He edged forward, slapped his pocket and announced, "I got plenty by me fur to git a license fur marriages or whatever."

"Yes, well! That there's more'n what I have got it."

Eben eyed her in perturbation as she shut the oven door. She wasn't about to accept him, was she? He shrank back and clenched both hands upon the chair seat.

After a moment, he ventured, "Ain't it goin' so good with you then?"

She shrugged her shoulders with her usual light impatience.

"Oh, a body likes to feel a piece money oncet in so often."

"Yes, well, but," fended Eben, his fears heavy upon him, "it ain't money where makes so much, was it? Ain't it tradin'? 'Give always kind fur kind,' pop said, 'and you ain't gitting no trouble.' So I pack me in such wegetables or either wheat or mebbe a heifer still, and I trade them fur some such kind as I'm feelin' fur. Ain't that now how it makes with you?"

But even before she answered, his gaze widened in troubled comprehension over her few bee skeps, her empty barn, her tiny orchard.

"Well, this I can say"—she kicked out her heel—"I'm rich toward what I was when I had got a departed husband by me still. My nephew, Kettie Hetz, he's back ag'in, and we're a-rackin' along. And fur all, I'm better fixed than youse with a lawsuit hangin' at!"

Eben breathed the deep breath of one just escaped from close quarters. The pie was bubbling in the oven and Eben began to bubble with it as he sagged back in the rocker and drew in its spicy fragrance.

Oh, too spicy! Too fragrant! When the cooling confection, neatly wrapped for transportation, finally rested upon the table and the widow stood beside it, obviously waiting for her guest to rise, he still sat smiling at her, at the pie and at her.

"Now don't go leaving the farm fur nothing till them six weeks is all," she was saying. "Like Kutz puts it, if he ain't finding you, he ain't."

Eben stared about the room in sudden perturbation.

"That's all good enough. But how was I gittin' here then?"

"Here?" The force with which the widow erupted this mild adverb was amazing. "Why, you ain't need to be gittin' here."

"Well, I don't know if I have need or ain't I," Eben faltered. "Six weeks." He shook his head. "No, that wouldn't suit me just so good."

If you pride yourself on business efficiency

these shaving betterments will appeal

THIS is an age of change. But makeshifts lure no man. Only the super-things appeal.

We believe in the survival of the fittest. So please consider what we offer.

We offer the *only* safety razor with a self-stropping device. This patented automatic feature restores our blade to new-like keenness for each shave.

Contrast this with ordinary razors, in which the blades dull with each successive shave until they must be thrown away.

With the Valet AutoStrop Razor a blade lasts two or three times the average life and each shave is a perfect shave.

A few strokes on the strop and our razor regains its barber's edge—super-keen.

The world's fastest shave

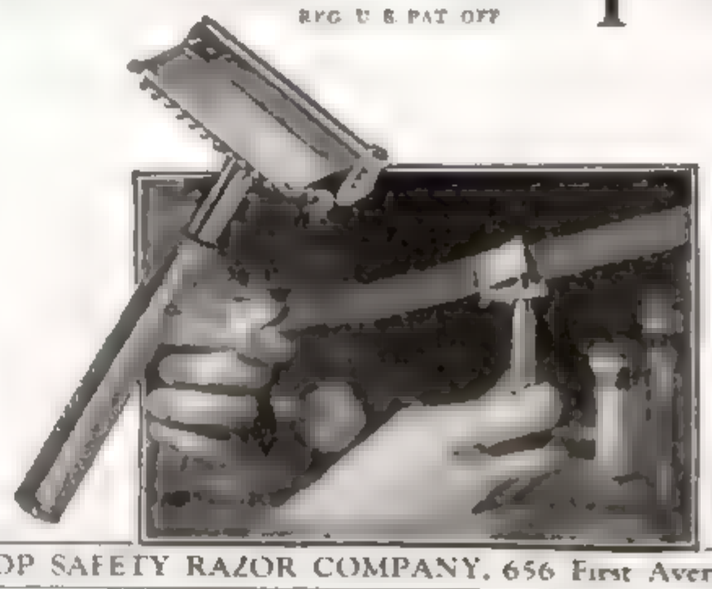
The faster the shave, we say, the better. For a speedy once-over requires a super-keen blade. Slow shaving means "pulling," abrasions, discomfort. All are unnecessary, and we can prove it.

We invite comparison. Just change to a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Give it a fair test against your former way—use it for a month or two. We believe you'll never change back to harsh crude shaving.

The Valet AutoStrop Razor is a many-year development, a final-type advancement. It brings perfections found in no other razor. You owe it to yourself to make a comparison. Why delay?

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG U S PAT OFF



The RAZOR *That Sharpens Itself*

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

It enhances the pleasure of every tour and the appearance of any car

EACH point of interest along the road, and the hazards of the road itself, are seen accurately through Plate Glass. It not only frees you from the wind and dust, but adds to your car the beauty of its own brilliant, highly polished surfaces.

Plate Glass means safe driving, freedom from strain, and protection from the annoyances of travel. It offers at all times a clear and undistorted view. And it adds a sparkle of elegance that, throughout the life of your car, increases its value and improves its appearance.

Make certain that your new car is glazed with Plate Glass. And when replacing broken panes, insist that nothing but Plate Glass will do.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

The widow's eyes did not resemble the cherries now. They were still black, but the warm glow had faded from them.

"I'll say youse good-by," she remarked icily.

"But I feel fur settin' till a while yet," stammered Eben.

She stood for another moment looking down upon him, then stalked to her pantry. She returned with the bag of eggs. This she placed by the side of the pie. She slanted a finger nail toward them.

"What made you do it fur?"

"I—I don't know right. I just felt fur doin' it."

The widow placed her firm hands upon her firm hips and made for momentous speech.

Terror—terror of himself, of her, of the entire situation, stung Eben from his chair.

"They ain't only B-grade pullets." His eyes pleaded mercy. "And I brang just only five. I let the rest five onto my own butt'ry."

"Listen and leave me tell you somepun," his hostess commenced. "In my nursin' I watch fur symptoms and you're showin' some I don't near favor. You ain't ever got your feet into this here matrimony, but I have a'ready. And this I give you: This feelin' fur presents is the first sign they mean it fur really."

A fly buzzed in and out of Eben's mouth. Mrs. Stettler extended the bag and commanded tersely, "Pack it back along."

"I don't mean nothin' fur really," panted Eben. "I ain't feelin' fur no matrimony of no kind."

"And here's somepun else again," she sternly overbore him: "This feelin' fur often wisits is a symptom too."

Eben took the eggs and the pie and backed toward the door. She softened somewhat at this prompt obedience and took a step toward him.

"You ain't any notion what a kreistlin' thing this here marriages is, Ebbie. You're a real pretty feller, especially when you're fresh slicked"—she brushed back her own ringlets severely—"but looks from the opposite sect don't make no ice fur me."

Eben backed against the door. A red wave startled through him, inundating even his ears.

"I ain't addicted to nothin'," he said hoarsely, his eyes wild in their sockets; "I ain't addicted to drink nur to smoke nur to rich foods yet. I ain't addicted to nothin' that couldn't be exhorted from pulpits still."

Eggs in one hand, pie in the other, he flung his arms wide in the first reckless gesture of his life. The eggs cracked against the door knob. The widow sprang forward.

"Make quick out with you!" She wrenched open the door. "Look what it is at the eggs! Och, my! And my floor fresh scrubbed!"

Her palms against the small of his back, she shunted the dazed suitor across the porch. Midway of the yard the bag burst and the injured eggs scrambled literally to the ground. But Ebbie did not see or hear or feel. He mounted the wagon, the reft container still in his grasp, and deposited it carefully upon the seat beside him while he fumbled for the reins.

When one's emotional outlook has suddenly swung directly about, the resulting reaction is bound to be peculiar. During the whole of his homeward journey Ebbie had the feeling that he was riding backward. In fact he did not assume a complete norm for forty-eight hours. During those forty-eight hours he suffered severe mental cramps, incident to assimilating a well-nigh indigestible bit—the fact that he had proposed, and proposed in earnest, to the Widow Stettler. And in the wake of the indigestion came hunger—ravenous hunger; hunger to see her again, a ravening to propose again—and again—and again.

And he did—again—and again—and again. Once each week after nightfall he skulked to the black rocking-chair. Nor anger nor scorn nor biting rejection fazed him; he simply sat. Over and over he repeated, his reproachful blue eyes upon her, "But you said oncet where if a man wasn't addicted to nothing you'd consider into him. And I ain't addicted ——"

And over and over she retorted, "Prove it oncet!"

But though her eyes stormed, her heel would kick out mischievously. After all, she was a woman and a good-looking one. After all, she was a good-looking woman who had a man cowering before her.

Eben, indeed, led a cowering life by day as well as by night. Like a rabbit pursued by a loud-mouthed hound, he held himself ready to fly to cover whenever he heard the sheriff's stentorian, "Whoa, then! Ain't you hearin' me whoa youse, you dopple?" The hound had a particularly poor scent however. The rabbit had always time to make the barn and to pull down the slanting cover of a feed box above his head. Nor did he lose time from useful occupation. Seated in the maize-scented darkness upon a heap of corn, he industriously provided for his hens by shelling cobs into a zinc pail. Even though footsteps sounded upon the barn floor, he did not slacken. Rang in his literal ears the sheriff's dictum: "If I ain't seein' youse, I ain't ketchin' youse."

Thus five weeks, five weeks and a half, five weeks and five days. Then the sheriff's voice as usual, the feed bin as usual, the corn spattering into the pail as usual. But not as usual, the cover of the feed bin raped open above his defenseless head; not as usual a tan-red face peering triumphantly upon him as he rose from his haunches, shelled corn trickling through his stricken fingers!

"Ewadin' the law, was you?" panted the undertaker. "A-tryin' to sneak out of that there fifty, was you?"

"Yes," said Eben.

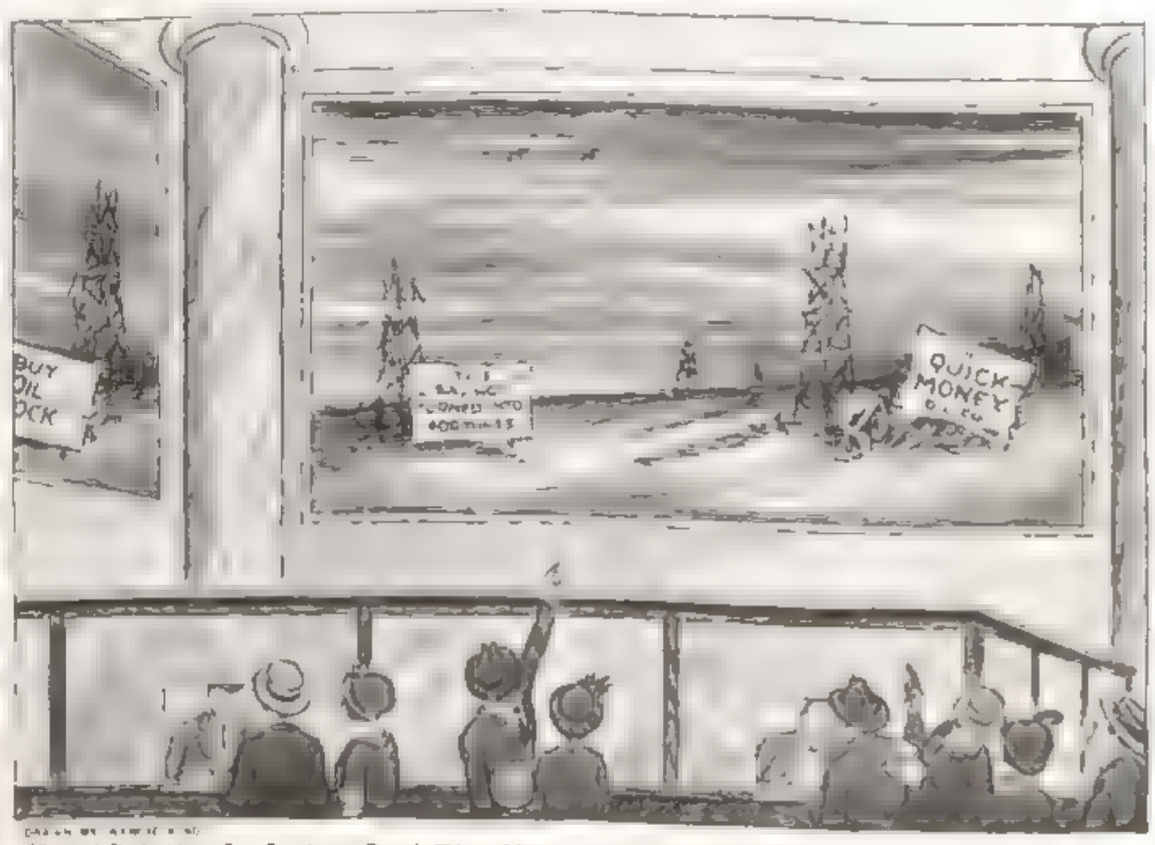
He climbed out of the feed bin, closed its cover and took the papers which the distraught sheriff handed him.

At nine that night Sheriff Kutz again appeared. He found Eben with the legal papers upon his knee, staring at the plate, AT REST, now an ornament beside the clock upon the shelf.

"Och, my, and to think!" sighed the sympathetic Kutz. "Two days more and we could have kicked him good-by a'ready! Och, my, such trouble as never was!"

"Trouble, yes," mumbled Eben. "And here pop says on his last bed still, 'Give always kind fur kind and you ain't gittin' no trouble,' he says. Well, here I was and here

(Continued on Page 129)



Mural Painting for Savings Bank That Might Help the Depositors in a Moment of Weakness

From a Painting by Tony Sarg

Effecto AUTO FINISHES

Copyright 1924, Pratt & Lambert-Inc.

You don't have to be the village fire chief to use Effecto Auto Finishes. Just put one of the eight lustrous *enamel* colors on your own car and let it dry a day or two. Then you'll have a paint job that will *stay there* longer than the finish on most new cars.

Effecto Color Card and names of P&L dealers in your vicinity will be gladly sent you on request.

Save the surface and you save all

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N.Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Hollow Nipples feed the lotion directly to the hair follicles as you massage.

Use it 1 minute each day for healthy, abundant hair

New approved treatment combines a tonic and massage in one—removes the cause of most hair troubles—and stimulates new hair health and vigor

This is to offer you a new kind of treatment for the hair. One that has been used by over 1,000,000 men and women in the past three years with a very high degree of success.

The remarkable success of this treatment is due to two things:

First, the tonic itself.

Second, the unique way you apply it.

Sebum

The tonic used in Van Ess has been endorsed by leading specialists as one of the best possible lotions for combating the underlying cause of most all hair troubles.

While, probably, 4 men in 7 are bald or partially bald at 40, over [illegible] lose their hair from one cause. (One authority says 80%.)

You may lose your hair from worry, ill-health, fever or influenza. Some people do. But most all hair troubles come from infected Sebum.

Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to lubricate the hair. But often it becomes infected. Cakes on the scalp, clogs the hair follicles and plugs them. Too, it turns slightly acid, irritating the hair roots, often causing itching. Soon hair becomes listless—loses its life and color and begins to fall out.

You can see this trouble-making Sebum on your scalp, in the form of an oily excretion. Or, when dried with other particles, as dandruff.

But note this fact and mark it well: the infected Sebum may kill the *hair*, but rarely the *hair roots!*

Hair roots have a most remarkable underlying vitality. They often retain life for years. They become dormant, but they are usually ready and able to grow again once they are properly stimulated and nourished.

You Must Combat the Infected Sebum

For years we experimented to combat infected Sebum. Finally we found in the Van Ess tonic, what appears a 90% effective treatment.

The second feature of Van Ess, is the way you apply it. You work in the tonic by massaging the scalp. The hollow rubber nipples feed the tonic directly to the hair follicles. This loosens the scalp and stimulates it. Sends a flow of blood to the roots of the hair. Sebum is removed and stifled hair roots breathe and function again. Results are marked. They are quick. In 30 days your hair usually stops falling and takes on new life and vigor.

Thoroughly Tested

Van Ess is not just a theory. Before offering it to the public it was tested on 100 cases of falling, listless hair. Out of the 100 cases treated, 91 reported new life to their hair, new health and lustre. After this test, the tonic was submitted to foremost dermatologists in America. They said the ingredients were basically the same as they used in expensive private treatments. We paid as high as $500.00 for their consultations.

Since then over 1,000,000 men and women have tried the Van Ess treatment under an agreement of satisfaction or money refunded.

Please note:—We do not claim Van Ess brings results in every case. But we know from experience, that Van Ess will stop falling hair, improve scalp health, add new life and lustre for so great a percentage of people who try it, that we unconditionally guarantee to refund your purchase price if you are not satisfied with results of a 90-day treatment. There is no red tape. We accept your word as to results obtained, and trust you to treat us fairly.

For 3 years Van Ess has been offered to the public under a 90-day guarantee. And in that time, less than two per cent have asked for a refund.

A Minute a Day

Van Ess is easy to use. One minute each day is enough (Less time than it takes to clean your teeth.)

Use a minute each day a bottle of Van Ess lasts 30 days. It frequently takes 30 days to show definite results. That is why we ask you to purchase 3 bottles to obtain the money refund warrant which your drug or department store gives you.

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain the Van Ess 3-bottle treatment. ($1.50 for a single bottle, or $4.50 for 3 bottles with which you get the written money-back guarantee.)

Let Your Mirror Show You

Then note the results yourself. Mark the improvement in scalp-health. Observe the new life in your hair. The new shine and sparkle. *Let your own mirror tell you!* If you are not more than delighted with the results you see, your money will be returned to you upon receipt of evidence of a 3-bottle purchase. Absolutely no questions asked. VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc., 114 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

VAN ESS
Liquid
Scalp Massage
©

(Continued from Page 126)

the trouble was; and I guess the trouble's here fur the reason that I ain't givin' kind fur kind some such way." His smoke-blue eyes deepened with puzzlement. "But kind fur kind, now. The 'kind' in this here instinc' is caskets, ain't it? And I ain't got no caskets."

"Yes, I guess not too," chuckled Kutz shortly. "But it ain't your pop's laws you got the right to be considering into now. It's the laws of this here state. It ain't nothin' to do but to go forkin' ower the tifty now."

Eben listened patiently, but he went back to the only law and the only lawgiver he had ever known.

"No; forty years I lived alongside and I never knowed him to give nothing where wasn't true. 'Kind fur kind and you ain't gittin' no trouble,' and them was his death words. Kind fur kind. Now how do you bring that there out?"

"Och, you talk dumb!" Kutz tapped the papers upon Eben's knee. "Let your pop. Pass your attention to this here. This here says in legal languages where you'll be payin' that fifty or either you'll be gittin' put to the jail. Now ain't it ridic'lous, ain't it plain comic ridic'lous, you a-settin' here a-snortin' at the laws of this here state and the laws of this here United States? Why, you're no better'n one them Bol one them furrin Bollweevils, or what it is, a-runnin' around with a red flag at!"

He slanted stiffly and glared at Eben. Eben sat stiffly glaring back.

"Och, you are all *verhuddled!*" Eben said at last. "I ain't got no flag of no kind; and if I would have, what would I go wavin' it fur? And so far forth as gittin' down onto the laws of this here country goes, why, you a-settin' in this here kitchen is runnin' them down that much that you fetch my breath. Listen on here! Do you conceit fur a minute that this here country is goin' to corner in with Helfenstein fur to sharper me off money where ain't owin'? Ninety-eight dollars yet? Take another guess if you think it!"

"Ninety-eight?" barked Kutz. "That there proves that you are upmixed at your brains. It starts with fifty and now you are speaking it ninety-eight oncet."

Eben moved impatiently. "Such a dumb speech I ain't hearing since I am born a'ready. I give you it started with fifty, but it ain't near endin' up with fifty. Six per cents onto a stringhalt fifty ain't giving just a plain fifty fur sixteen years. Sixteen years from the stringhalt to the coffin is givin' forty-eight in int'rust; and youse can't otherwise come ower it. Fifty and plus forty-eight totals to ninety-eight a'ready. No, I ain't fur believin' the laws of this here country is that pig-headed. Nur neither am I fur disobeyin' the last words of my pop onto his bed. No, I ain't a-payin' nothing."

The sheriff grew hotter and hotter until eleven o'clock, and then he steamed out of the house. At eleven Ebbie was still staring at the casket plate.

Nevertheless, he was up earlier than usual. He placed food for himself and grain for his team in his spring wagon and drove out of his barnyard before sunrise.

The sun had set before Eben drew rein in the widow's side yard. He did not dismount when she came to the door. He sat upon the wagon seat, smiling a little.

"Well, what is it at you?" she demanded.

Eben said nothing. He pointed over his shoulder with the butt of his whip. Despite the weary stoop of his shoulders, something of mysterious triumph in his demeanor hastened her feet down the steps and across the yard. She threw her arm against her breast when she saw the long quilt-covered object. She gazed at Eben. He was still smiling. She lifted a corner of the quilt and let it fall hastily.

"Why, who is fell off a'ready?"

Eben let himself stiffly to the ground.

"It ain't nobody dead. I'm just returnin' kind fur kind."

"Helfenstein?" Mrs. Stettler distractedly elbowed back her ringlets. "But where did you git it off of?"

"Off his branch yet."

"Feed the team a while and come quick insides." She spun upon her heel. "I ain't beginnin' to see the underneath of this here."

But when Eben clumped into the kitchen she greeted him with some scorn above the whir of the coffee mill clamped between her knees.

"That ain't gitting you nowheres. Sooner Helfenstein finds out it's a branch coffin, sooner he fires it back at. Then you got a coffin on your hands and nobody fur to fit into it."

Still with his air of victory, Eben sank into the rocker.

"But he ain't findin' out till I git a receipt off the sheriff. I ain't anyways packin' it into Helfenstein till I git a receipt off Kutz sayin' where I give walue fur walue."

He began to rock gently, squinting at her with a delight that was almost youthful. Mrs. Stettler clapped astonished fingers to her cheek.

"I'd never have guessed youse was that smart, Ebbie."

Eben wagged his head.

"Well, I am oncet. I'm that smart that it's a sin fur me to be runnin' just one in the fam'ly. And I ain't addicted ——"

Mrs. Stettler sprang to the stove.

"Well, I guess you'd like to be addicted to a cup coffee mebbe. And, mind this now: I ain't sayin' fur the fractions of a minute where I think your scheme will go through. Helfenstein ain't no dummy. No. You've went to work and spent fur a coffin you'll have to keep by you till such time as you're needful fur it your own self. And," she added gloomily, "so strong at your health like what you are, it'll mebbe go fifty years yet till you're usin' it."

Eben stopped rocking. His peaked chin set almost square.

"I ain't sayin' what Helfenstein will be doin' and I ain't sayin' what Kutz will be doin'. But this I can say: I know what I am doin'. I'm a-givin' kind fur kind and I ain't gittin' no trouble."

"Yes, well." The widow poked the fire distrustfully. "And how happened you to git it so easy off that shif'less Arley?"

"I never got it so easy off him," bridled Eben. "The roads was plumb full of such drummers a-litterin' here and a-litterin' there. A-rushin' to some such state convention they was, and I could have got easy bounced onto the other shore if I wouldn't have looked a little out." He detailed the day at length and concluded with a wave of the palm reminiscent of the jaunty Arley: "So there she sets under your shed yet! There she sets till it comes tomorrow after!"

"But you ain't—you can't be stoppin' here till tomorrow after," warned his chaste hostess.

"I'm a-settin' up keepin' comp'ny with youse fur tonight and the heft of tomorrow." Eben flushed stubbornly. "And tonight—well, tonight I'm a-spendin' fur a room off Feltbinder."

"At the hotel yet?" cried Mrs. Stettler. "Don't that cost awful dear?"

"I should guess it anyhow does. Fifty cents a'ready. But I ain't a-carin'," declared the reckless suitor. "I ain't ever stopped by a hotel yet and I'm a-goin' to see oncet if it's fitten fur a honeymoon, or what you call it."

The widow kicked out her heel.

"See oncet if that's fitten fur youse." She set a steaming cup down before him. "But tell me some more about there under my shed a-settin'."

Eben took a long swig of the coffee and a bite of rusk.

"It ain't nothing more to tell. He says who I was? and I says, 'Shreter,' and he says yes that name was some familiar with him, but for why wasn't I gittin' it off his uncle then. And I says I was after a puttikler kind, I says. And then he tried fur to plague me into payin' him somepun and I says I wasn't fur payin him nothin' and I give him black looks. And then he ketched his chin like he was makin' a thought and he says well if I would promise fur to pack it straight to his uncle's store, he would give me dare fur to come back in half an hour fur to git it. And I says I wasn't fur packin' it nowheres else. But it did now wonder me fur why he was so puttikler I shouldn't fetch it first home if it was somebody went dead on me."

Mrs. Stettler's bright eyes dwelt upon him curiously.

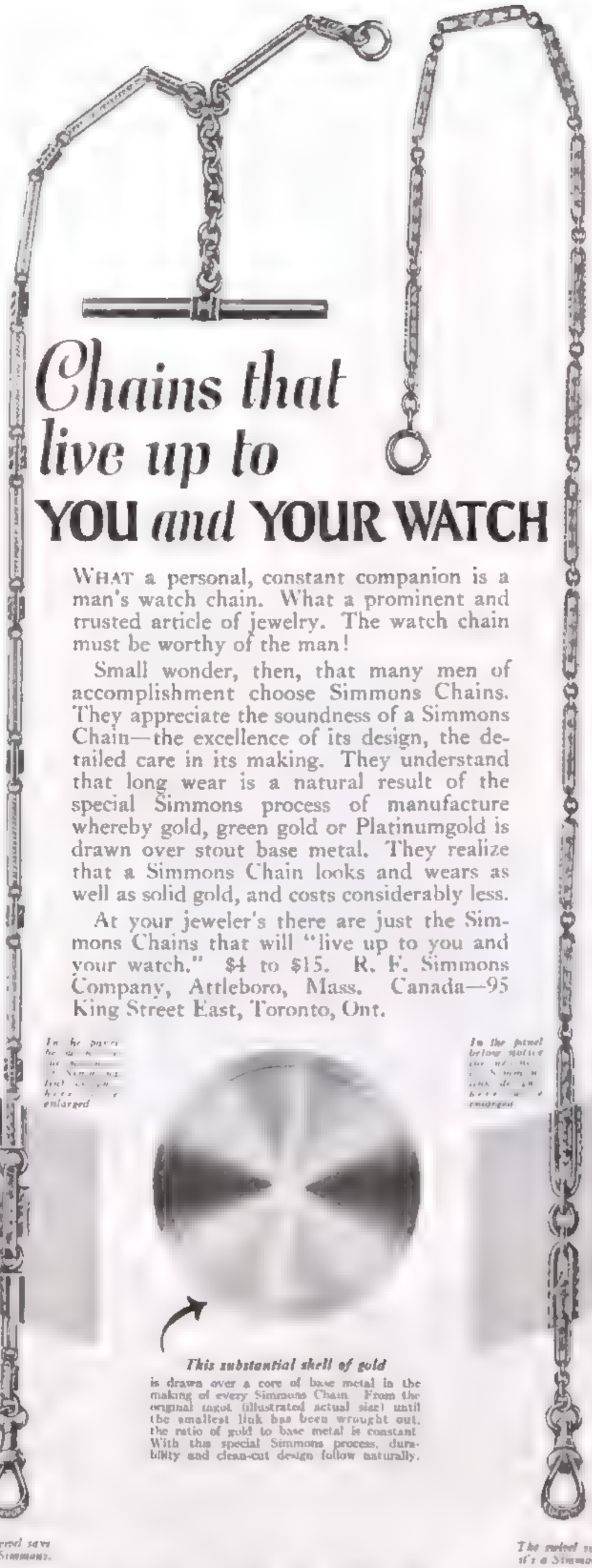
"I tell you where wonders me: How changed you was a'ready since your pop fell off fur you. Why, take it two years back, you ain't ever had your tongue with you and you hadn't no more gumption than such a guinea hen. And here tonight you're a-actin' and even a-lookin' somepun like your pop."

Eben edged forward.

"Yes, and I favor my pop this here way, too: I ain't addicted ——"

Mrs. Stettler snatched the coffeepot from the stove.

"You better be addicted to goin' home along and not spendin' at that expensive



Chains that live up to YOU and YOUR WATCH

WHAT a personal, constant companion is a man's watch chain. What a prominent and trusted article of jewelry. The watch chain must be worthy of the man!

Small wonder, then, that many men of accomplishment choose Simmons Chains. They appreciate the soundness of a Simmons Chain—the excellence of its design, the detailed care in its making. They understand that long wear is a natural result of the special Simmons process of manufacture whereby gold, green gold or Platinumgold is drawn over stout base metal. They realize that a Simmons Chain looks and wears as well as solid gold, and costs considerably less.

At your jeweler's there are just the Simmons Chains that will "live up to you and your watch." $4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass. Canada—95 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

In the panel below notice the ... enlarged

In the panel below notice the ... enlarged

This substantial shell of gold

is drawn over a core of base metal in the making of every Simmons Chain. From the original ingot (illustrated actual size) until the smallest link has been wrought out, the ratio of gold to base metal is constant. With this special Simmons process, durability and clean-cut design follow naturally.

The ... says it's a Simmons.

The ... says it's a Simmons

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

Feltbinder fur a bed. Fifty cents yet and not nothin' to show fur it after!"

But as it eventuated, Eben did not patronize the hotel. He spent a delightful evening alone with his hostess, the timid Kettie Hetz having snatched a bite from the pantry and immediately burrowed his red head from human sight. Eben spared his tired horses and walked the mile to the village, arriving at the hostelry at the hour of ten.

Mr. Feltbinder greeted him with unexpected joviality. He thrust a thumb into either armpit and thus parried Eben's request:

"A bed oncet? Well, I ain't got but only just one. My other four is reservationed all by such drummers a-flittin' through to a stylish convention."

"I ain't wantin' but one."

Eben laid a half dollar upon the counter. Immediately, as one who makes a counter move in the game of checkers, Mr. Feltbinder pushed it from him with a nonchalant finger nail.

"A dollar-fifty is the price of that there remainder bed. It's the room with the bay."

"A dollar-fifty yet!" Eben snatched back his coin. "Fur just only the lend of a bed? Fur one night a'ready?"

Mr. Feltbinder crassly expectorated.

"Yes, and I'll ast mebbe a dollar plus seventy-five fur it if happens in one them flashy kind with a gold chain at his stummick." He illustrated with a thumb across his anatomy, then leaned forward waggishly. "And leave me tell you somepun. Two of 'em's lit up like never was, and since they struck this here town, too. Sheriff, now, is a-proddin' around somepun wonderful. He was lookin' even into my washtub stationary."

"It don't make nothin' with me how they was usin' your lights," retorted Eben crossly. "All what makes with me is a bed. But I ain't payin' you no one-fifty fur it."

Mr. Feltbinder flipped his little coat tails apertively.

"Take it or let it! I'm willin' fur to gamble in futures, or what you call it. There goes one them drummin' autos now! I'll be soon ketchin' somebody expensive fur the bay."

Eben sped into the middle of the road, hung there for a moment, then began to plod wearily back to the Stettler hayloft. The air was crisp; his breath roiled about him as he fumed along. His fingers were slightly numb when at last he lit his wagon lantern, bunched the quilt under his arm and climbed the narrow stairs to the loft.

But he went numb all over when the flickering rays revealed boards naked of a single straw. Of course! The widow had neither horse nor cow. Moreover, the place was gusty with drafts; loosened clapboards flapped mournfully. He raised the lantern and lifted his eyes even unto the rafters, but no help came.

Eben sagged down the steps in blackness of darkness. He stood for a moment, envying his horses as they dozed in their stalls. He went to the door and stared over the dark muddle of Flathead. Its few houses clung shivering to the earth like amorphous black gnomes. He had no place in which to lay his afflicted head.

Of course, though, there was his own wagon bed The prospect was not sufficiently alluring to hasten his footsteps as he went toward it; bare boards, a worn quilt and no pillow. But he was dizzy with weariness now, and it was the only place, the only place.

He drew a long breath and began to tug at the casket. It was much heavier than he had expected; it moved only scant inches. He shunted his shoulder under those inches and heaved. What was the matter with it? Or what was the matter with him? He straightened and stared at it in dazed perplexity.

Well, why not the casket? In very fact, what else but the casket? The casket, protected, snug, and with a pillow even! Why had he not thought of it in the first place?

With inspirited fingers he fumbled in his wagon box for a screw driver. He pried off the lid He laid his coat, hat and shoes upon the floor, clambered to the hub in his sock feet, covered the gray silk pillow with his bandanna, then started to slide within But he did not slide far. His foot struck something; something hard several things hard.

"*Och, Elend!*" sighed Eben, and relit the lantern

He discovered that the casket was half filled with oblong parcels. He tore the paper padding from about one of them and brought forth a bottle upon which was printed:

EMBALMING FLUID
Twenty-two ounces net weight.

So he had been acting as drayman for the canny young Helfenstein, then! This was why the youth had made so sure that he was convoying the casket directly to his uncle! Eben's lips twitched grimly as he stood staring down upon the array. But he was conscientiously careful as he began lifting them by twos and threes to the floor. He had but a single mishap; with his last load one of the bottles slipped from his cold fingers, cracked against the hub and splintered to the floor.

In the fumes of the acrid odor which immediately enveloped him, Eben blew out the lantern, again wrapped himself in the quilt and crept luxuriously within. He pulled the lid of the casket to proper position above his chest, and before he had finished an incoherent Evangelical prayer was sunk in dreamless sleep. Indeed, he could not have been more delightfully insensible to the world and its Helfensteins had he been in that last long sleep for which his cubicle had been originally intended.

He was awakened by a grisly shriek which pierced his sleep-drenched ear. It was an adolescent shriek and it ranged the gamut from bass of low F to soprano of high C. Eben's eyelids, splitting wide upon the instant, opened upon two other wide eyes and a wide mouth suspended above him in a paper-white face. Before he could motivate a muscle the face disappeared, simultaneously with a groan hoarse with terror and the raking of a sizable heel from the hub of the wagon. Indeed, by the time Eben had kicked the lid from his narrow embrasure and had popped upright nothing was to be seen of his discoverer save a tuft of red hair rising stiffly above a cloud of dust down the driveway; nothing was to be heard save a series of hoarse bellows borne backward upon the morning breeze.

Eben climbed out in solemn haste. Far otherwise had he planned his morning debut. He had intended to arise before daylight, make a careful toilet and appear debonairly at the kitchen door, holding inviolated within his own bosom the secret of his bizarre lodging. Now he was discomfited to find that the coat which he had folded carefully by the side of the wagon was wet through and through with the embalming fluid. He shook it free from splinters of glass, fumbled it on and made hurriedly for the watering trough in the farther end of the barnyard. His teeth were chattering in his nervous haste. Was Mrs. Stettler already risen? Would she at once seek the reason for the clamor her young relative had vented?

He had but just immersed his head beneath the pump when he heard running footsteps behind him. Emerging, he beheld through a rain of drops the lady of his choice. She was twisting her hands in her apron and spinning distractedly upon her heel.

"Och, my souls! What was it then? Och, my! Was somebody killed or whatever?"

"I ain't," said Eben meekly.

"Yi, yi! He'll be gittin' into Heitwille and ketchin' him the mail hack agin! And his mom will up and fault me fur it. Yi, yi!" She raped out the two strong hairpins which pinioned her hair, and twisted the knot more tightly. Thus wound up, she gazed at Eben as though seeing him for the first time. "Well! And what was youse doin' here?"

"Just only a-washin'." Eben essayed a nonchalant step, became enmeshed in one of his dragging shoe laces and reanized with a rush of embarrassment the futility of pretense. "I changed off my mind on spendin' at that pighead Feltbinder. So I went to work and step' myself in ——" He waved his hand in delicate vagueness toward the barn "Well, in there yet."

"And I give you right," exclaimed Mrs. Stettler heartily. "If there's one thing I do now admire, it is thrif'. Come insides now and comb."

Eben tied his shoe laces about his ankles and started toward the house beside her. But they had taken but a few steps when she suddenly turned toward him, stopped, sniffed deeply twice, then sprang wide of him.

"It ain't no wonder you was dippin' your head at the cold water!" she shrilled icily. "That's the way they do!"

"They?" faltered Eben. His eyes revolved rapidly behind his dripping hair.

"Don't make innocence with me!" She stamped her foot. "Don't go tryin' to let on you ain't boozin' last night! You're sodden with it! You're staggerin' drunk! A-sleepin' it off onto my premises! Outen yourself from that gate now! And stay outened!"

So imperious was her pointing arm that Eben took an unconscious, anguished step toward the gate.

"But I ain't! I ain't been near no drink of no kind." He stared down the length of his perjured person. "I ain't been near nothin' wet but that there trough." His eye caught at his soaked sleeve, clung there for a moment. He raised it swiftly and smelled of it. "Here what you're smellin' is embalmin' fluid."

"Embalming fluid oncet!" scorned the widow. "Go and tell that there to the undertaker! You ain't foolin' me none. Your kind makes always excuses. I've heard a'ready a many near as worse as that. Go to work now and sleep it off some more. But don't go sleepin' it onto my premises. Don't you never dare fur to come in sight of my premises again!" She whirled about and twitched stuffy toward her steps.

Leaving him! Forbidding him the premises!

For the first time in his life Eben laid hand upon a woman. He swung her about with a stout hand upon her arm, and paying no heed to her shrilling protests, half dragged her to the shed. Still gripping her, he pointed to the broken bottle beside the wagon wheel, to the heap of oblong parcels upon the floor.

"There!" he said sternly. "There's the embalmin' fluid where downbusted onto my coat and youse can't say me nothin' diffrunt, fur it's a wrotened onto the bottle oncet."

He snatched up a piece of the glass with the soaked label still adhering and thrust it into her hand. She stared at it in silence for a moment. Then she swooped upon one of the parcels and tore the label from it. She turned to Eben and in grim calm demanded, "Now you up and tell me how you come by this here."

Word by word her sharp eyes raped the details from his lips.

"But it ain't anyways—ewil liquor, was it?" he fumbled. "It couldn't be anyhow whisky out of a coffin oncet."

"It ain't any whiskier ever made," Mrs. Stettler responded promptly. She whipped off her apron. "Now you stay by this here ewidences whiles I go runnin' to the crossroads to the telenphome. Don't leave nobody touch them there!" she commanded over her shoulder.

Eben walked round and round the heap of parcels. With no realization that he was doing it, he knelt beside them and set them neatly on end. He replaced the lid upon the casket and draped the quilt neatly upon it. He opened the tool chest and began to sort his tools. Outwardly composed, inwardly he was in chaos. Frayed thoughts ran together and tangled in welter.

"Hello, there! Ain't nobody to home? Hello!"

Eben got to his feet, a monkey wrench in his hand. Half across the small barnyard was Helfenstein, staring about. He stared harder when he saw Eben peering at him from behind the casket.

"It's you then!" he panted in gruff surprise. "And is that there the corpse?"

"It ain't no corpse," said Eben.

"Ain't no corpse? Well, then, what in dumb-dumbnation did that stutterin' boy git me off corpsin' fur? Here he come a-yellin' around where it was such a dead corpse a-layin'." He frowned at Eben suspiciously. "That there quilt looks like a coffin anyhow. But I ain't fur takin' no more corpses off you, that I give you! What was youse doin' here anyways?"

"I'm a-watchin' the ewidences," Eben said.

"Ewidences?" The undertaker caught at his chin. "What fur ewidences?"

"Come oncet alongside and take a look," suggested Eben

The undertaker studied the noncommittal Eben for a silent second, then blustered into the shed He glanced at the array upon the floor, then clutched at the wagon tail with whitening knuckles His lips wappered open but emitted no sound. Suddenly he swooped toward the bottles.

Eben stepped between, mildly brandishing the monkey wrench.

"I ain't fur leavin' nobody touch onto them," he remarked.

The tan-red of Helfenstein's visage ripened to magenta. The segments began to work as though they would fall apart. "Now looky here!" His eyes darted nervously toward the road, toward the house. "I ain't a-astin' where you got them there; I ain't a-sayin' nothin'. And if youse ain't a-astin' or a-sayin' nothin', why, I'll I'll just scratch off that bill o' yourn. I'll just stop off that there lawsuit, Brother Shreier."

Eben considered. Then he shook his head.

"Well, I ain't mebbe sayin' nothin'. But I ain't fur passin' my promise where I ain't answerin' up nothin'. Sheriff'll mebbe be sayin' what they was and where did I git them."

"Sheriff?" Helfenstein's coat tails swished. "'You mean to say —— Looky here, was you blabbin' to Kutz a'ready? Was he seein' that there yet?"

"No," said Eben.

The undertaker expelled a noisy breath of relief. But he caught it again at sound of a gate latch. He clapped a palm to his concaved middle. Then he swung open his coat and snatched forth a bill fold. Eyes darting over his shoulder, he fumbled off a sheath of bills.

"There's fifty, mebbe sixty. Will that shut your dang mouth up? Will you pass your word now you ain't sayin' nothin' to Kutz?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," promised Eben. He drew from his own pocket his purse, extracted from it a couple of dollars and extended them. "The int'rust on that stringhalt fifty totals up to just only forty-eight," he explained.

Footsteps, voices approached. Helfenstein cast a hunted look about the shed, then took his chance with the yard. But the chance was swiftly abbreviated. Around the corner hastened Mrs. Stettler and the sheriff.

The undertaker swung back before them. He bulked between them and the shed, winging out his arms like a defensive buzzard. White blotches mottled the magenta as he contrived:

"I give youse good morning. I been a-huntin' Brother Shreier here fur to tell him I'm a-lettin' the lawsuit, just for the sakes of old times that way."

"Yes, well. It's goin' to be some such other suit in the place of it." The sheriff made a shooing motion with his arm and strode grimly into the shed. "Is them the ewidences, Eben?"

"I ain't fur sayin' nothin'." Eben replaced his purse carefully. He nodded toward Mrs. Stettler. "But she knows a'ready."

"Yes, I would guess anyhow!" Trembling with eagerness, the widow launched forward: "And I know plenty enough more than what he does Why, here he never even knowed what that there was! He ain't addicted to nothing!" She darted a swift, prideful glance upon Eben "And besides, he ain't ever handy with his tongue. Just ast me oncet!"

Eben may not have been handy with his tongue, but he was surprisingly handy with his legs at that moment. He shot from the corner of the shed like a surcharged spring, split a path between the stooping Kutz and the gibbering Helfenstein and landed by the side of the lady.

"Was you sayin' I up and proved it a'ready? Was I provin' oncet where I wasn't addicted to nothing?"

Sparks smoldered through the smoke-blue of his eyes, burst into flames. Those flames blasted the widow to her tracks. Her eyes braved them for a moment in questioning surprise; then they fell. With one of her quick movements, she wheeled toward the sheriff.

"Well, what's more to do? You got your ewidences and you got the feller where made the ewidences. Pack them off to the jail then! Us we're in some important hurry fur to git to the house." She linked her arm in Eben's and kicked out her heel mischievously. "But don't go furgittin' to remember this. You ain't got only the ewidences I ketched the feller where ketched the ewidences!"

The sun in his heaven peeped at them above the roof of the house at that moment and touched them with warm golden fingers.

Eben did not see them, for he was staring at the human fingers upon his throbbing arm. But something constrained him to gaze deeply into the laughing cherry-black eyes and to choke solemnly:

"It was kind fur kind where done it. And if you and me go always givin' kind fur kind, we won't ever be gittin' no trouble."

Rickenbacker

A · CAR · WORTHY · OF · ITS · NAME

There is something sweet and restful about driving a Rickenbacker.

For this car in action can be likened to poetry in motion. Just slightly touch the accelerator—an instantaneous response—a faint purr—and always that satisfying sense of sheer abundant power perfectly controlled.

To just glide along in this quiet car gives you a new sensation in tranquil riding comfort.

The Rickenbacker Famous Six and Vertical Eight, embody many engineering refinements found exclusively in Rickenbackers.

We are particularly proud of the type of people that select and drive Rickenbackers.

Wherever people of charm and refinement go, there you will see Rickenbacker cars.

Women particularly enjoy driving a Rickenbacker because of its easy steering qualities.

Ask the Rickenbacker dealer in your city for a demonstration. You will find him enthusiastic over the merits of this car, but courteous and not annoying.

Famous "Six" Prices

Sport Phaeton	*$1595 fully equipped*
Coupe	*2095 fully equipped*
Sedan	*2195 fully equipped*

f. o. b. Detroit—plus war tax

RICKENBACKER MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Vertical "Eight" Prices

Sport Phaeton	*$2195 fully equipped*
Coupe	*2695 fully equipped*
Sedan	*2795 fully equipped*

f. o. b. Detroit—plus war tax

PAINTS & VARNISHES

for every Household and Industrial Use

When you paint with du Pont, you don't *guess* — you *know!*

IN past years, when you bought two cans of the same kind of paint, you couldn't tell whether one was as good as the other or how long either would stand the attacks of rain and sun and frost. But now du Pont Chemical Engineers have made paint-buying safe for you—they have replaced doubt with absolute certainty.

Years of service under every climatic condition have established the superiority of du Pont Prepared Paint—its endurance, permanence of shade and lustre, resistance to wear, its *extra value* to you who buy it—in protecting your property and saving your money.

To this *high quality*, du Pont Chemical Engineers have added *absolute uniformity* through the most rigid scientific system of chemical control to be found in all industry and, by constant research, are actually improving the high standards which they have already established.

The du Pont Oval on the can of paint, varnish, enamel or stain is thus a *positive* guarantee of quality. It is also a pledge of service, fulfilled by the entire du Pont organization. Get acquainted with the du Pont Paint and Varnish Service Agent in your community.

Don't *guess*—buy du Pont.

There's a *special* du Pont Varnish made *especially* for each particular use: floors, woodwork, furniture, exteriors, boats.

For walls and ceilings—du Pont Flat Wall Paint in delicate tints—easily cleaned.

A gleaming porcelain-like finish for woodwork—du Pont Flow Kote Enamel. *Stays* white easily cleaned.

Are you the merchant?

A few territories are still open for the kind of merchants who can qualify for the du Pont Paint and Varnish Franchise.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.

Chicago Varnish Works	35th St. & Gray's Ferry Road	Everett Sta. No. 49
Chicago, Ill.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Boston, Mass.

Du Pont Paint and Varnish Service Agents are glad to recommend reliable painting contractors, whenever desired.

Du Pont offers a special "Paint Prescription Service" to Industrial Plants, specifying the proper paint or varnish product to provide longest wear and greatest coverage for every upkeep purpose and for every manufactured article.

DU PONT

LOOK FOR THE DU PONT OVAL IN THE DEALER'S WINDOW

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

Warmth

There is a world of difference between a home and a mere house, but it can all be summed up in the single word, *warmth*. Most people know this and very naturally recognize Radiantfire as a positive homemaker. You will understand this viewpoint if you step into any home that is equipped with this great Humphrey invention. There, chills are banished forever.

Radiantfire burns gas in a new, scientific way without a suggestion of odor. It is noiseless, ashless, dustless and ready for service at a moment's notice. There are beautiful period models for fireplace installation or portables for any corner of a room. And, through coal savings alone, any model will pay for itself over and over again.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is Sold by Your Gas Company or Dealer. Ask for it by name. Models Range in Price from $18.00 up. We Shall be Glad to Send an Illustrated Booklet Upon Request

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

NEW YORK, 44 WEST BROADWAY SAN FRANCISCO, 768 MISSION STREET

PITTSBURGH BUFFALO CINCINNATI ATLANTIC CITY

"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

Sixth Annual Convention and Exhibition of the American Gas Association, Steel Pier, Atlantic City, October 13-17th

CHOOSING YOUR DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 13)

Some years ago the famous lawyer, Mr. Bourke Cockran, in an anniversary address before the New York Academy of Medicine, suggested a new principle of adjustment; and that was the law of salvage as applied to the rescue of wrecked vessels and their cargoes, disabled or waterlogged at sea. The rescuer who tows such a craft safely into port may claim a certain percentage of her value and that of her cargo, ranging from 10 to 20 per cent if she be merely disabled and needing a tow, to 60 and even 75 per cent if she is deserted and a total wreck. He pointed out the parallel that the captain of a ship is bound, in both common humanity and in law, to stand by and do his utmost to save the lives of all the passengers and crew on the disabled vessel, without any fee or reward, just as the doctor is bound to go to the aid of any patient to whom he is summoned without stopping to consider whether it will be a pay case or not; but that if, in addition to human life, valuable property has been saved, then both are entitled to a reasonable salvage fee. So that if a doctor has gone to the rescue of a millionaire who was apparently a total wreck, a hopeless loss, and saved both his life and the brains which give to his business and property holdings half their value, he might modestly claim a certain percentage of his estate in reward.

A curious variant of this method is, however, said to be in actual operation at a famous Middle Western surgical clinic. Each patient requiring a major, or serious, operation is charged 5 to 10 per cent of his annual income as a fee, according to the gravity and complexity of the case. Thus a carpenter or a farmer, with an income of two thousand dollars a year, would be charged two hundred dollars for a gallstone operation; while the same relief would cost a millionaire banker with a fifty-thousand-dollar income five thousand dollars. And no millionaire has ever yet registered an objection. When he has just been helped himself he is usually quite willing to contribute toward the relief of his less fortunate fellows. Indeed his attitude is rather that of the respectable old darky who when asked if he could change a ten-dollar bill replied, "No, sah, Ah can't; but Ah'm much obliged foh de compliment, sah!"

As to the initial problem of choosing a doctor strictly on his merits, though sometimes perplexing, there is seldom much real difficulty in solving it if you once, as Beau Brummell said of the set of his matchless cravat, "give all your mind to it."

Sources of Information

In the first place, do it first, and the longer first the better. Don't wait till you're sick in bed. Set out deliberately to pick your future father confessor in medicine when you first start in business for yourself, or when you get married and become the head—more or less—of a family, or when you move to a new home town.

Go to the most sensible and kindly older man that you happen to know—your partner, or your employer, or your banker, or your druggist, or one of the older men in your office or shop, or some wise mother of a family, and ask them who they think is the best doctor in town. Almost anyone will be delighted to recommend his own particular miracle worker and life saver, and when you find the same name cropping up frequently in these commendations, here is a man to consider seriously.

When you have a name or two in mind, get in touch with the director or one of the officers of some local social welfare committee, like the Red Cross, or the Anti-Tuberculosis League or the Child Welfare Society; and he can give you a pretty good line on almost any doctor in town. If you happen to know any doctor in the town personally he can consult the medical directory and give you the name of your prospect's medical college and the professional positions he may have held. Or the city or county health officer would readily assure you if Doctor So-and-So is competent and reliable. Though of course he might hesitate to say anything definitely unfavorable about a fellow physician, you could readily guess what his real opinion was by the formality and lack of enthusiasm of his know-nothing-against-him statement, in case he didn't hold him in very high regard.

Then, when you have pretty well made up your mind, get yourself introduced to the doctor on some pretext, and see what you think of him personally. If this finally decides you, go to the doctor and have him give you a thorough physical examination, and if he and his office impress you favorably arrange to have him give every member of your family a similar kit inspection and physical examination and advise you as to the best methods of promoting and protecting your family health. This is the only rational and scientific method of medical attendance—a routine examination every year and, if feasible, an annual salary or fee to cover all general medical services required.

The standards of medical education and of qualifications for medical practice have risen so marvelously in America in the past few decades that the younger doctors, who have been graduated within the past ten years from good schools, have been so thoroughly trained and so rigorously weeded out that they are fairly sure to be well equipped. The Bob Sawyer type of student, made famous by the Pickwick Papers, would be about as happy—and last about as long—as the proverbial celluloid cat in the nether regions. He would be weeded out before the first term was over.

Medical Standards Rising

Nor is this training and information merely on theoretical or purely transcendental science. The medical graduate of today has had not merely four years of grueling laboratory and clinical training but at least one full year of service as interne, or resident doctor, in some great hospital, where he has had charge of and responsibility for hundreds of cases.

Of course this will not turn him into a medical genius or a born doctor if he isn't built that way to begin with; but it does guarantee his being able to take care of all ordinary ailments with competence and safety, and to recognize promptly the exceptional case which is beyond his skill and in which he will call for expert advice.

As to the older doctors, who graduated under less exacting standards, if they have stood the unrelenting test of ten years or more of practice in one community and are reasonably successful and are generally respected, they are safe to have pretty good timber in them.

Any impostor or charlatan may make a success for a few months or even years in the same town, but when the final returns from his incompetent activities begin to come in he has to move out, often between two days.

The improvement which has taken place in medical standards in America within the past few decades is something almost incredible.

Fifty years ago an M.D. degree, or doctor's sheepskin, meant anything from two years of six months each, or even of three months each, of alleged study, up to three years of nine months each. And no preliminary education was required except the ability to read and write—and pretty poorly at that.

Today no medical student can graduate with less than four full years of nine months each in a medical college, and two years of a college course before that, with a full year in hospital afterward; making practically seven years in all after high-school graduation. So even the most cautious and apprehensive head of a family need have little fear of making any serious mistake in choosing a family physician from the ranks of the younger doctors and more recent graduates of our American medical colleges.

Now comes the problem of the specialist versus the family doctor—monogamy or polygamy, so to speak. The ideal arrangement is a judicious combination of the two. In the first place, notwithstanding the wonderful advances made by that division of labor which we call specialization, each man working in his own chosen field, and developing its possibilities to the utmost, no family can possibly afford to do without a family doctor, because, after all is said and done, nine-tenths of all the aches and ailments which call for medical relief are still plain old-fashioned stomachaches and colics and coughs and sore throats and headaches and rheumatisms and neuralgias and lame backs and sore toes and palpitations and shortness of breath, which have never risen to the dignity of a specialist devoted to their care or a separate hospital for their treatment. Even in these days of surgery triumphant scarce one in twenty of us possesses the proud distinction of having had one of our important organs removed.

And we have had ten times as many indigestions and headaches and constipations and insomnias and cricks in our backs and pains in our shoulders, as of eyestrains and nasal obstructions and adenoids and earaches and eczemas and psoriases and mental disturbances or other ailments requiring the skill of a specialist. All the specialists put together won't cover one-fifth of the required field of the family doctor, and to try to wage successful war against disease without him would be about as rational as for a modern army to go into battle well equipped with airplanes, gas units and cavalry, but without either infantry or field guns.

Nine-tenths of the issues of life and death rise out of the activities and disturbances of the great basal organs of the body, packed between the collar bone and the hips. This area is as yet a national reserve, not open to settlement by specialists, few of whom have yet succeeded in staking out claims or fencing off homesteads within its borders, for the simple reason that to know and treat the disturbances of any one of these main vital organs—literally the works of the body—you must know and treat them all at the same time and with equal vigilance. So the doctor who practices what we term general medicine, or more strictly internal medicine, can never narrow down into a specialist. Even though he becomes a consultant in medicine, and an authority upon some one organ or region in which he is particularly interested, his knowledge of all the others must be kept as broad, as thorough, as fresh and as up to date, or he courts disaster.

A fair illustration of the real fighting weight of specialism versus general practice in the campaign for health is afforded by the numerical fact that there are approximately ten to fifteen times as many general practitioners, or plain doctors, in the United States as there are specialists of every kind and degree. Nor is the proportion likely to change radically in future, because the human organism can't well be split up much finer.

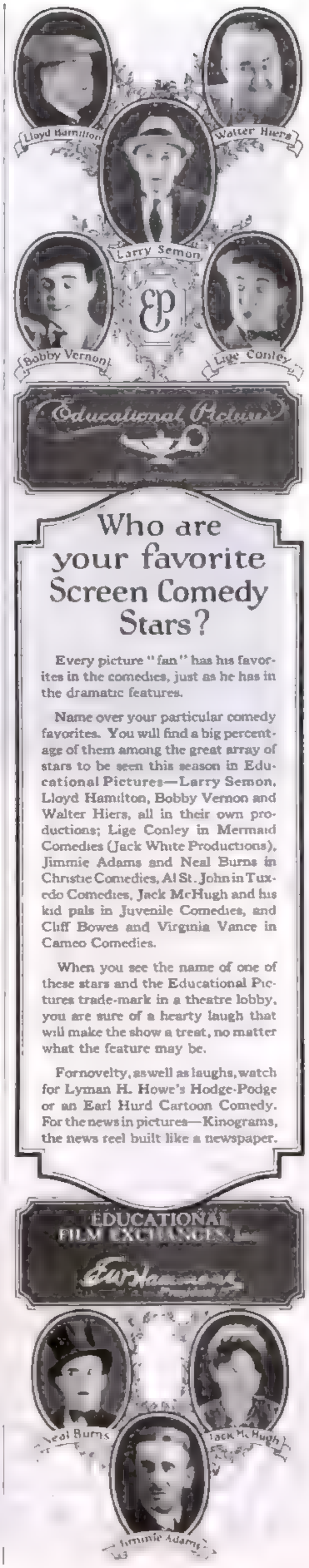
In fine, though the specialist is simply indispensable to every family, and not a few of the most brilliant cures and grateful reliefs from pain or disability come and can come only from his skill, a family doctor decidedly comes first both in time and in vital importance. In fact, the best and most effective way to reach and get the fullest benefit from the specialist is through the family doctor, for there are specialists and specialists.

No Degrees for Specialists

One of the weak points in our present system of medical attendance is that we have no degrees or standards for specialists. A young man must spend his four years and graduate from a recognized medical college and pass an examination before a state board of medical examiners, before he can hang out his shingle, but there is nothing under heaven to prevent his announcing himself on that shingle as a specialist and qualified expert in any field or fields that happen to take his fancy.

This wide-open situation is partly controlled by the fact that the young oculist or aurist or neurologist depends chiefly upon cases referred to him by his colleagues in general practice, and he must satisfy them that he really has spent a reasonable time in special hospitals and clinics to qualify him to take care of such cases. But it is no uncommon thing for an ambitious youngster to rush right off after commencement day to some hospital or clinic, spend six months there and come back a full-fledged specialist, with a handsomely engraved and framed certificate to that effect, to hang on his walls and impress the general public. As one of my colleagues remarked of a young physician who suddenly blossomed out as an alienist and neurologist on the strength of his appointment as medical superintendent of a state hospital for the

(Continued on Page 137)


Lloyd Hamilton
Walter Hiers
Larry Semon
Bobby Vernon
Lige Conley
Educational Pictures
Who are your favorite Screen Comedy Stars?
Every picture "fan" has his favorites in the comedies, just as he has in the dramatic features.
Name over your particular comedy favorites. You will find a big percentage of them among the great array of stars to be seen this season in Educational Pictures—Larry Semon, Lloyd Hamilton, Bobby Vernon and Walter Hiers, all in their own productions; Lige Conley in Mermaid Comedies (Jack White Productions), Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns in Christie Comedies, Al St. John in Tuxedo Comedies, Jack McHugh and his kid pals in Juvenile Comedies, and Cliff Bowes and Virginia Vance in Cameo Comedies.
When you see the name of one of these stars and the Educational Pictures trade-mark in a theatre lobby, you are sure of a hearty laugh that will make the show a treat, no matter what the feature may be.
For novelty, as well as laughs, watch for Lyman H. Howe's Hodge-Podge or an Earl Hurd Cartoon Comedy. For the news in pictures—Kinograms, the news reel built like a newspaper.
EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
Neal Burns
Jack McHugh
Jimmie Adams

A new kind of *private* electricity

When you buy a private electric plant for your country estate or ranch or farm you buy it for only one reason:

You want the advantages in comfort and labor-saving that only electricity can give.

Be sure then that the plant you buy will give you these advantages at their best, and continue to give them.

The Kohler Automatic Power and Light Plant will do exactly that, and will do it at the minimum of cost and attention.

This compact and sturdy plant delivers a new kind of private electricity—city-standard 110-volt direct current, right from the generator.

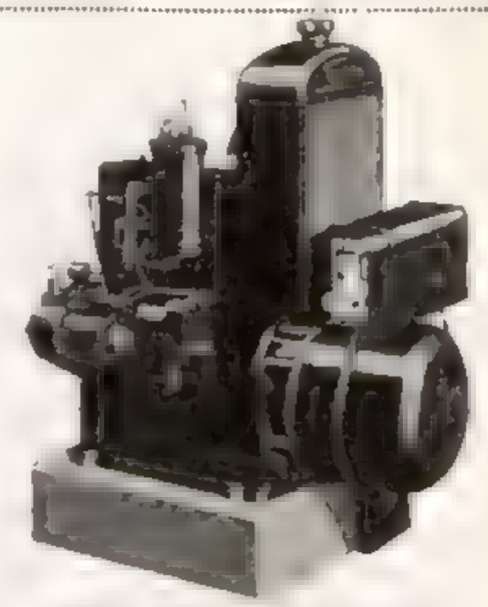
It has NO STORAGE BATTERIES, except a small automobile-type *starting* battery; is fully automatic; and operates standard appliances.

And it is as versatile as it is efficient. You will find the Kohler Automatic at work in a hundred different fields—country homes, country stores, schools and churches, farms, factories, ships, dredges, hospitals, motion picture theaters—in everyday, emergency, and auxiliary service.

Kohler units, automatically or manually started, range in capacity from 800 to 2000 watts. If you need an electric plant *for any purpose* the booklet describing these units will be valuable to you. Send the coupon.

"OVER A YEAR AGO I installed one of your Kohler units at my farm and country home at Long Lake, Minnesota. This unit supplies current for an automatic water pump and for the entire lighting system, including house, barn, and power house. The plant has functioned perfectly, with absolutely no expense for repairs. We have never been without water or light.

[Signed] *C. W. Gardner,*
President, Bankers' Loan & Mortgage Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn."



Kohler Automatic Model D
1500-watt 110-volt D. C.

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin • *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
MANUFACTURERS OF KOHLER ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

ATLANTA	44 North Pryor Street	KANSAS CITY		PHILADELPHIA	
BOSTON		MINNEAPOLIS		PITTSBURGH	
CHICAGO		NEW YORK			
DETROIT		NORFOLK		SAN FRANCISCO	
HOUSTON		OMAHA			
INDIANAPOLIS	134 East				

KOHLER OF KOHLER
AUTOMATIC POWER & LIGHT
NO STORAGE BATTERIES • 110 VOLT D. C.

Send Coupon for FREE 48-Page Book

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis., U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Please send me the Kohler Automatic book
(or) Tell me more about the Plant

Name

Street or R. F. D.

City State

I am also interested in

SEP. 10-4-24

(Continued from Page 135)

insane: "He just roped his specialty and rode it barebacked!"

There appears to be a growing tendency among medical students to pick out their specialty in their freshman year, give special attention to the lectures and clinics in it during the last two years of the course and in the hospital year, and then after perhaps a year more in some special hospital go straight into the practice of their specialty without any period of general practice at all.

A general demand is rising for some sort of postgraduate or advanced degree granted by, say, our state universities, which will definitely certify as to proficiency in a special field, and which will be given only after an appropriate amount of special work has been done over and above that required for an M.D. degree.

There is also a widespread feeling that at least one or two years of general practice should be insisted upon as an absolute prerequisite before the would-be specialist is permitted to plunge happily into the more complex details of his chosen field. This to keep him from tending to develop mental astigmatism and seeing everything solely in terms of his own specialty. How readily this blinker sight may develop, and the extent to which it may affect these cloistered monks of medicine, withdrawn too young from the currents of normal life, was amusingly shown in a conversation overheard by a friend of the author.

Three of these young cenobites, all worshipers at the shrine of optical science, were chatting one night after dinner; and, as was perhaps natural, the conversation finally drifted round to a discussion of their ideal of feminine charm. One was a staunch supporter of the gray-eyed, raven-haired type of beauty; another praised the glories of blue eyes and golden hair; while the third was all for brown hair and hazel eyes. Warmer and warmer waxed the discussion; and then one of them burst out, "Oh, blue eyes, or black eyes, or brown—what does it matter? Give me sore eyes, and plenty of 'em, and I'm satisfied!"

Another reason why even the most bounteous crop of specialists and specialties can never wholly replace or even seriously disturb the general practitioner is that somebody is generally needed to tell us which specialist to go to.

Medical Teamwork

Though we may be painfully aware that our body auto needs some sort of internal repairs in a hurry, most of the time we can't tell whether the trouble is due to a broken crank shaft or a flat tire. Nor can we always be sure that the real damage is where we feel uncomfortable; for a physiological stop signal may be worked from a long distance, and may appear, figuratively speaking, miles away from the inflammation or cramp that causes it. Just for instance, pain in the ear is often due to acid stomach, gangrene of the toes to trouble in the pancreas, sudden loss of sight to ulcers of the heart valves, pain in the left little finger to angina pectoris or heart cramp, acute indigestion to locomotor ataxia, pain in the shoulder to gallstones, and cataract to diabetes. Fully one-third of the times you are sick or in pain you literally scarcely know whether you need a brain specialist or a corn doctor, and the family physician, the general practitioner, is the only one who can tell you.

When you have thus secured your specialist and he has become familiar with your case, go to him regularly at stated intervals at least once a year for yourself and twice or thrice a year for your children for overhauling, just as you do to your dentist.

Almost all the difficulties of the problem are those of growth and progress. Never was there half such a splendid possibility of intelligent, effective teamwork between family doctor, specialist, health officer and hospital as today. In the first place the family physician is not half so jealous and suspicious of the specialist as he used to be of the consultant. The field of medicine has become so boundlessly, so hopelessly wide that no man need feel the slightest humiliation at not being able to cover it all.

Consultations are not held in quite so unfriendly a spirit as that naïvely described by one of the medical luminaries of the Renaissance in his own home. The old gentleman and a younger colleague could not agree upon a verdict, and the discussion became warm and personal, ending finally in a most uncomplimentary outburst by the junior consultant. "I was deeply pained by his impertinence," records the old man, "and rebuked him sharply for his lack of respect for my years and authority; whereupon he smote me in the face. So I called my servants and they did cast him from the window so that he died!"

But such extremes are seldom necessary today, and this form of family friction has been relieved automatically by the progress and organization of modern medicine. The modern family physician is not only prompt to recognize his patient's right either to call a consultant or to visit a specialist at any time, but welcomes every such suggestion, because their help is of such priceless value in hastening his patient's recovery.

A curious and most practical proof of the value of special advice was furnished recently in England under Lloyd George's scheme of health insurance. The doctors of a certain district, having some fifty thousand workers in their panel lists, actually set aside a certain percentage of their per capita fees and employed surgeons and specialists—at wholesale rates—to do any operations and give any special treatments needed; and found that it was a paying investment because it shortened the period of illness and reduced the number of visits required to cure.

Group Methods

Indeed, the difficulty now lies rather in the opposite direction—that our patients go or are sent to such a swarm of independent experts, often differing widely in their opinions, that the Scriptural multitude of counselors results in confusion rather than in safety. Some of our wealthier valetudinarians, who keenly enjoy ill health, take a perverse delight in collecting diagnoses, as if they were postage stamps or first editions, and seldom return from any extended trip without a new batch of diagnoses, which they proudly exhibit to their family physician and other friends. And the more widely these differ and the higher the fees charged, the more they seem to enjoy them. But to the great majority of sufferers these divergences of expert opinions are simply confusing and distressing. They are really little reflection upon or discredit to the experts, but rise chiefly out of the fact that severe and specially chronic disturbances of health are extremely complex conditions. No disease is ever confined to just one organ or group of organs. So almost every expert can find something wrong in his special part of the field, and he naturally doesn't look very keenly into any other.

The question really is which organ or group is chiefly to blame. And this vitally important question no single specialist can answer any more than the family doctor can.

To deal with the problem a new method has grown up known as group practice or group medicine. The gist of this simply is that a body of specialists, internists and surgeons group themselves together, so as to concentrate and combine their joint skill and experience upon each and every individual patient who comes to them for relief. It is merely glorified common sense applied to the practice of medicine, teamwork instead of individualism run mad.

The first lead was given to the movement by a famous surgical clinic in the Middle West, which began some thirty years ago by establishing a full staff of physicians and laboratory workers at handsome salaries, for the examination of their would-be surgical patients. Every patient who came desiring an operation had first to run the gantlet of this organized group.

In briefest outline, the patient is first taken in hand by a specially trained nurse who records his full personal and family history. Then he comes before the first medical examiner, or distributor, who runs over the history and makes a rapid but thorough physical examination of the heart, lungs, liver, stomach, nerve reflexes, and so on. Guided by this he refers him to the different specialists and laboratory experts who he thinks may throw light on the case. Blood, urine, sputum and stomach tests are made as a matter of course, followed by X-ray pictures, special examinations of eyes, of ears, of brain and nervous system, of skin, of pelvic organs, of basal metabolism, of teeth, of the lungs, of the heart by the electrocardiograph, and so on, according to the indications given by the history and preliminary examination.

Then after the patient has gone the round of all the experts suggested, their

fraud

larceny . . . embezzlement . . . robbery . . . hold-ups
scheming . . . thievery . . . safe burglary
bad check passing . . . counterfeiting
confidence games . . . crookedness
dishonesty . . . deception
circumvention

Call it what you will

fraud

is the means by which thousands of business men and women are led into money and merchandise losses amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars each year.

A $32,000,000 concern, the largest of its kind in the world, has originated a policy by which these losses may be avoided, a plan under which whatever losses are sustained are immediately paid under the terms of its

fraud BOND

More than 50,000 merchants, small wholesalers, retailers, professional men and women, have realized the mistake of being without this protection against ALL FORMS OF DISHONESTY. Sales of this bond have grown beyond all expectation, necessitating opening forty-six branch sales offices in the United States and Canada. The sum of $32,000,000 is irrevocably pledged to stamp out crime, dishonesty, and FRAUD.

Write for rates (see coupon)

We issue all kinds of Bonds

NATIONAL SURETY COMPANY

World's Largest Surety Company

115 Broadway New York, N. Y.

S. E. P. 10-4

ARE YOU A SALESMAN?

If you have ability, a clean record, and "pep", if you can sell and *keep selling*, we have a place for you. Your future is limited only by your ability to climb higher. Rapid advancement for men who can sell—but they must be BIG men, who MOVE. Start NOW by mailing this coupon AT ONCE!

CHAS. B. DECKER, Vice Pres.,
115 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

For Merchants	For Salesmen
Send me information about how I can protect myself against loss.	Send me information relative to your proposition to salesmen.

☐ *Check one* ☐

Name

Address

City State

Molasses Raisin Bran Muffins

THREE foods that are good for you! Can you think of a more delicious combination? This is the simple, quick way these muffins are made in the South:

Dissolve two teaspoons cooking soda (or bicarbonate of soda) in 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add 3 cups sour milk, and then 3 cups whole wheat flour and 3 cups bran. Now add 1 cup seeded raisins and bake in moulds—your favorite shapes—in a slow oven.

Pure molasses is rich in the mineral salts doctors say we need. Like milk it is rich in calcium; like spinach it is rich in iron.

You will find that Brer Rabbit has that old-time, tantalizing flavor you've been wanting. It comes in two grades—*Gold Label*, for table use and fancy cooking; *Green Label*, a slightly stronger flavored molasses for general cooking.

Free Recipe Book: Your family will ask for more Brer Rabbit dishes. Send to Dept. P-1, Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La., for the Brer Rabbit Book of delicious molasses recipes.

Two grades—
Gold Label and
Green Label

Brer Rabbit Molasses

findings are gathered together and brought before the final board of decision, or second line of general specialists. These go carefully over the whole dossier, and if the findings of two or more experts don't seem to agree, these are called into conference, new tests made, and the problem threshed out thoroughly among them. Then the final decision is rendered, and if the case is found suitable for operation it is referred to the surgeons, who go over the findings and decide upon the nature of the operation.

How thorough and impartial this examination is may be gathered from the fact that only about 40 to 50 per cent of the patients who come desiring an operation are passed.

That is to say, out of the forty to fifty thousand eager applicants for surgical relief who come to the clinic each year, only about fifteen to twenty thousand are accepted for operation. The others are either advised to wait or referred back to their home physicians for medical treatment.

That the general public can understand and keenly appreciate these conscientious, common-sense and soundly scientific methods is graphically shown by the steady growth of the clinic from a staff of six and a few hundred patients a year thirty years ago, to a staff of ninety, thirty of whom are pure research workers, and more than fifty thousand patients a year today.

The spirit in which the whole clinic is conducted may be glimpsed by the facts that for twenty years past one-third of the net income has been devoted to scientific research and medical progress. Its research laboratories, which are among the largest and best equipped in the world, have been offered to and accepted by the medical school of the university of the state, as its postgraduate department of surgical pathology, with an accompanying endowment fund from the clinic of three million dollars. The clinic itself has been incorporated and endowed upon such a princely scale as to make it self-supporting and self-perpetuating indefinitely.

No patient who comes is refused an operation because of inability to pay; the only financial question asked is whether he has money enough with him to pay his examination fee and his hospital expenses to the nursing sisters after the operation, which used in the good old days before the war to run from seven dollars a week up!

His yearly wage, salary or income, as stated by himself, is said automatically to fix his operation fee by the percentage method.

Many a time, when it comes to the ears of the chief surgeons that a man has mortgaged his home or sold one of his work horses to pay for his wife's operation, he will find his check or his money in the envelope with his receipted bill, with the suggestion that he can pay it in installments when he feels reasonably able. No patient yet has ever failed to comply with the suggestion to the very last installment.

Complete Medical Units

It was not possible to imitate the surgical genius of the chiefs of the clinic, but the magnificent simplicity and sanity of the method of diagnosis could be copied at a respectful distance—and group clinics both medical and surgical have now sprung up all over the country. None, of course, have had the brilliant success of their prototype, but as a rational mechanism for reaching as accurate a diagnosis as possible and securing the best practicable treatment, they have done valuable service.

Ten or twelve specialists group themselves together, either as a republic or under the headship of some prominent surgeon or medical consultant. They take over a whole floor in a large office building and have their offices together, with a joint laboratory for chemical tests, an X-ray room, a library, a small staff of nurses and secretaries, and a joint waiting room.

Patients may come either to the group as a whole or to any one member, but in either case they secure the diagnostic services of the whole group for one single covering fee! The fees for operation or other treatment decided upon are arranged with the specialist chosen. Bills are payable either to the secretary of the group or to the individual doctor, then divided according to the scheme of organization. It is a matter of considerable interest and some little pride to a plain physician to note that one of the most important, deferred to, and highly paid members of the group is the superphysician, the condenser, who goes over, balances and boils down the varying reports of the specialists and welds them into a clear, logical, definite opinion or diagnosis, which tells the patient just what's the matter. He is also one of the most difficult to find and has been given a new title all his own—that of integrator. He is a real doctor, one of the rare, old-fashioned kind, of wide reading, broad experience, sound judgment, and that curious insight into the very heart of the case which marks the born doctor. Find such a man as this, set him at the head of a group of keen-eyed, eager, laboratory-trained youngsters, and you have a superb, a champion health team, both for discovery and for relief.

The form of group practice described has now been in operation for some years in many of our large cities, with excellent results. But this does not reach the great mass of our population living outside of the immediate provinces of these metropolises, so a new and interesting form of the group has been worked out in country towns of five to ten thousand population. Five to ten of the local doctors—all of them, if possible—group themselves together in a suitable office building, with joint laboratory and X-ray room as before. They secure a recent graduate to take charge of the laboratory and X-ray room, and then each one of them, general practitioners all, selects some special field which for various reasons appeals to him, and at the earliest opportunity takes a three to six months' postgraduate course in it. Not at all for the purpose of practicing as a specialist, but merely to enable him to make an intelligent examination of, say, the eye, the ear, the nervous system, the endocrine glands or the pelvic organs, for diagnostic purposes; also to be able to give the simpler and milder cases of diseases of his special region prompt local treatment, and refer the severer and more complicated maladies to a metropolitan specialist.

A Country Club for the Sick

Early and prompt treatment by a competent doctor on the spot will save, for instance, many eyes which would have suppurated, or eardrums which would have ruptured if treatment had been delayed till a five or ten hours' trip to a distant city specialist could be arranged for and consented to.

Each patient of the group belongs to his own family doctor, but has the benefit of examination and advice from all. So far the plan seems to work admirably, but is still under trial.

Finally comes the keynote of the solution of the problem how to put the entire combined skill and knowledge of the doctor in all his forms at the service of every individual case, without excessive expense, and that is the new county hospital. This has nothing whatever to do with those bleak, bare and iodoform-scented barns and barracks which bore this title thirty years ago; still less with the county farm. It is a spacious, handsome family mansion, standing in beautifully kept grounds, superbly lighted, furnished and heated, shining and spotless from basement to attic, built not for paupers and derelicts—these are liberally provided for elsewhere—but by all the reputable citizens and substantial families of the county or township for their own use and comfort and that of their families in case of sickness. It is a sick country club, a hotel de health, a casino of convalescence, built and supported out of the taxes.

Most of our Middle Western states have passed laws permitting each county—or, where the population is dense enough, township—to issue bonds for the erection of a neighborhood hospital and to pay any deficit in its maintenance out of the taxes, though the hospitals are expected to be almost self-supporting. To these hospitals now come, as a matter of routine and common practice, all confinement cases—which can seldom be handled properly at home—all cases of prolonged and serious noninfectious or mildly infectious illnesses, such as pneumonia, rheumatism, typhoid, Bright's disease, and of course all fractures and other severe accidents and injuries. In other words, all the cases whose care throws such an intolerable strain upon the too often already overburdened house mother and womenfolk of the average family. There is no fear of the patient's feeling lonesome, for the hospital is, next to the church, the chief social center of the community, and one has far more people to talk to than in his solitary room at home,

(Continued on Page 141)

Send 20c for the famous Peter's assortment package—plain—almond—croquettes

"There!" cried Peter, "Six perfect bars"

Thus the first milk chocolate was originated—*with* that same fine rare flavor you like in Peter's to-day ~

IT had to be smooth, with just the *right* flavor. Nothing short of perfection would suit Daniel Peter, working away in his little kitchen in Vevey, Switzerland, half a century ago.

The freshest, purest milk he must have—one kind of cocoa bean after another he tried, and rejected all but six of the finest grades.

Day after day he worked, selecting the ingredients, testing them, mixing them—until at last from his little Swiss oven came a pan of milk chocolate bars—the distinctive, delicious blend he sought.

"There!" cried Peter. "Six perfect bars!"

The formula for these six bars was Daniel Peter's secret, and it has been kept a secret ever since. Even today only foremen trained in Swiss methods have charge of the blending.

That is why *Peter's* is a favorite all over the world today—the greatest food confection ever developed.

If you haven't tried *Peter's Milk Chocolate*, you should, for it's different—distinctive—*good*. You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

PETER CAILLER
KOHLER SWISS
CHOCOLATES CO., Inc.
129 Hudson Street,
New York, N. Y.

I enclose 20 cents for the Peter's assortment package.

Name

Street

City State

Exide

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

What do you pay for a battery?

Until your battery wears out you cannot tell what you paid for it. Bills for upkeep must be added to the purchase price to get the total. Then, if you want to know whether it has been an economical battery you must divide its full cost by the months or years it has served you.

Exide Battery prices are unusually low. The repairs needed are below the average. The length of service is far above the average. Exide is the economical battery.

Exide owners will readily testify to the above facts, for millions of drivers appreciate the worth of the long-life Exide.

EXIDE PRICES are from $16.35 up, according to size and geographical location. You can get the right battery for your car at a nearby Exide Service Station.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY · PHILADELPHIA

In Canada, Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 153 Dufferin St., Toronto

FOR YOUR RADIO. After you tune in some distant station, you want to get what you get with greatest clearness—and this means a storage battery with uniform current. There is an Exide Radio Battery made for each type of tube—"A" batteries for 2-volt, 4-volt and 6-volt tubes, 3 sizes of "B" batteries, and a new Exide Rectifier. Exide Radio Batteries give uniform current over a long period of discharge and enable you to get the most out of your set. You can get an Exide at any Radio Dealer's or any one of the 6,000 Exide Service Stations.

(Continued from Page 138)

and can hear all the neighborhood gossip a full week ahead of the home folks.

The average case actually recovers in little more than half the time it would take at home, thanks to a trained nursing staff, the doctor in to see the patient every day, and three or four times a day if necessary, and every modern appliance and equipment; to say nothing of the cheerful stimulation of gossip and sympathetic swapping of symptoms, and no other member of the family breaks down and takes to her bed about the time the patient recovers. It is one of the greatest practical advances in medicine of recent decades.

To sum up briefly, one can, by taking pains, apply to the choosing of a doctor the same common sense and intelligent principles which guide him in the conduct of his other affairs: First, by making thorough and careful inquiry as to the professional standing and personal character of the physician he has in mind, perhaps with the aid of the officers of social welfare organizations and the health officer or commissioner; second, by quiet and critical personal observation of the man himself.

Much can be judged by appearances nowadays, and a patient has the right to demand that his doctor, to paraphrase Barrie, of Peter Pan, should have the antiseptic look. His hands should be well cared for, his finger nails trimmed and polished, his hair well groomed and brushed, no dandruff on his coat collar or grease spots on his vest; his linen spotless, and his entire appearance immaculate, though not foppish. This is not at all a mere matter of whim on the part of the patient or vanity on that of the doctor. Such absolute spotlessness and surgical cleanliness are points of antiseptic honor, of bacteriologic morality. Carelessness and indifference to such details of appearance are not merely bad form; they are positively culpable, and may result in the actual spread of contagion and the infection of clean wounds.

There is a story told of Lawson Tait, the famous English surgeon in the early days of Listerian antisepsis. His clinic was visited one day by some European surgeons, who had not yet accepted the new theory of wound treatment. They were delighted with the wonderfully rapid healing and freedom from suppuration in the cases shown in the clinic, and one of the visitors later complimented him highly, and asked him how he secured such splendid results. With a sidelong glance at the hands of mourning across the finger tips of his questioner, Tait replied, "I keep my finger nails clean, sir!"

And as Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself a doctor and one of the first protagonists in America of the septic character of childbirth fever, grimly remarked, "Many a poor woman's death warrant has been written in letters of black under the finger nails of her surgeon."

A most significant detail to be inquired into is whether your prospective doctor has the postgraduate habit, if he is still a student, keeping up with the progress of medicine, taking frequent trips to the great medical centers for postgraduate and polyclinic courses of study, and as often as he can afford it, to the great European hospitals and schools.

Popular Teaching

Scarcely less important, is he a regular attendant at the meetings of his local, state, and, as often as possible, of the national medical societies? If not, he is slowly but surely ossifying and falling behind the procession, for nothing can take the place of constant contact, discussion, and comparing of notes with his colleagues. The doctor who has stopped studying and discussing has stopped thinking. The intelligent general public demands higher standards from its doctors than ever before; and it has a right to.

Last but not least, any tendency to assume a high-and-mighty attitude of omniscience, resenting questions and indisposed to make reasonable explanations or to take pains to give a clear, plain, understandable statement of what seems to be the matter, is a very unfavorable sign. A patient is today entitled to as clear and satisfying a statement of his probable condition as his doctor is able to give him; and the attitude of "I am in charge of your case; all you have to do is to obey orders and leave the rest to me" will no longer be tolerated. A doctor who is unwilling to try to explain, usually knows very little worth telling. If he is to succeed with a case he must have his patient's confidence and intelligent coöperation; and how can he have either if he keeps his patient in the dark? It is this pompous resentment of troublesome questions that has driven so many patients into the hands of various so-called medical cults.

This air of mystery and omniscience was often most judicious on the part of the doctor fifty years ago, because he had so little to tell that would square with the logic of common sense; but it is quite unnecessary today, for two reasons: First, the doctor now has a respectable body of solid, definite, thrice-tested scientific knowledge, based upon actual experiment, which can be submitted to practical, everyday tests, and proved to the satisfaction of any person of average intelligence.

The second reason is that, thanks to the admirable teaching in hygiene and training in practical health methods given in the public schools today, our patients are vastly more capable of understanding and acting upon any explanations we may give them than the patients of olden days were.

And thanks to the keen and eager interest in health matters taken by women's clubs and mothers' congresses, and the splendid service they have given in support of public-health movements and measures, the average and usual head of a family today is quite capable of appreciating and grasping our explanations, and is worthy of being taken into our confidence to the fullest degree. Indeed, the most valuable public service now rendered by the doctor is precisely this personal, confidential and highly appreciated and eagerly followed education in how to keep healthy and grow strong, given by him to his patients and families. If the doctor, instead of sidestepping or discouraging these eager, though sometimes paralyzing and even maddening questions, will meet them squarely, and will devote the time which it richly deserves to studying out the best methods of explaining difficult problems and subjects to his families, he will find this volunteer teaching one of the most enjoyable and far the most helpful and productive parts of his practice.

Importance of Prompt Action

So important is this personal teaching, so far is it the most potent and vital force for the health education of the public, that there should be a chair in every medical college devoted to it, a course of lectures on getting it over to the patient. Its supreme and vital importance can be seen at a glance from the fact that in both the cure and the prevention of disease, "time is the essence of the contract." Our motto is "See it first."

The eye that first sees the earliest dawn signs of illness is neither that of the doctor nor of the nurse, but that of the watchful mother or the loving maiden aunt or the intelligent and observing teacher. These watching tirelessly for the signs at a distance on the mobile faces of their little ones, and eagerly and sympathetically listening to every complaint of pain or discomfort and uneasiness, are the sentinels upon the outer walls of Zion, who first sound the alarm of the approach of the enemy, and our first and most important duty is to raise their information and clear judgment to the highest possible pitch.

A case of diphtheria, for instance, to which the doctor is called on the first day of the disease, is practically cured; for the antitoxin will save it ninety-five times out of a hundred. Seen on the second day, its chances of recovery, though still good, are only about half as high; on the third day, far fewer yield to the antitoxin than before, and on the fourth it may be too late, especially if it is a mixed infection, whose outward appearance of simple sore throat has camouflaged the menace for several days.

In appendicitis an equally early alarm is almost equally life saving; while in our one still unconquered enemy, cancer, a case reported at the very first sign of a departure from the normal, the first crack or lump that can be seen or felt, means a cure prospect of about 80 per cent; but a late recognition drops the operation chances to barely 10 per cent.

The doctor who schools and drills his families in the dawn signs of beginning trouble, the very first shadows thrown before by coming events of ill omen, may cut his family death rate 20 or even 30 per cent.

The triumph of art is to conceal art; and the greatest benefactor of the community is he who strives to make himself no longer necessary.

Note the graceful lines of shoulders and neck opening and the four generously sized pockets. Pockets are reinforced and will not bulge or sag.

Compare the Tom Wye close, firm, elastic stitch (below) with the "Shaker" stitch. This improved stitch is found only in Tom Wye Knitted Garments.

The reinforced shoulder seam that prevents sagging of shoulder and bunching or bulging of neck in Tom Wye Knit Jackets.

A Tom Wye Keeps You Warm and Keeps Its Shape

The man who wears a Tom Wye Knit Jacket is warmly clad and stylish looking. Tom Wye is necessary to every man's wardrobe; for sports, travel, work or play, indoors or out.

A Tom Wye is made not merely to look dressy, but to stay looking well under hard usage. In two and four-pocket models, vests and pull-overs in a wide range of beautiful colorings. Look for the Tom Wye Label.

Tom Wye, Inc. Winchendon, Mass.

Tom Wye

KNIT JACKET

Newark SHOE FOR MEN

GIVE DOUBLE THE WEAR — WITH TUFHIDE SOLES — GIVE DOUBLE THE WEAR

Longest Wearing Shoe for the Money Ever Known!

57 Styles All Leathers

$2.50 ONE PAIR OR A THOUSAND **$3.50** PER PAIR

The ideal shoe for Policemen, Postmen, Firemen, Street Car Men, Railroad Men, Mechanics, Truckmen, Farmers, Salesmen and men in all walks of life who are "hard" on shoes.
A SHOE FOR DRESS, EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY.

DOUBLE the Wear In Every Pair!

NEWARK *TUFHIDE*-soled shoes are a revelation to men because of the extraordinary wear they give. And everywhere men are talking about this new Wonder Sole that gives double the wear It is almost inconceivable that shoes costing so little, wear so long! You never wore shoes more fashionably correct

If you are "hard" on shoes, or are on your feet all day long, one pair will quickly convince you, as it has thousands of other men, that NEWARK *TUFHIDE*-soled shoes are the longest-wearing, most comfortable, best-looking shoe, and the biggest value at their price in America today.

How are we able to sell such a remarkable shoe for only $3.50? Simply by the [illegible] of quantity production and selling direct to the public, through our own [illegible] branches throughout the United States. If a NEWARK SHOE STORE is not located in your city, we will be glad to have you order by mail. Get a pair NOW [illegible] shoes they are at $3.50. Descriptive booklet about NEWARK *TUFHIDE*-soled shoes mailed on request

ORDER YOU'R PAIR TODAY!
Include 10 cents Parcel Post Cost

Order by No. 9341 Stylish Dark Tan Bal in the latest French toe Last Goodyear Welt *-TUFHIDE* Soles, live rubber heels—snappy perforated effect between rows of stitching **$3.50**

Order by No. 9316 Tan Goodyear Welt, U. S. Army style in the famous U. S. Army Last, with soft toe, heavy damp-resisting *TUFHIDE* Soles; live rubber heels, soft pliable uppers with large tongue sewed on both sides to keep out dirt and grit **$3.50**

Also in Black, 9315

Order by No. 9313 A very practical Fashionable model in a Dark Tan Blucher with [illegible] Goodyear Welt *TUFHIDE* Soles and live rubber heels. A [illegible] comfortable popular model. A big value at **$3.50**

Also in English Bal No. 3341

Order by No. 9150. Black Gun metal foxed oxford—Scotch grain top, heavy scalloped up; new Rand Welt, broad French toe last, heavy long-wearing and impervious *TUFHIDE* Soles and live rubber heels. A shoe for every day and Sunday **$3.50**

AGENTS WANTED

We want Field Men and Women to sell NEWARK *TUFHIDE*-soled Shoes for men wherever we have no stores. Big demand, liberal commission, fine opportunity to make money. Write for details.

Newark Shoe Stores Co.
Stores in all principal cities
General Offices:
721 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE BATHING BOOTY

(Continued from Page 11)

the fifteen-foot mill wheel, its paddles about three feet in width, affording ample lounging space for the bathing beauties. Beneath the wheel was an empty mill race and slightly above the mill was a tiny lake. Separating mill race and lake was a trap. In the old days when the mill had been useful as well as ornamental the release of the trap sent water rushing through the race and the wheel would turn slowly, thus operating the now-rusty machinery within.

J. Cæsar Clump strutted about, shouting orders. He was an imposing, if attenuated, figure in his white silk shirt, flowing necktie, horn-rimmed goggles and shiny putties. His voice roared from the large end of a megaphone and his underlings obeyed implicitly and instantly.

Assistants, a mechanic, minor members of the cast and the bathing beauties watched the preliminary work with interested eyes. They saw the first rehearsals and the first scenes of the comedy: Opus Randall—pompous off the set, but ridiculously funny on—convulsed them with laughter as he plunged about, climbing over the machinery and pounding through a couple of screamingly funny scenes with his motion-picture wife. And then Clump ordered the bathing beauties forward. He explained to them the contemplated scene. He assured them that there was no danger whatsoever. He inspected the camera set-up, facing the mill wheel from the far side of the dry mill race. And then, with considerable difficulty and not a few hysterical giggles, he succeeded in placing eight bathing beauties on eight paddles. They clutched their supports fearfully, trying to conceal their fear, and he permitted them to recline in comfort for a few moments that satisfaction and not terror be registered when the shooting commenced.

"You-all ain't s'posed to be skeered," he told them loudly. "Fust place you ain't where you is, on account you ain't nothin' but wimmin in a dream."

"But if us falls ——"

"You ain't gwine fall. I got a swell mechanic in yonder an' he turns the wheel real slow. The cam'ra ain't takin' nothin' but the upside an' the top, so when you pass the top the wheel stops, the cam'ra stops, an' you git off an' come around this way ready to climb back on yo' paddle ag'in. But the thing to do is look happy, on account you is s'posed all to be wampin' Opus Randall, which is dreamin' 'bout you."

The taking of the scene required infinite patience and more than a trifle of directoral ability. J. Cæsar Clump worked painstakingly and finally imbued them with his own artistic spirit so that when, eventually, Opus fell asleep and the camera and mill wheel started grinding, the octet of bathing beauties more than justified the expense entailed by the trip.

J. Cæsar Clump was frenzied with enthusiasm; he particularly praised one, Evergreen Tapp.

"You done noble, Mis' Tapp. Ise proud of you."

"I was skeered."

"Was skeered ain't is skeered. I reckon you is gwine make an awful hit in this pitcher. S'posin' you climb back on that wheel an' leave me git a close shot of you movin' around."

Evergreen was frightened, but willing. This, indeed, was a personal triumph. She took her place on the paddle and J. Cæsar Clump inspected the turf before the mill in search of a place to put the camera to best advantage.

"'Bout heah," he ordered; but before the cameraman could move his instrument something happened.

The noise came from the rear of the mill. It came from the throat of a man; a long, gangling, angry man who came zigzagging through the woods, spurning the greensward with huge flat feet.

"Hey, Evergreen!" His voice reverberated through the bosky dell. "Is you alive an' where is you at?"

Evergreen recognized the voice of her husband.

"Heah I is, sugarfoot!"

Enoch whirled at a right angle. He sped toward the camera, and J. Cæsar Clump waved him wildly away.

"Git out of the pitcher, tall boy! Git out of the pitcher!"

At that instant the mechanic inside the mill started revolving the wheel slowly by hand. The distended eyes of the frantic husband saw his cherished bride apparently fastened to the lethal wheel, and Enoch swung into action. He took the shortest and most direct route. With wild leaps and eerie howls of encouragement, he approached the mill from the side. J. Cæsar Clump sped to the side of the cameraman.

"Don't miss none of that," he ordered.

The cameraman nodded.

"Ise gittin' it all. Got a fresh load in. . . . Go to it, Mistuh Tapp!"

Enoch was certainly going to it. His elongated frame was clambering over the dilapidated mill like a great spider. Meanwhile Evergreen, having reached the terminus of her arc, slipped from the paddle as she had been instructed to do, but Enoch did not know this. He fancied now that his dearly beloved was immersed in the crool water, never bothering to inspect the mill race and so learn that it was bone-dry.

The spectators clustered excitedly about the camera. The wheel stopped. Enoch, mad with fury, clambered up the outside of the wheel and then something happened.

After all, the mill had seen its best days. For years it had been out of use and the planking was inclined to be aged. There came a terrible shriek from Enoch's throat as the plank upon which he rested broke through. There was a splintering crash, a roar of fear, and the lengthy body of Mr. Tapp was precipitated into the wheel. He missed the axle by inches and banged against the rim of the mill wheel, where he lay in a momentary stupor.

Then it was that the directoral genius of Mr. J. Cæsar Clump came to the surface. With agility amazing in one so small, Mr. Clump sprang to the trap separating lake and mill race. With a single heave he raised the door and the pent-up water rushed into the dry ditch. It roared against the paddles, and quite slowly and inevitably the wheel commenced to revolve.

The cold water, the instability of his resting place and the all-powerful desire to rescue his wife combined to restore Enoch Tapp. The huge wheel turned slowly and Enoch saw himself approaching the madly roaring water. He staggered to his feet and walked ahead to avoid a ducking. To those outside who gazed at him through the spokes of the wheel he gave the impression of a tremendously lengthy mouse. Mr. Tapp's voice rose above the shriek of the mill race:

"Cut off that water! This wheel's turnin'!"

J. Cæsar Clump shouted directions.

"Keep walkin' uphill, Brother Tapp!"

"Don't do me no good. Uphill gits to be downhill too fast."

Enoch was caught. The instinct of self-preservation kept him going. Terrifiedly he trudged up the descending slope of his prison. His very action served to accelerate the wheel. In a few seconds he was running without ever gaining an inch of ground. Spokes on both sides blocked possible egress and all the while the camera was clicking busily.

"Leave me git out! Ise gwine be kilt!"

"Keep a-travelin', Mistuh Tapp!"

The spectators shouted encouraging advice.

"Tha's good exercise, brother!"

"Don't slow down, you'll git them foots wet!"

"Lemme see how high up you can run!"

It was, indeed, a funny scene—funny to everybody save Enoch Tapp.

Evergreen joined the crowd on the far side of the mill race. She flung a glance at her husband and suffered for him. Also she was afraid.

"Enoch!" she called. The man cast wild eyes upon her.

"Is you alive, Evergreen?"

"Positive! Listen, Enoch, what you doin'?"

"Runnin'!"

"Why don't you git out?"

"I cain't. Faster I goes, faster also the wheel goes."

Evergreen couldn't comprehend. She watched the destinationless flight of her husband, saw his wild hurdle each time he was confronted by the gap where once had been the plank through which he had fallen. She didn't understand half what she knew about the thing, but she did know from the manner and actions of Enoch that he was frightened and in trouble.

(Continued on Page 145)

Rollins – the well-dressed woman's choice

A favorite Style – Rollins No. 2501

This wonderful silk stocking is an education in style and economy. It is full-fashioned of pure Japanese thread silk—that is, knitted flat, then sewed together with a graceful seam up the back to give close elastic fit. Shapeliness at the ankle is emphasized by the silk splicing at the heel, which extends two inches above the slipper top. Heel, toe and sole are neatly but heavily reinforced. This stocking is an inch longer than the standard measure from toe to top. The fine, mercerized garter top stretches from a normal width of 6½ inches to 12 inches. It comes in beige, auredale, stone gray, zinc, pickaninny, cordovan, black, white and other popular colors—to match the newest in shoes and frocks. Should your local merchant not be able to supply you, send us his name and address, and we will be glad to promptly send you Rollins Style No. 2501 postpaid, at $1.85 a pair.

EVERY well-dressed woman knows hosiery can make or mar her costume. To please her, it must fit more snugly than her tailored suit, wear as well as her sport clothes and look as sheer and shimmery as her ballroom gown. Because Rollins represents the skill of 32 years' experience in knitting, it meets these requirements and is her choice for every costume and occasion.

Rollins is the hosiery dyed with Harms-Not—the pure dye that preserves all the original strength of the yarn.

Rollins is sold only through reliable retail merchants, never by house-to-house canvassers.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS
DES MOINES, IOWA
Factories: Des Moines and Boone, Iowa

ROLLINS HOSIERY

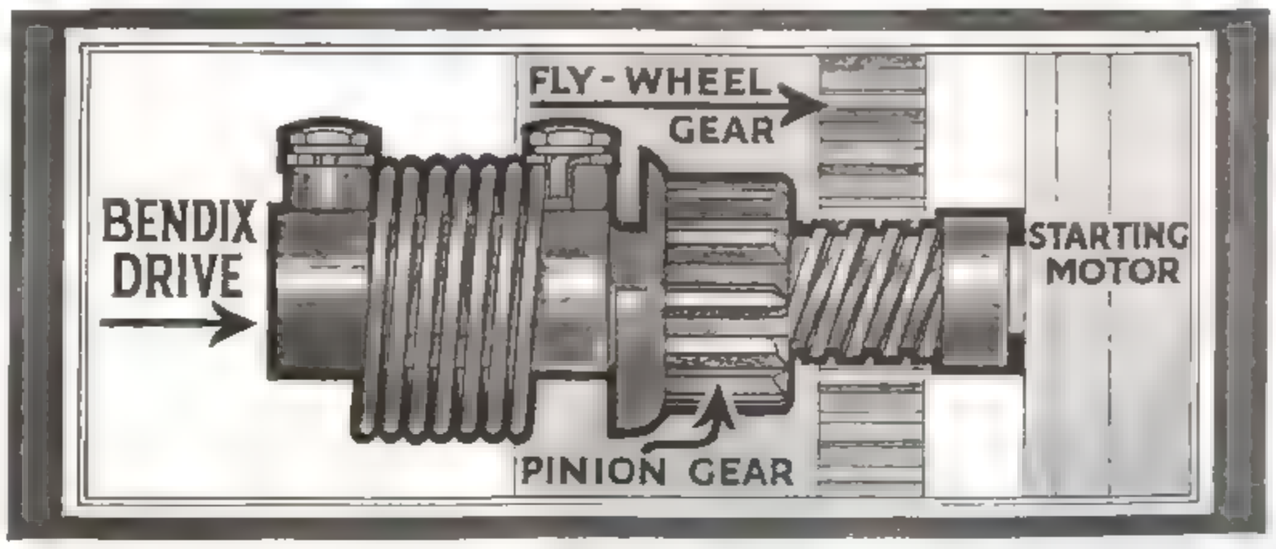
For Men, Women and Children

Little Folks Will Love "Baby Rollo"

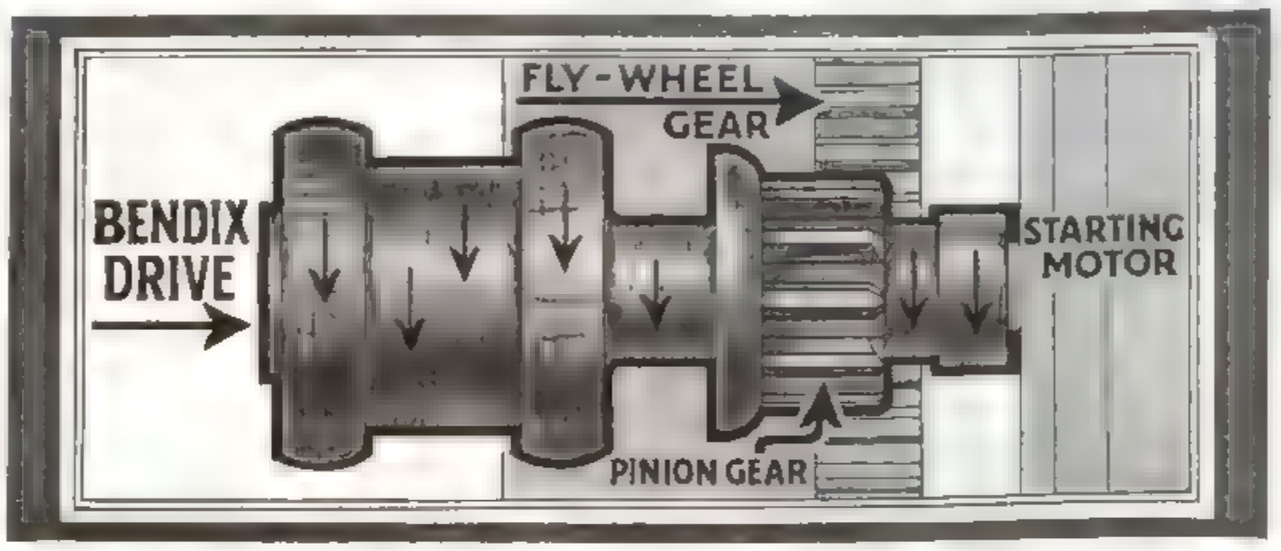
One of those cunning, cuddly stocking-dolls—7 inches high—dressed in sweater and cap in dainty colors—sent on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Mail this coupon today

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS, DES MOINES, IOWA
Enclosed find 25 cents in stamps for which please send "Baby Rollo" to
Name
Address

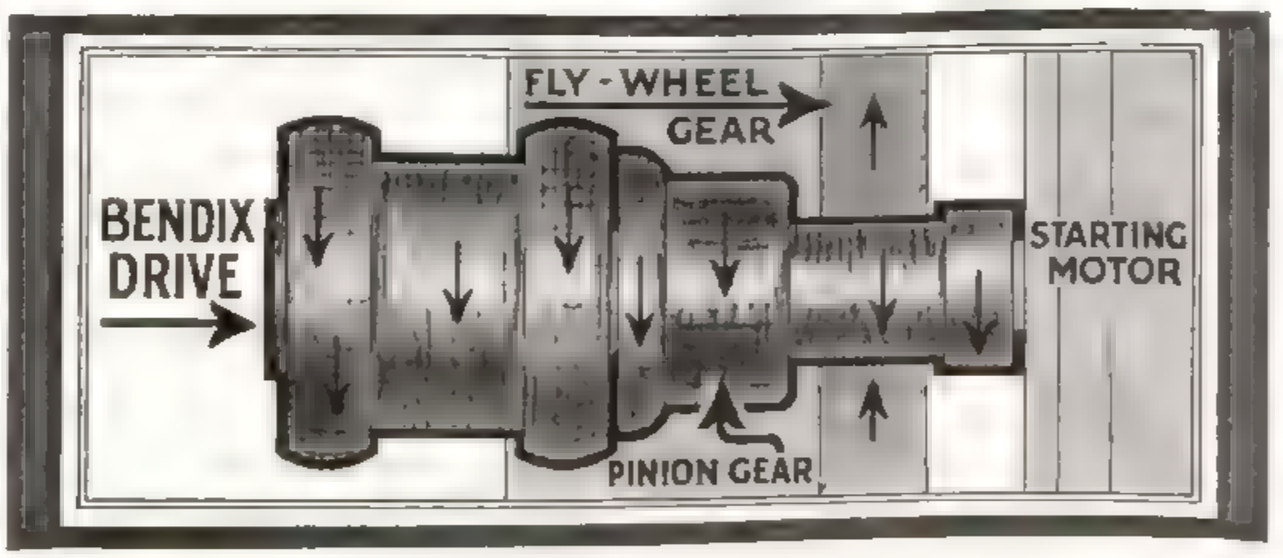
The BENDIX DRIVE



AT REST—The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of the electric starting motor. This motor is generally located in front of the engine flywheel, and the Bendix Drive serves as an automatic connecting link between the two in starting.



MESHES AUTOMATICALLY—When you step on your starter, you make an electric connection between the battery and the motor—thus suddenly rotating the motor shaft on which the Bendix Drive is mounted. This moves the pinion gear of the Bendix Drive over into mesh with the gear on the flywheel of the engine. The electric motor then cranks the engine.



DE-MESHES AUTOMATICALLY—With the engine started, the flywheel revolves at much higher speed and automatically throws the pinion gear back along the screw shaft to its original position—where it stays until you wish to use your starter again.

The "*Mechanical Hand*" That Cranks Your Car

MILLIONS of motorists depend upon the Bendix Drive for convenience, ease and dependability in the operation of their electric starters. Every day of the year—every hour of the day and night—the Bendix Drive is at work for car-owners throughout the world—functioning smoothly and surely in "cranking their cars."

It was this efficient, dependable service that won for the Bendix Drive its place as standard equipment on the electric starters of a majority of the world's automobiles and trucks.

More than 4,000 dealers and garages supply genuine service parts for the Bendix Drive. Each genuine part is plainly marked "Bendix," and is built to meet the needs of this exacting service. Insist on genuine parts should emergency necessitate replacements.

Manufactured by ECLIPSE MACHINE CO., Elmira, N. Y. · ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

Continued from Page 142

"Hol' on, Enoch! Ise comin'!"

"Ain't — nothin' — to — hol' on — to. Ise — plumb — tuckered — out."

Clad in her one-piece bathing suit, Mrs. Evergreen Tapp sprang to the rescue. Clump, seeing possibilities for additional drama, returned to the head of the mill race and shut off the water. The wheel stopped slowly, groaningly. As its speed diminished, Mr. Enoch Tapp wriggled through the spokes and dived headlong into the shallow mill race. His action proved entirely too precipitate; Mr. Tapp was inclined to be a deep-water diver.

Evergreen reached him first. She dragged his inert form halfway up the bank. The cameraman caught them in his field and continued cranking. J. Cæsar Clump spoke eagerly to Opus Randall and the massive movie star swung into the picture. He assisted Evergreen in dragging Enoch's form to the bank, and then Opus did a very queer thing. He waited until Enoch showed signs of becoming interested in the landscape and at that instant Opus Randall clasped the outraged Evergreen in his arms.

Enoch sat up and rubbed his eyes. His expression was a thoroughly comical admixture of disbelief and fury. Weakened as he was by the events of the past few moments, he scrambled to his feet and attacked Opus Randall. For perhaps a minute the struggle was excellent. And to the ears of Opus, attuned to orders from his director, came the voice of J. Cæsar Clump:

"Take a dive, Opus! Take a dive!"

Whereupon Opus permitted Enoch to heave him into the mill race. Instantly Enoch collapsed and his wife dropped beside him, pillowing his head on her lap. There were further stentorian orders from the director, and the woman who was playing the rôle of Opus' jealous wife came streaking across the ground, and it was she who snatched Opus from a watery grave.

And there, before the all-seeing eye of the clicking camera, the scene of the double reconciliation was filmed; Opus and his camera-wife injecting all the time-worn comedy business into their making up, and Enoch and Evergreen acting with a seriousness that was excruciatingly funny.

Finally came the delighted roar of the director, "Cut!" The camera ceased to click.

"Somethin' tells me," announced Mr. Clump to his assistant, "that this picture is gwine be a lollypaloosa!"

The journey back to Birmingham in the rented flivver was a not unpleasant one for Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Tapp. At the wheel was Florian Slappey, who grinned reminiscently over the excitement of the immediate past. In the tonneau were the united couple; Enoch limp and languid and forgiving, Evergreen thoroughly cured and contrite.

"Ise th'oo with the movies, Enoch honey."

"Tha's good, sweetness. Also I might say that the movies is th'oo with me."

Silence, and then—"How come you to act so funny, Enoch?"

"Thought they was killin' you maybe."

"M-m-m!" She shook her head. "You was a heap closer to bein' kilt."

"True words what you remarks."

"An' you done it fo' me?"

"I woul'n't do it fo' nobody else."

"Darlin'!"

"Trouble with pitcher actin'," remarked the bruised and battered Enoch Tapp, "is this: It ain't got no sense to it."

And late that night in the projection room of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., there was a private showing of the day's rushes. Present were Orifice R. Latimer, president of the company; Director J. Cæsar Clump; Actors Opus Randall and Welford Potts; the cutter, the artist and the title writer. The narrow, stuffy little room rocked with their outbursts of merriment.

"Dawg-gone my hide if that ain't the funniest pitcher I ever did see! Look at that long, lanky Enoch Tapp! Ain't he the laugh-gittinest man in the world? Ain't he though? Oh, look! Watch him take that dive outa the wheel!"

The verdict was unanimous. The comedy of the unfortunate Mr. Tapp was doubly rib-tickling because of its very sincerity. Cæsar Clump was talking.

"If us could only use it! Wiggilin' tripe, if on'y we could! Hit what us would make!"

The basso profundo of Orifice R. Latimer came through the darkness.

"We can," he pronunciated.

"How come?"

"Ise gwine see Lawyer Evans Chew. He can fix it."

"How?"

"Dunno how. But Lawyer Chew can fix anything."

The following morning at eleven o'clock the life of Mr. Enoch Tapp had apparently returned to normalcy. Mr. Tapp was busily engaged in trimming a lawn on Cliff Road and Mr. Tapp was whistling happily as he labored. He did not even look up when a car stopped at the curb, and it was only when Lawyer Chew accosted him that his attention became diverted from his work.

Lawyer Chew stated his mission. He had come, he said, as the representative of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. He explained to Mr. Tapp that there had been a gross misunderstanding and that the Midnight was excessively regretful.

"Us desires to make restitution an' also recompense, Mistuh Tapp. Of course, by the laws of this noble and sov'eign state of Alabama, as statutorily made an' duly previded, we ain't got no li'bility; but we feels that you has suffered, an' so just to keep you friends with us, I has been authorized to offer you a cash settlement fo' same."

Enoch Tapp dropped the handle of his lawn mower.

"Says which?"

"Does you sign this heah paper releasin' the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., fum all li'bility, I gives you herewith fifty dollars in cash money."

Enoch gazed at the paper which the attorney presented. Then he looked upon the five crisp new yellow-back ten-dollar bills. This was the first time it had occurred to him that the Midnight owed him anything.

"I—I gits fifty dollars fo' what has a'ready done happened?"

"Uh-huh; cash money."

"An' that paper?"

"Releases us fum all li'bility," returned Lawyer Chew craftily, "an' gives us the right to the pitchers we took down at the mill."

Enoch Tapp probed no more deeply. The fact that he had been photographed in a ridiculous dilemma did not occur to him; all he saw was this gift of fifty dollars. Without further argument, he signed the document and accepted the money. Lawyer Chew sped back to the company's offices.

"Got him!" he exulted. "He has released us fum all li'bility an' also this paper he signed says that he was an actor with us an' that we has got full rights to make, publish, release and distribute any pitchers of him which was took up to an' prior from the date of these presents. Now you boys go to it!"

The boys went to it. For two days there were many conferences and much industry in the mechanical departments of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Orifice R. Latimer was impressed into service to reauthor his two-reel scenario, and eventually the task was completed. And then word was sent out through Darktown that on the following night there would be a trial showing of the Old Mill Scream at the Champion Theater before sending the completed film to the distributors in New York.

Evergreen was only human. At dinner that night she put out a feeler.

"What you doin' tonight, Enoch?"

"Nothin'."

"Not nothin'?"

"No-o. Why?"

"Down at the Champeen Theater they is showin' the Old Mill Scream, an' ——"

"Ain't goin'."

"Aw, Enoch! Why?"

"Hates pitchers; specially that one."

"But, Enoch, listen! Tha's the fust pitcher ever I was in, an' I craves to see how does I act."

"You acts foolish."

"Enoch, please."

"H'm! Wimmin ain't got no sense."

"I ain't never gwine act ag'in."

He sighed.

"Oh, all right, if you just nachelly got to look at yo'se'f. Git yo' hat, woman; git yo' hat."

Eighteenth Street was ablaze with lights when they arrived. The Champion Theater was packed almost to capacity, but a grinning usher found two seats down near the front for Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Tapp. J. Cæsar Clump saw them enter and ducked to safety.

LONG *before they should really begin to "slow up" many men find themselves with the slackened figure of middle age. Examinations in the draft army showed the figure at the right, typical of hundreds of thousands of men under 31 today. One-third of all men examined at that time were rejected as physically unfit.*

It's not fat— *it's weakened muscles!*

"MOST of the exercise we take today is *useless* for the vital muscles of the abdomen," says a prominent physical training authority.

Surgeons who have studied this problem, say also that *constriction at the waist-line tends to cause these muscles to relax—gradually to weaken.* This condition is apt to prevail in men of slender build as well as in those who are overweight.

They advise today not only more physical exercise for the vital trunk muscles, *but the wearing of suspenders.*

President Suspenders, by their special self-adjusting feature, adapt themselves to every movement of the body. They permit that thorough physical freedom and ease which we know today is essential.

Furthermore, the webbing in President Suspenders comes fresh from our own looms. It not only possesses a large amount of elasticity but it *keeps* its elasticity over a long period of time.

The President Suspender line today includes not only this "self-adjusting" President Suspender, but for men who prefer it, a straight "cross-back" style. Also extra heavy, wide-webbed suspenders for out-door work.

These suspenders all carry the President label and guarantee. No matter what style of suspender you want, look for this label. It means physical freedom, added comfort and longer wear.

THE PRESIDENT SLIDING CORD SUSPENDER

The ideal suspender for physically active men. Permits freedom of movement without tension.

"CROSS-BACK" STYLE

President-made and carrying the famous President label and guarantee band.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER COMPANY
SHIRLEY, MASS.

REG U S PAT OFF

President *President Suspenders*

Standard
in Shops and Terminals of
Great American Railroads

Among American railroads—where unusual care is used in the selection of all equipment—the largest and most important systems have for many years specified Square D Safety Switches for electrical installations in machine shops, roundhouses and terminals. The quality that established Square D in this great industry is the same which has created the unmistakable preference for Square D equipment among users of electric current in general.

SQUARE D COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
FACTORIES AT: DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND.
BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, New York, Pitts-burgh, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Atlanta, Cleveland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Syracuse, Kansas City, New Orleans, Baltimore, Columbus, Minneapolis, Indianapolis (65)
SQUARE D COMPANY, CANADA, LIMITED, WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO
BRANCH OFFICES: Toronto, Montreal

SQUARE D
Safety Switch

It was a gala social occasion, this first showing on any screen of a locally made picture. The house was only slightly interested in the tribulations of an asbestos heroine in the feature film, and a gasp of anticipation, accompanied by a salvo of applause, went up as there was flashed on the screen:

THE MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION, INC.,
ORIFICE R. LATIMER, PRES'T,
PRESENTS
THE OLD MILL SCREAM
A HOWLING COMEDY IN TWO REELS
BY ORIFICE R. LATIMER

Then came the introduction of characters: the leading woman, Opus Randall, Welford Potts, the bathing girls. After which this caption was flung forth:

LEGS MAGLUMP—MR. ENOCH TAPP

Evergreen felt the long fingers of her husband tighten spasmodically on her arm.

"Hey, look at that!"

Evergreen was looking. So was every spectator. For the bit of film selected to introduce this newest member of the cast was that which showed him clambering madly through the mill machinery in search of his wife. The house rocked with merriment.

"Enoch Tapp! Just cast yo' eyes on them feller!"

"Oh, you Enoch!"

Mr. Tapp half rose from his seat. Evergreen, eyes distended, clutched him.

"Where at you goin', honey?"

"Ise goin' out to commit me a murder." He saw Lawyer Evans Chew on the row ahead. "Lawyer Chew, Ise gwine sue these folks."

"You ain't gwine sue nobody," grinned the genial attorney. "Ain't you done took fifty dollars an' signed a writin' that you was an actor in that pitcher?"

Enoch sank back with a groan. He gazed wildly about, but the jammed aisles made escape impossible, and so, even more miserable than he had been during the filming of the comedy, he writhed through the two laugh-provoking reels.

The Midnight staff had done an excellent job. The story was transformed and the scenes containing the lugubrious countenance of Enoch Tapp had been interpolated with exceeding cleverness. Really, the dignified Mr. Tapp was the entire picture. Also there was no doubting the fact that the Old Mill Scream marked the pinnacle of the company's comedy efforts. The audience roared with laughter, and even on the occasion of Enoch's most pronounced discomfiture cheered loudly and gleefully.

As for the unwilling star, he was wallowing in the dankest depths of despair. This was more than he could bear, and he realized that his hands were tied. His one desire was to retire from the world and to remain retired for the balance of his natural life. But his groans were drowned in the delirious enthusiasm of the spectators, who greeted his every agonizing antic with shrieks of glee.

Finally the ordeal ended, the house lights were flashed on and Enoch Tapp rose furiously to his feet. And then he was seen and recognized. Grim-jawed, he faced his tormentors. But instead of the broadside of derision which he expected, there beat upon his astonished eardrums a roar of acclaim.

"Enoch Tapp! Yonder he is, the best movin'-pitcher actor in the world!"

"Enoch, you is a wonder!"

"We is fo' you, Brother Tapp!"

"Oh, you Enoch!"

It penetrated slowly; but it did penetrate. Enoch's shoulders went back and his exit became a dignified triumphal march. People shook his hand and patted him on the back. He even accepted the congratulations of Orifice R. Latimer and J. Cæsar Clump.

"Well," he confessed to Mr. Clump, "I suttinly done my best fo' you boys. I always aims to help out a Bumminham enterprise."

Throughout the night there was a general effect of anæsthesia in the Tapp home. Enoch and Evergreen did not discuss the matter very much; it was too bewildering. At 6:30 Enoch ate his breakfast and walked dazedly forth with lawn mower, sickle and shears to his day's labors. Evergreen watched him trudging up the street and there was a queer puzzled light in her eyes.

At two o'clock Enoch returned. She could see instantly that he was laboring under a strain.

"What you doin' home this early, Enoch?"

He flung his gardener's tools into a corner.

"I has resigned."

"Resigned? Furn what?"

"Gardenin'."

She stared.

"But, Enoch ——"

"Don't but me, cullud gal. Ise th'oo with menial occupations fo'ever."

She caught his hand.

"'Splain to me, Enoch. I don't understand nothin'."

"Well, it's this way, sugar lump. Brother Orifice R. Latimer, which is president of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., sent fo' me an' tol' me that I was the best cullud actor he had ever saw an' would I sign a contrac' to act fo' them at twenty-five dollars a week."

"An' did you sign it?"

"Of course; I coul'n't do nothin' else."

"B-b-but I thought you hated pitcher actin'."

"I do—fo' you. Ma'ied wimmin ain't got no business in the pitchers."

Evergreen was overcome with wonder and delight.

"It's plumb wonderful, Enoch. But how comes it that you was so vi'lent opposed to me actin' an' yet you signs up yo' ownse'f?"

Mr. Tapp smiled upon his wife in a very superior fashion.

"Well," he explained indulgently, "you and me is diff'ent. You ain't no genius."

"Well, What Do You Think of Heaven, Bill?"
"Oh, All Right—But it Ain't Tenth Avenue"

Lead goes out in every rainstorm

IF a friend tells you he wears lead, don't think he is crazy. Every time he puts on his raincoat and rubber overshoes he dons some lead. When rain beats upon his shoulders and puddles of water lie in wait for his feet, lead helps to keep him dry.

You may not be justified in remarking that people have "lead in their feet." But you can say that they have "lead *on* their feet." More than 10,000,000 pairs of rubber boots, 68,000,000 pairs of rubber shoes and overshoes, and more than 20,000,000 pairs of canvas shoes with rubber soles are being made annually. In making rubber footwear and clothing, the manufacturer uses from 5% to 15% of lead in some form.

The first raincoat a failure

In the first waterproof clothing, made about 1790, crude gum rubber alone was combined with the fabric. But under the summer heat the rubber melted and fell apart. In cold weather it hardened and became as stiff as a board.

Curing the crude rubber

Attempts to make this soft, sticky gum stay firm and strong—to give it toughness, elasticity and resiliency—finally succeeded in 1839, because of the persistency of Charles Goodyear. Now you can wear waterproof clothing even on the hottest and the coldest days. The curing process is known as vulcanization. The raw rubber is heated and combined with sulphur. At the same time other materials are added to improve further the quality of the rubber. Among them are litharge, basic lead sulphate, and white-lead, all three obtained from the metal, lead.

Lead is used in rubber to obtain a uniform cure and great toughness. Today more than 19,000,000 pounds of lead are used annually by the rubber industry, and yet this tremendous quantity is only a small percentage of the billion pounds of lead used in various industries in a year.

From water buckets to fire hose

Lead in rubber fire hose helps to protect your life and property from fire. The old bucket brigade and the fireman in his red flannel shirt are no more. The modern

This man is calling upon the lead in his overshoes and coat to help protect him from the rain

fire-fighter wears lead in his rubber coat and boots and hard rubber helmet.

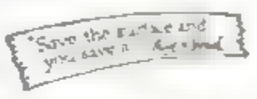
After a ride in an automobile, in whose pneumatic tires there is lead, you enter your home to find there, too, rubber articles containing lead. You walk on it in your rubber bath mat, wear it in a rubber apron, and use it in rubber jar rings, and hot water bottles. Lead is in hard and soft rubber electric insulation, hard rubber combs and pipe stems.

Throughout the country lead in rubber belting is helping to speed up industry. It is in conveyors which carry millions of tons of ore, coal, grain, sugar and other articles through mines, mills and warehouses.

Lead's most general use

NO matter to what extent lead is used by the rubber industry, its most nearly universal use is as paint. On every hand you see houses covered with white-lead and metal structures protected from rust with red-lead.

Ask a professional painter what gives the greatest protection to surfaces such as wood. He will tell you pure white-lead mixed with pure linseed oil. He has probably been using it for years for exterior painting.



Property owners are today cutting down repair costs and protecting their investments by more careful adherence to the watchword, "Save the surface and you save all." How do they do it? By covering the surface thoroughly with white-lead paint.

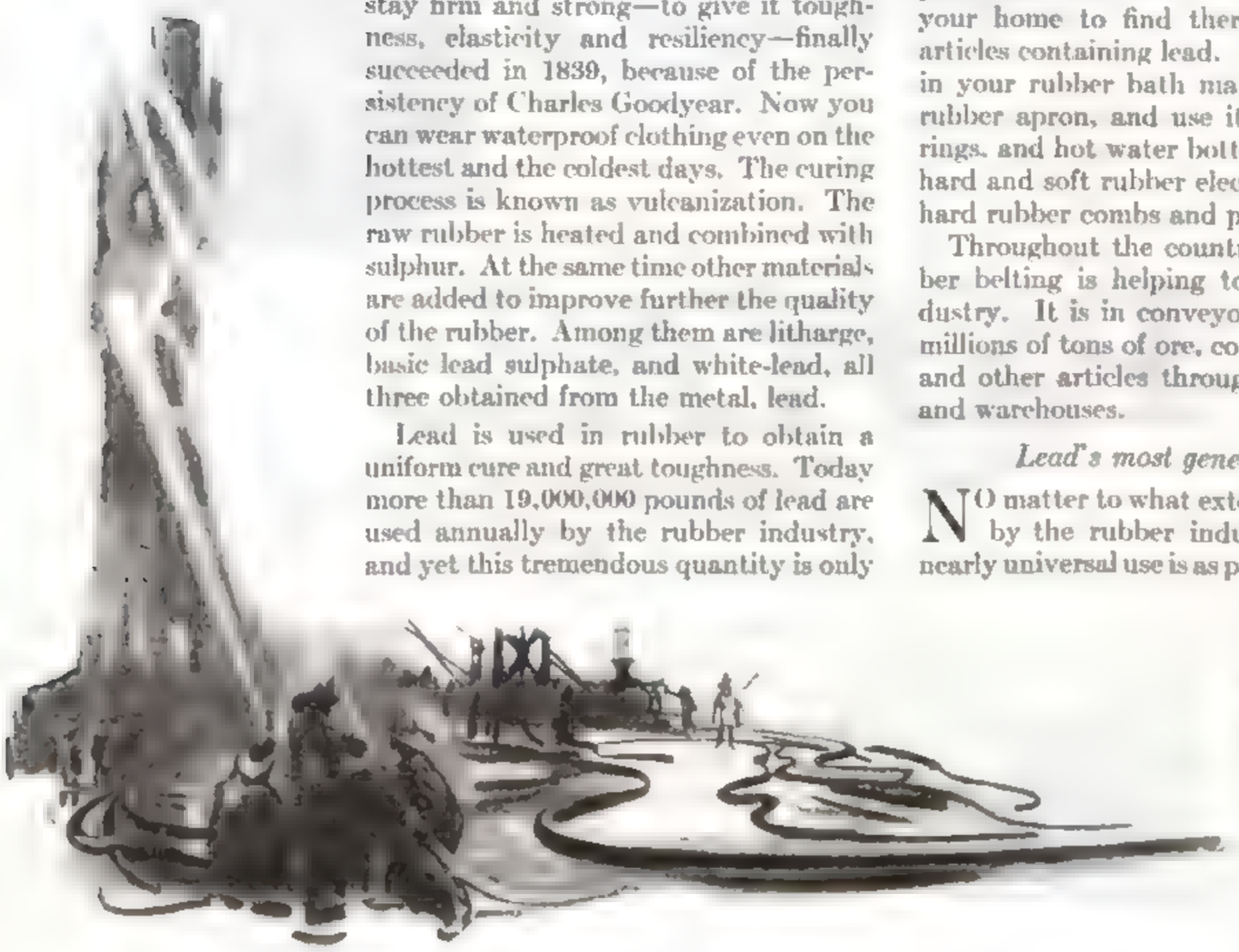
Producers of lead products

Dutch Boy white-lead is the name of the pure white-lead made and sold by National Lead Company. On every keg of *Dutch Boy white-lead* is reproduced the picture of the Dutch Boy Painter shown below. This trade-mark guarantees a product of the highest quality.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. If you want information regarding any particular use of lead, write to us.

If you wish to read further about this wonder metal, we can tell you of a number of interesting books on the subject. The latest and probably the most complete story of lead and its many uses is "Lead, the Precious Metal," published by the Century Co., New York. Price $3.00. If you are unable to get it at your bookstore, write direct to us or the publishers.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 683 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

Three refinements that women demanded now united in ROYAL

Radio simplified so that anyone can operate it

A phonograph to play the records of the world's greatest artists —better

A cabinet that is a beautiful piece of furniture

IN A setting that will grace the finest living room and in a form that is simplicity itself, a Royal Phonograph and Radio brings to you the world's two greatest contributions to home entertainment.

Now you need not understand the technicalities of radio to enjoy it. With the Adler-Royal Neutrodyne, anyone can have the thrill of tuning in on the great broadcasting stations, by following a simple chart in setting the dials. It is as easy as setting a clock.

These dials are placed in a horizontal position. The loud-speaker horn as well as wires and batteries are concealed in the cabinet. The change from phonograph to radio is made simply by touching a lever.

At will, you can listen to current music or the day's news on the radio. And, when the mood changes, you have at your command the records of great artists to play what you want when you want it.

Send for booklet

If you will address our New York Office, 881 Broadway, we will send you a fascinating booklet which describes the many attractive models of the Royal line of phonographs and radio sets, both separately and in combination.

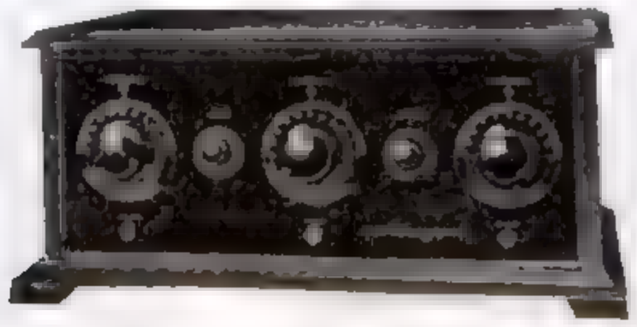
Royal is on exhibit only at the higher-class stores whose reputation is an additional guarantee of the quality of the Royal line.

The moderate price of Royal Instruments will surprise you and the Royal dealer will make it easy for you to have immediately the instrument that suits your taste in your home.

ADLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
New York - - Louisville

ROYAL CABRIOLE—*Model 10 in either walnut or mahogany*

ROYAL
Phonograph and Radio



*Adler-Royal Neutrodyne**

THE Adler-Royal Neutrodyne as shown opposite may also be secured separately in a range of cabinet models

Some of the outstanding features of Adler-Royal Neutrodyne are extreme simplicity of tuning and unusual selectivity; freedom from re-radiation; clear and pleasing amplification of broadcasting without distortion.

This instrument is wired as carefully as a telephone switchboard. The filament control is automatic and tubes are brought into service when plugs are inserted in the jacks

*THE *Adler-Royal Neutrodyne* is manufactured exclusively for us by Kane Hunters Radio Company and is operated under the Hazeltine Neutrodyne Patents

A ROYAL FRANCHISE IS VALUABLE

We invite correspondence from reputable dealers in territory where we are not adequately represented

Licensed by Independent Radio Manufacturers Inc. NEUTRODYNE Patents Pending

FRUITS OF THE DESERT

(Continued from Page 19)

As for Hagerman, he went back to his ranch in the Pecos Valley and in 1916 was made the first president of the New Mexico Taxpayers' Association, an organization which has been responsible for many budgetary reforms in New Mexico and other Western States, which revised the entire theory and method of taxing mines, and which long recommended to the National Taxpayers' Association the budget reforms subsequently adopted under the Harding Administration. He has been regularly reelected president of the organization.

Hagerman's job as commissioner to the Navahos was to give to the 33,000 members of the tribe a representative form of government, so that the tribe could decide for itself whether it wanted to give to the Government the authority to grant oil leases and coal leases for the benefit of the Navahos, or whether it wanted to do business with the white man by itself, and continue to lose its eyeteeth according to the time-honored custom of the Indian tribes.

In each of the six jurisdictions of the Navaho country he held mass meetings, explaining what was wanted; and in each jurisdiction the Indians elected delegates to a central tribal council, or congress. These delegates later met at a central point on the reservation, and the first Congress of the Navahos went into session.

It might be remarked in passing that to the casual white traveler the convening of a Navaho congress is a baffling matter. The commissioner decides that the congress must be assembled. He therefore hunts around until he finds a Navaho, and to this Navaho he remarks that the tribal representatives must meet in Toadlena in two days or so. The Navaho smiles pleasantly and leans up against a tree or rolls himself a cigarette or does something equally innocuous; but somehow or other, by means of the grapevine, underground, mysterious methods of communication known to the Indians, the word is flashed to the telephoneless, telegraphless Navaho hogans in every part of the reservation, and in twenty-four hours all the representatives from the six jurisdictions of the tribe arrive in Toadlena ready to do business.

As a result of the first Navaho tribal council, the Navahos gave to Hagerman the authority to lease oil and coal land for them, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. Hagerman in turn drew up regulations specifying that no oil leases of any kind should be granted unless they were offered at auction to the highest qualified bidder for cash, that no company should be allowed to lease more than 4800 acres, and that royalties to be paid to the Navaho tribe on all oil produced should range from 12.5 to 25 per cent, according to the grade and quantity of oil produced. In addition to procuring for the Indians these very high royalties, Hagerman procured for them other advantages, such as requiring lessees to spend a certain amount of money on wells and to keep the roads in good condition.

Wildcatting Rights at Auction

When these matters were in process of adjustment the representatives of big oil companies sat on the doorstep of the commissioner to the Navahos, and jumped out at him from behind mesas and waited for him at the bottom of cañons and generally made life miserable for him, for there were some highly promising oil structures in the general neighborhood of Shiprock; and each oil company, according to the custom of oil companies, was determined to snatch the best structure for itself.

What the result would have been if these companies had been dealing directly with the Indians is, of course, a moot point. But since the oil companies were obliged to deal with a commissioner, all their efforts only brought them what they could have had without making any effort at all—the right to bid on leases at an auction sale.

In the autumn of 1923 the commissioner offered at auction four exploratory leases of 4800 acres each on domes in the same general area where oil had first been discovered in the Navaho country. The most eagerly sought lease of the four was that of a structure known as Tocito Dome. Several big companies bid feverishly against one another for the privilege of drilling wildcat wells on it, and the successful company paid $65,000 for the privilege. By the spring of 1924 it had spent $125,000 on the drilling of a well and had got nothing out of it but a large and steady flow of water, which held no nourishment whatever for the stockholders in the company. It was, however, a source of keen delight to the Indians, for they needed water badly in that particular location, and the sheep pasturage that will result from it will be worth tens of thousands of dollars to them.

The exploratory lease on the second most desirable structure, known as Table Mesa, was auctioned off to another company for $17,500. This company also delighted the Indians by striking water, though it believed that when it went deeper it would strike oil.

The third and fourth leases, on structures known as Rattlesnake Dome and Beautiful Mountain, went begging at $1000 apiece. The oil men were dubious as to the existence of oil under either of them. In the case of Beautiful Mountain they were probably correct. But the well that was sunk on Rattlesnake Dome struck oil early in the spring of 1924, and produced fifty barrels a day of the highest grade oil ever discovered in the world. In the argot of the oil men, the gravity of the oil from this well was 42.5 degrees; and it was from 72 to 75 per cent gasoline and naphtha.

Riches for the Red Man

The layman, who knows and cares no more about the gravity of oil than he does about the gravity of the Begum of Bhopal or the Main Muck of Mecca, can better understand the remarkable nature of this well when he knows that he can back his automobile up to it, help himself to ten gallons just as it emerges from the ground and churn gayly on his way without a single groan of protest from his carburetor.

There is a young trader in the vicinity of Shiprock who delights in demonstrating the inflammability of this oil by pouring a generous amount from a quart bottle onto an open fire. Old-time oil men have so much confidence in the oil that they expect to see the young man blown through the roof at almost any moment.

If all the wells on the Hogback and the Rattlesnake structures were to be turned on and allowed to flow as much as they would, they would probably produce as much as 6000 barrels a day for a short time. At the end of the short time the pressure would fail, the flow of oil would fall away to almost nothing, and the Navahos wouldn't get enough royalties to keep them in cigarette papers. The commissioner to the Navahos proposes that the wells be limited to producing between 500 and 1000 barrels a day, an amount which could be produced over a long period and which would result in a surer income for the Navahos.

All moneys accruing from oil leases and royalties are paid into the Navaho tribal funds and held there to be used for the general good of the tribe. Occasional white men advocate the division of the funds among the 33,000 Navahos, because of their knowledge that money can be shaken out of an Indian almost as easily as an olive can be shaken out of an open bottle, and because they propose to be the ones to do the shaking.

There are some things about the Navaho lands that are difficult for the layman to understand. There are, for example, two sorts of territory in the Navaho country. One sort is known as the Treaty Area; the other sort is known as Executive Order Extensions. These differences came about in the following way:

Back in the roaring 40's and the howling 50's the Navahos had a passion for fighting. Their fever for fighting was not limited to these particular decades; but it seemed to come to a head, as one might say, around that time. They would fight anything and anybody and, like Lord Jeffrey Amherst, look around for more when they were through.

This habit was irritating to the Government, which sent various armed forces against them with more or less success—generally less. Colonel Doniphan, in 1846, invaded the Navaho country and made a treaty of peace with the tribe; but the treaty didn't take, as one might say, and in a short time the Navahos were on the warpath again. Again in 1849 Colonel Washington went in and made another treaty of

You Can Easily
Tint Your Furniture

THOUSANDS are making old mismated and discarded pieces of furniture rival the new. Why don't you make over some of your old things in this new way?

Kyanize Celoid Finish, an easy working waterproof enamel does the work with a few easy brush strokes. It is a marvelous finish—this Celoid—a really high grade medium gloss enamel that gives the effect of a costly "hand-rubbed" finish.

Washes easily without leaving streaks or stains—in fact it improves with washing.

In addition to tinting furniture use Celoid on any woodwork anywhere, on walls of metal, wood, plaster or fibreboard, or anywhere about the home.

There are eight delicately toned tints and Pure White, all popular colors.

Once you try Kyanize Celoid Finish you will want to "do over" all the old things in the house.

Just try it, that's all. Take advantage of our trial can offer below.

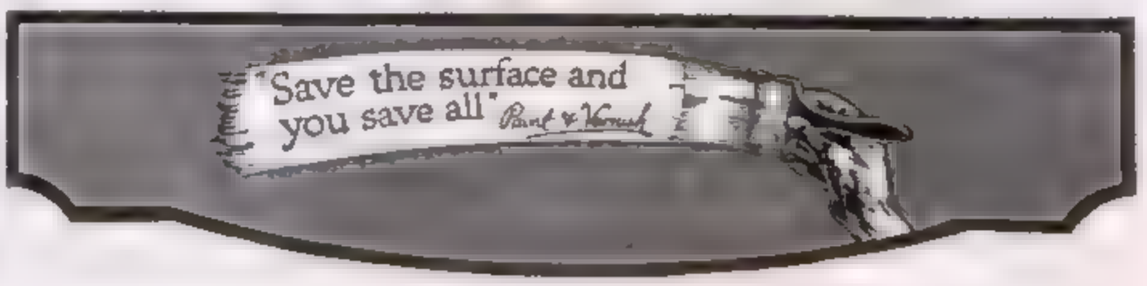
BOSTON VARNISH CO., 17 Everett Station, Boston, Mass.

FREE

Here is a beautiful and really helpful book, "The Vogue of Painted Furniture". Illustrated in color and describing in detail the many things you can do with Kyanize Celoid Finish. Send for your *free* copy today.

TRIAL CAN OFFER:

Should your dealer be unable to supply you with Kyanize Celoid Finish send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and we'll forward postpaid a full pint can of this beautiful medium gloss enamel with a good brush to apply it. Mention tint desired. Sunset Pink, Havana Brown, Granite Gray, Gulf Blue, Mellow Cream, Niagara Green, Dixie Gray, India Buff, Pure White.



peace with them, and again the treaty failed to take. General Sumner, Colonel Miles, Colonel Bonnevile and General Canby also marched against the Navahos at different times and came away with the same sort of treaties that subsequently made Bethmann-Hollweg famous.

Finally, in 1863, the celebrated Colonel Kit Carson marched through the Cañon de Chelly, hitherto regarded as the impregnable retreat of the Navaho tribe, killed off most of the Navaho sheep, took the bulk of the tribe prisoner, and herded the captives down to Fort Sumner on the Pecos River in New Mexico.

Here the tribe was kept in captivity until its members promised loudly and sincerely to be good, and then a treaty was concluded with them by which it was provided that the tribe should go back to a certain section of the Navaho country containing roughly some 3,000,000 acres. These 3,000,000 acres comprised the original Navaho Indian Reservation, and are known as the Treaty Area.

After the Indians had gone back to this district, which was very poorly defined, they gradually began to seep back toward the land that they had occupied before the round-up; and in many cases this land was outside the Treaty Area. Furthermore, the tribe increased rapidly in numbers, as did their flocks of sheep and goats. As the increasing flocks ate the sparse growths from the desert, each rainfall washed off more and more of the surface soil and decreased the available grazing land. Consequently the Indians needed more and more land on which to graze their flocks.

As the Navahos' need for land became more and more apparent, the President of the United States, by executive order, would withdraw land from the public domain and add it to the Navaho Reservation. This was done also by congressional action; but the usual extension of the reservation was by executive order.

By such means the original 3,000,000 acres which comprised the Navaho Reservation have been extended so that the reservation now contains in the vicinity of 13,000,000 acres; and 10,000,000 of the 13,000,000 acres are classed as Executive Order Extensions.

Secretary of the Interior Fall, just before resigning his office, ruled that Executive Order Extensions were entirely different from the Treaty Area, and that anybody who wished to prospect for oil or minerals on them could do so under the same rules that obtain on the public domain, these rules being considerably more lax than those which apply to the Treaty Area. He further ruled that if any discoveries of oil or gas were made on Executive Order Extensions, the proceeds should not go entirely to the Indians, as they do on the Treaty Area, but that they should be equally divided among the state, the Indians and the reclamation fund of the United States.

A Sop to the Navahos

This ruling fails to excite senators and representatives from states which might benefit from oil discoveries on the Navaho Reservation, and one can scarcely expect them to become violently active in an effort to see that the Navahos get the full proceeds from their entire territory. But the uninformed outlander, finds it difficult to grasp. He is unable to see the difference between 3,000,000 acres that were given to the Navahos by a treaty and 3,000,000 acres that were given to the Navahos by an executive order, any more than he can see the difference between a pair of pants that were bought for cash and a similar pair of pants that were bought by the same man on credit

So far as the Navahos are concerned, the discovery of oil on their reservation is a mere incident. Being a pastoral people who are entirely dependent on their flocks of sheep for their food, clothing and general well-being, they are far more interested in a water well that will improve the grazing in a certain locality than they are in an oil well which may or may not improve the lot of the individual members of the tribe.

It is probable that the most important matter in the minds of the Navahos at the present time is the matter of the grazing rights on a certain section of the Navaho Reservation known as the Crown Point Extension, which lies along the eastern edge of the reservation.

The situation in the Crown Point district is as follows.

For many years large numbers of Navahos had lived beyond the eastern edge of their reservation on public lands in the Crown Point district in order to find pasturage for their sheep. Some seventeen years ago, because the Indians obviously needed the land, the Crown Point district was, by executive order, made an extension of the Navaho reservation.

There were also white cattlemen and sheepmen in the district. These cattlemen and sheepmen emitted a penetrating howl when the land was turned over to the Navahos, and insisted that the land be thrown open to the public instead of wasted on Indians.

As a result of their ear-piercing shrieks, the executive-order extension was withdrawn. As a sop to the Indians, they were given 160-acre allotments, some 2500 of the allotments being distributed. The allotments, however, are not joined to one another, but are scattered over the desert like the black squares on a checkerboard, due to the fact that back in the days when the railroads were being built the Government had granted to the Santa Fe railroad alternate sections of land on a strip extending forty miles on each side of the tracks.

The Crown Point Lands

Consequently the Indians could receive only alternate sections between the railroad sections. The remaining land in the Crown Point district was thrown open to the public.

The 160-acre sections are not staked out on the desert or marked in any way, and their outlines exist only on maps. When therefore stockmen rented from the railroad many of the sections that had been granted to the railroad, and placed their cattle on the rented land, the result was inevitable. The stockmen's cattle wandered over onto land which belonged to the Navahos and the Navahos' sheep wandered over onto the land which the stockmen had leased from the railroad. The stockmen stole the Navahos' sheep and the Navahos stole the stockmen's cattle, and constant indulgence in this gentle outdoor sport has caused the feeling between the stockmen and the Navahos to grow more and more bitter from 1911 down to the present day.

During all this time the Navahos have hammered at Congress, by means of petitions, delegations and letters, to put the disputed Crown Point lands into their reservation. They are determined to have the land and their argument is simple.

"No rations have ever been issued to us," they declare. "We have always been self-supporting. If we are confined to the present reservation, or if the Navahos on the Crown Point lands are sent back to the existing reservation, we won't have enough land on which to graze our sheep, and we will become charges on the Government, for the Government will have to send in rations and support us."

There has been some persistent sneering at the Indians' demands on the part of various white men.

"They don't pay taxes," the stockmen declare. "But they want the whole country turned over to them."

The Navahos nod their heads imperturbably.

"We don't pay taxes," they say; "all we do is support your towns. All we want is justice and fair play. We want the land."

For a time, within the past year, the prospects of a favorable adjustment of the problem were good. The various interests were brought together and the railroads agreed to exchange their grants for the same amount of land outside the district, while the stockmen who owned the land in the district were to be paid for their land and improvements, so that the entire district could be turned over to the Navahos for their exclusive use. Congress looked favorably on the question of raising the money to pay the stockmen; and everything, in the language of the great West, was jake.

But just as the sun was shining its brightest and the little desert wrens were chirping happily over the pleasant outlook, the old familiar sour odor of New Mexico politics intruded itself on the scene.

Meanwhile the stealing of sheep and cattle goes on, the rancor between the Navahos and the whites grows more bitter day by day, and bloodshed is almost inevitable.

When indignant friends of the Indians jump up and down in their rage and hoarsely accuse the Indian Bureau of being the cause of all the Indian's troubles, they are taking the obvious and superficial point of attack. The fault lies first at the door of the voters; secondly with Congress itself, and after that with the Indian Bureau. It is useless, for example, to attack the Indian Bureau for not paying its doctors enough to enable the Indian service to command the labors of as many first-class doctors as it needs. The Indian Bureau pays its doctors all that it can get out of Congress. If it is going to pay its doctors more Congress must give it more money.

The Indian Bureau's aversion to change is chargeable to Congress in the same way. The chief concern of the bureau appears to be to keep the record clear; to defend everything that it is doing or has done, so that when it is seeking congressional appropriations it will be able to present a clear and plausible record. Any amendment or adjustment or change that is proposed to the bureau is regarded as a criticism of what has been done. To accept any such change would muddy the unsullied records of the past, on which all the employes of the bureau spend endless effort and infinite time; and a muddied record would be more than likely to lead to long wolflike howls from Congress, and possibly to delayed or reduced appropriations. In such case the Indian would be the chief sufferer. Consequently any attempt made from within the Indian service to do anything that hasn't been done or to effect any change, however small, leads to heartbreaking complexities and hopeless delay. It should be repeated again that the remedy for evils in the Indian Bureau lies not in attacks on the Indian Bureau, but in outside pressure on Congress.

The Land of the Hopis

Considering the handicaps under which the members of the Indian service work—scores of weary miles from towns and railroads in many cases, and surrounded by sandy and desolate wastes in which the very roads are swallowed up overnight by the cruel and voracious forces of Nature—and the wretched pay which they receive, they have succeeded in bettering the lot of the Indians to a degree that is not generally realized.

This is particularly true in the case of the Navahos and their neighbors, the Hopis. The Navahos have nearly quadrupled in numbers in the past fifty years. They have changed from half-baked agriculturists and fighters to peaceable and highly efficient stockmen, and their homes grow steadily more comfortable. To a lesser degree, the same thing is true of the Hopis. Neither the Hopis nor the Navahos, however, have the slightest conception of sanitation, and their grazing lands are disappearing with terrible rapidity. Both these ills must be remedied unless the Hopis and the Navahos are to become paupers or vanish as thoroughly as the buffalo, the passenger pigeon and the Eskimo plover; and the Indian service, as it is obliged to operate at present, is powerless to avert the cataclysm.

The land of the Hopis, known in the west as Tusayan, is concentrated within a comparatively small area, so that the problems of its inhabitants may be viewed with less exertion than similar problems in the more extensive country of the Navahos.

The land of the Hopis lies in the middle of the Navaho country, like the stone in a peach or the hole in a lopsided doughnut. To reach it one descends from a Santa Fe train at either Holbrook or Winslow in Arizona, charters a desert-going automobile, and careers wildly across the desert for some six or seven hours, constantly clutching a projection with a firm grip in order to avoid being hurled violently through the top of the machine. With good luck, one can go in from the railroad, see the entire Hopi country and return to the railroad again in three days. With moderate or bad luck, particularly in the form of rain and sand storms, one might be a week in making the trip.

An outline of the route that one follows in going, say, from Winslow up into the Hopi country, through it and back to Holbrook is that of a rough horseshoe. Winslow is at one tip, the Hopi villages lie along the curve at the top and Holbrook is at the other tip.

If one is fortunate, one gets two young men to drive the automobile, one to hold the wheel and the other to make a rapid and more or less accurate decision as to which road to follow when the faint desert trail splits—as it does too frequently—into two faint trails, each equally hopeless-looking. As likely as not these young men will be dehorsed cowpunchers with broad-brimmed hats, trousers made out of overalls, six-guns concealed beneath the seat cushions and pronounced views concerning the respective merits of Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix and William S. Hart as moving-picture cowboys.

Desert Travel

The six-guns are used exclusively to intimidate wandering coyotes and rabbits, though the latter form of gun play has its disadvantages when the automobile pauses beside a ledge of rock to permit both young men to attack a rabbit that has chosen a protuberance on the face of the ledge as its resting place. The rabbit never suffers, but the automobile is usually severely dented by the chips of rock that whistle off the ledge after each shot. The chief amusement of these young men is to emit wild and hair-raising imitations of all livestock which they pass, their imitations of cattle, horses, sheep and burros being particularly powerful.

If the traveler is fond of the desert the flat and sandy waste on the way out of Winslow has its charm; for off to the right rise the odd and regular shapes of the Hopi Buttes, whose names are thoroughly explanatory—Chimney Butte, Castle Butte, Haystack Butte, Pyramid Butte, Elephant Butte. Two hours of riding brings one to the settlement of Leupp, where an Indian school has been brought to a high state of excellence by an Indian agent with initiative and inventiveness. When we passed through, the school was just digging itself out from under several inches of very fine khaki-colored sand which had been deposited on and in everything by a two-day sand storm. When the sand storms blow in the Hopi country the traveler cannot see the road ahead of him. The sand drives into his food, into his clothes, into his eyes and lungs; it sifts through closed windows, down chimneys and under, over and around closed doors. It cuts the paint off automobiles; and those who travel the desert frequently lift up their right hands and swear a deep oath that it makes frosted glass out of automobile windshields and scours the enamel off the teeth.

Beyond Leupp one crosses the Little Colorado River and enters the country of the Tusayan Washes; and if the so-called Prince of Darkness wishes to devise a handsome and harrowing method of torture for wicked automobilists in the infernal regions, he will install a series of washes modeled on the washes of the Hopi country and make the naughty automobilists spend their days driving into them and trying to get out of them.

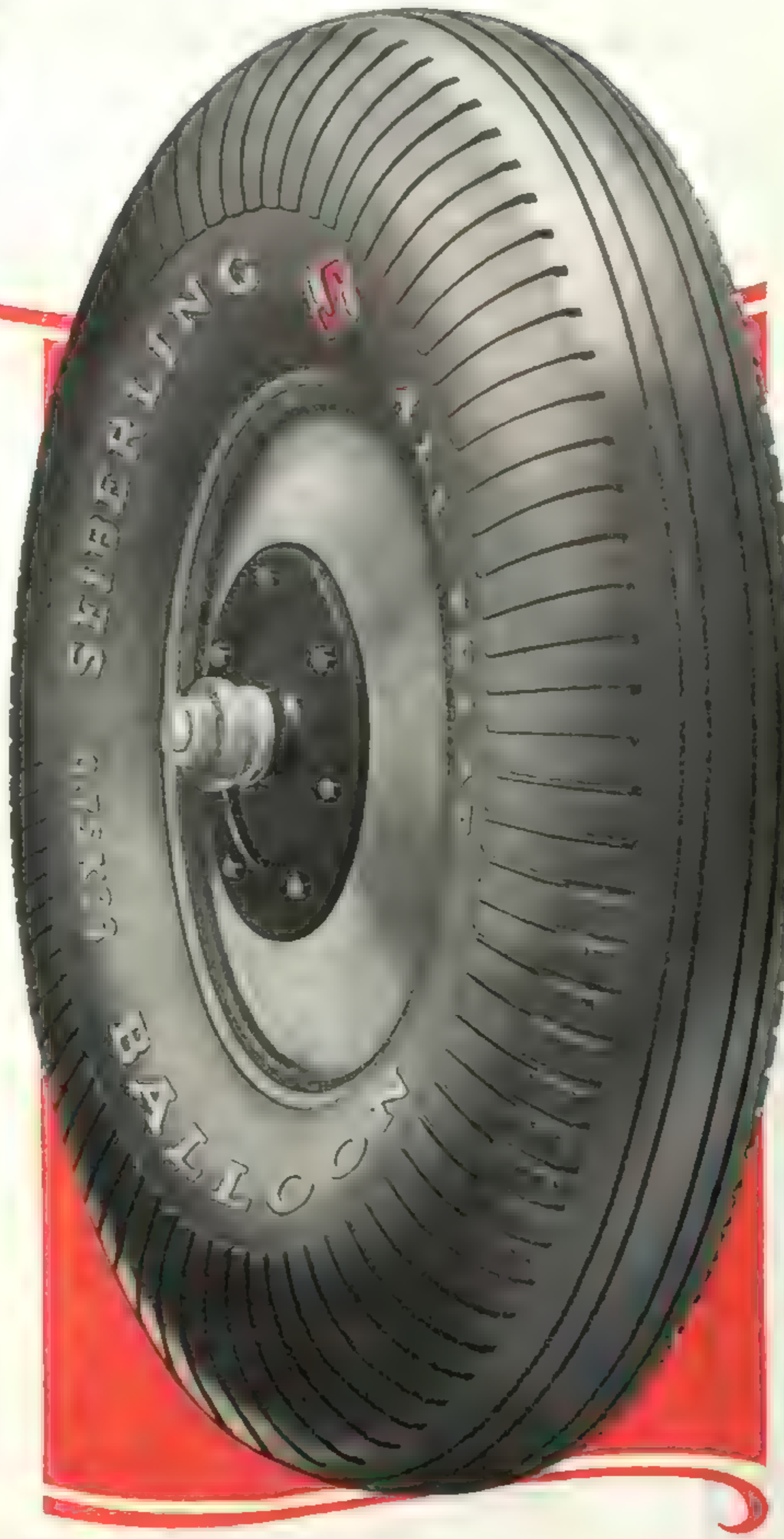
For the benefit of those whose lives have never been darkened by washes, it might be explained that a wash is the bed of a desert stream that never has any water in it except just after a rainfall, and it operates in the following manner:

Owing to the fact that the ever-increasing number of Hopi and Navaho sheep and horses have eaten off more of the desert growths than they should have been permitted to eat, there is an insufficient amount of growth to hold back the water during a rainstorm. Instead of going down into the ground, the water runs along the stripped surface, seeking the nearest down grade. Wherever there is a marked depression, the down-rushing water flows into it from every side and goes boiling on in search of a still deeper depression. A sudden rainstorm in the Hopi country will fill every sandy bone-dry wash with several feet of rushing, sand-laden water in a matter of minutes. People who are foolish enough to camp on the flat and sandy bed of a dry wash have frequently lost all their belongings and even their lives when rain began to fall, because they were unable to get out of the wash before it turned into a torrent.

Because of the overgrazing, the washes become larger and larger each year. When they are bridged, the torrents wash out the

(Continued on Page 155)

The Embodiment *of* Forty Million



In designing the Seiberling All-Tread, my associates and I had the advantage of experience gained in the building of over forty million tires.

The All-Tread embodies in full, that experience. In it we have incorporated features as important to the outer covering of the automobile tire—both in durability and in good looks—as the cord principle has been to the inner body or carcass.

Seiberling All-Treads have now been in actual use for over two years and have made remarkable records—so much so that motorists will this year pay more than ten million dollars for these tires, a volume never before attained in so short a time by a new brand of tire.

F. A. Seiberling

President
The Seiberling Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Seiberling All-Treads are built in all regular standard sizes, designed to run on less air, as well as in full balloon sizes and, of course, interchangeable balloon sizes also.

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

STANDARD *and* BALLOON SIZES

A New Way to Buy a CHEVROLET

The Chevrolet Motor Company announces a 6% Purchase Certificate Plan—a fundamental advance in the merchandising of motor cars.

This copyrighted plan offers unique advantages, both for the man who does not at present own a car as well as for the car owner.

For the man who has not heretofore been able to finance the purchase of a car, this plan provides an easy way to save money for a Chevrolet—and at the same time to procure a high rate of interest from a perfectly safe and sound investment.

For the man who now owns a car, but desires to purchase a Chevrolet some time in the future, this plan affords not only an easy way of making such a purchase, but in addition helps him offset depreciation on his present car and makes it possible to get service, repairs and accessories at a 6% saving.

For instance, if a car owner, having a Chevrolet Certificate, goes to a Chevrolet dealer, 6% of the amount he pays this dealer for service, repairs and accessories, will be credited to him on his Purchase Certificate.

If you will call on any Chevrolet dealer and make a very small first payment, he will issue to you a Chevrolet 6% Purchase Certificate.

Then after you have made this first payment, either weekly or monthly payments convenient to you may be made thereafter. These payments are credited on your certificate and begin drawing 6% interest.

When these savings amount to a sum necessary to equal the first payment required for the actual delivery of the car, you are given the car and then you pay the balance monthly for a certain number of months until the car is all paid for.

At the time the car is delivered, you are credited with 6% interest on the amount of money that you have paid on the certificate.

Every dollar you save on your Chevrolet 6% Purchase Certificate is doubly insured.

One of the largest insurance companies in the world has written a policy protecting you against loss. This insurance covers any loss that may be suffered through operations of the dealer with whom you do business, and also protects these funds in the bank in which the dealer may deposit them. It is a sweeping policy of protection that absolutely indemnifies every Chevrolet Certificate purchaser against loss.

Chevrolet has long been the most economical car, purchase price and cost of operation and maintenance considered.

Now it is also the easiest to buy!

The Chevrolet 6% Purchase Certificate Plan places a Chevrolet car within the reach of everyone who has a few dollars and a desire to save.

All Authorized Chevrolet Dealers are familiar with this new purchase plan—call on the dealer in your neighborhood—today—and ask him to explain in detail this plan's many unique advantages.

While at his showroom, select the Chevrolet model of your choice and the dealer will reserve one for you.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

PRICES OF SUPERIOR MODELS		Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	$725	PRICES OF DE LUXE MODELS	
Superior Roadster	$495	Superior Sedan	795	De Luxe Touring	$640
Superior Touring	510	Superior Commercial Chassis	410	De Luxe Coupe	775
Superior Utility Coupe	640	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550	De Luxe Sedan	940

All Prices Quoted F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

See Your Nearest

6%
6%
PURCHASE CERTIFICATE
ECONOMICAL CHEVROLET CO.
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
SIX PER CENT PURCHASE CERTIFICATE
J S Hughes
Kansas City, Mo
fifteen
CHEVROLET
August
Robert S Blue
for Economical Transportation
CHEVROLET
Chevrolet Dealer

The walls won't burn — they're Sheetrock

Copyright 1924, United States Gypsum Company

ON the night of March 26th last, fire broke out in the modern building that houses the private sanatorium of Dr. Penn Thornton, at Texas and Fannin Streets, in Houston, Texas. While the occupants managed to get to safety, the flames raged so fiercely that ten lines of hose were required to subdue them, and $40,000 of property damage was done.

Yet the walls and ceilings of Sheetrock, the *fireproof* wallboard, came through intact. All about them, the wooden doors and trim were burned. But when some of the Sheetrock was removed for inspection after the fire, the distinguishing label —USG Sheetrock—could plainly be read on the backs of the broad, firm sheets.

You want Sheetrock protection from fire in your home, your office, your store or warehouse. You can have it as surely as pure gypsum rock doesn't burn, and have it at little cost.

Sheetrock has many other valuable properties. It will not warp, shrink or buckle. Saws and nails like lumber. Comes all ready for use in new construction, alterations and repairs. Just nail it to the joists or studding. Takes any decoration perfectly—especially beautiful effects with Textone, The Sheetrock Decorator.

Sold by your dealer in lumber or builders' supplies. Made *only* by the United States Gypsum Company. Write us for a free sample and illustrated booklet, "Walls of Worth."

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago

SHEETROCK

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

Reg U S Pat Off

(Continued from Page 150)

bridgeheads. When the roads go around them, each rainfall extends the wash to such an extent that it undermines the road. In dry weather, to avoid going miles around the washes, the roads go straight across them, and hence, as the saying goes, the Pyramids of Egypt.

Automobilists who cross the washes in any except cars which are light enough to be lifted with a shawl strap are usually doomed to spend a large portion of the day cutting sagebrush to stuff in the soft shifting sands under the wheels, or walking miles across the desert to find someone who will come and pull them out of the sand.

A wash is easy to get into and comparatively easy to cross, but when one bravely essays to climb out through the sand on the far side, trouble, anguish and profanity step to the front and hold the center of the stage for the next few hours.

The Hopi villages, nine in number, are situated on the tops of three high, khaki-colored mesas some twelve or fifteen miles apart. They are known as Oraibi Mesa, Second Mesa and First Mesa, and on each of them there are three villages. All the villages resemble small clusters of diminutive and dilapidated apartment houses.

The Hopis are largely agricultural people, raising enough corn, peaches, beans, squash, onions, melons, and so on, to keep themselves well supplied with food. Owing to their careful custom of refusing to touch a portion of each year's crop until the crop of the succeeding year has been harvested, they are not particularly subject to famine.

They have further developed the knack of raising plentiful crops on land so dry, exposed and hopeless that a white man would be unable to raise cactus or pusley on it. They appear to be the original dry farmers. Their corn, for example, is planted by drilling deep holes in the sand with a pointed stick and dropping kernels in the holes. The holes are then surrounded by rings of dried sagebrush, so that the blowing sands won't cut down the tender corn shoots when they have sprouted. Their peach orchards are planted in little nooks and niches in the rock that seem too constricted to support anything larger than a small chickweed. The corn that they raise is beautifully colored, some of the ears being black, some yellow, some blue, some pink and some mottled. All of it is almost as hard as flint. At Tareva, one of the villages on Second Mesa, the Hopis raised twenty-seven different sorts of beans during the past season.

The Scourge of Trachoma

They are a sober, industrious and intelligent people, with a mythology and folklore that for interest and picturesqueness is far superior to anything that any European nation has to offer. Murder is unknown among them, lying is severely frowned on, theft is almost unknown, gambling is never indulged in, there is no profanity in their language, and they have never manufactured intoxicating drinks. In short, they sound almost too good to be true.

The boys of the tribe are brought up in such a way that they have great endurance; and by a constantly recurring system of ceremonial dances, games and races during the winter months, when farming is impossible, every Hopi is kept interested, alert and active. Without such a system, it is highly probable that the tribe would soon die out from sheer boredom.

The Hopis are very religious and devote much time to ceremonies designed to persuade the gods to send them enough rain to insure plentiful crops. They have a number of major gods and great numbers of subordinate gods, known as kachinas. The kachinas are impersonated by members of the tribe, and toward the end of every February the masked, painted and befeathered kachinas come up over the sides of the mesas, supposedly out of Mother Earth, and stage a series of dances and ceremonies that are supposed to ward off all the evils that might embarrass the tribe during the coming year.

The Hopis, like the Navahos and all other Indian tribes, are greatly bothered with trachoma, which is a very ancient contagious disease of the eyes. Trachoma patients develop granulated eyelids, which constantly irritate the eyeball. As this becomes more pronounced the irritation produces ulcers on the eyeball. These interfere with and impair the vision, frequently resulting in blindness. A bulletin of the United States Public Health Service states that "trachoma lasts for years with constant irritation and discomfort to the patient; impairs his earning capacity and ruins the life and happiness of entire families. The control of trachoma depends primarily upon the observance of such rules of hygiene as the avoidance of towels and similar articles used in common, and insuring cleanliness of the hands of those coming in contact with the disease. If children suffer from trachoma, they should be removed from school and should not be allowed to attend school unless they receive adequate and constant treatment. Acute cases of trachoma should be isolated. Should trachoma become prevalent in any community, clinics for treatment should be provided."

It is safe to say that the percentage of Hopis and Navahos who are suffering from trachoma ranges between 25 and 35 per cent. Hospital and medical facilities on these reservations are meager; and even in large schools where there are doctors, the trachoma patients are allowed to mix with healthy children. One of the few efforts that I saw to segregate the two was in a little school at Tareva, which clings to the tumbled rocks at the foot of Second Mesa in the Hopi country. This school is run by a man and his wife who, having the true missionary spirit, will devote their lives to the Indians even though they receive neither pay nor recognition. In it there were forty-five children; and in the washhouse, where each child hangs his washbasin, the basins of the boys, the girls and the trachoma patients had been separated. On the south wall hung seventeen green basins which belonged to the girls; on the north wall hung fourteen gray basins for the boys; and at the end of the room, on the west wall, hung fourteen red basins for the use of the eight girls and six boys who had trachoma.

Trachoma can be cleaned out by providing the Indians with a sufficient number of decently paid doctors and field nurses, and by sending children with trachoma to special trachoma schools; but it can never be cleaned out by the present system—or lack of it—in the medical end of the Indian service.

The Government has recently made a gesture, as the diplomats say, in the direction of bettering trachoma conditions in the Navaho and Hopi countries.

Most picturesque of all the Hopi mesas is First Mesa, smallest of the three Mesas, and site of the three villages of Walpi, Sichomovi and Hano. These three villages, to the uninitiated, appear like one continuous village; and they lie so close together that one can walk through all three of them in less than ten minutes' time. Yet the residents of the village of Hano were invited to come to First Mesa by the villagers of Walpi in 1700 to guard the Walpians from attack. They were different people from the Hopis of Walpi, and spoke a different language. They have lived on their mesa top for 224 years, with their houses adjoining the houses of the next village, but they are still as different from the Hopis as they were in 1700, and they still speak a different language.

Herbert J. Hagerman, Commissioner to the Navahos

The pathways through these First Mesa villages are worn deep into the solid rock by the constant padding of the naked or moccasined feet of the women, who constantly go down from the mesa for water and toil up it again with heavy buckets on their shoulders, and of the men who trot down to till the fields or gather wood from the distant forests for their fires. The stranger who visits Walpi for the snake dance of the Hopis looks down on the desert as from the rim of the world and sees the sand wraiths gliding across the gray velvet of the desert, and looks across to the gleaming distant snow field on the San Francisco Mountains and reflects that there has been little change in hundreds of years.

But if he goes down from the mesa to the settlement of Polacca, which lies in its shadow, and talks to those who have seen the snake dance danced for many years, he finds that he is wrong, and that there have been changes that bode no good for the Hopi or for the Navaho.

Out in front of Polacca runs a great dry river bed, which is First Mesa Wash. Twenty years ago it was a small depression like an irrigation ditch. Now it is sixty feet deep in some places and cutting away the desert on both sides. The vegetation, eaten off by the sheep and horses and cattle, no longer holds back the rainfall, and the floods grow larger year by year.

In 1921 there was a big flood at First Mesa and four times as much water came down the wash as had ever been seen before. The telephone poles were washed down and the residents of Polacca were hemmed in and cut off from the outside world. No flood, they thought, could be greater.

Yet in 1923, with no more rainfall than in 1921, a flood came that was nearly three times as great as that of 1921. Yearly the run-off of rain increases, and yearly the grazing lands of the Indians grow smaller and poorer. The entire country is overstocked and overgrazed; and unless the Government finds some method of supervising the grazing so that the stripping of the country can be stopped, it will go to pieces so thoroughly that nobody will be able to exist on it.

What the Indians Need

Not only do the Indians themselves need instruction and assistance from the Government in sanitation but the Indians' sheep, on which they rely for food, clothing and wealth, need more attention. The Hopis are following the lead of the Navahos and becoming sheep raisers too. Already they have 140,000 sheep. But both the Hopi and the Navaho flocks are thickly infested with scab, and because of an insufficiency of sheep dips, this disease cannot be eradicated. On the Hopi reservation there are two sheep dips, and some of the owners have to drive their sheep forty miles to a dip. But in the dipping season the country is dry and the sheep owner refuses to risk driving his sickly sheep so far. So he culls his herd, leaves his weak sheep at home and drives his strong ones to the dip. At the dip the sheep are held for a week and double-dipped to kill scab. Then they are turned loose, whereat their owner drives them back to his home and turns them in with his culls. In a comparatively short time the dipped sheep are again infected with scab.

In the Hopi country alone there is great need for two more sheep dips and two more stockmen; and in both the Hopi and the Navaho country there is a great need for an improvement in the stock that the Indians raise—an improvement that can only be brought about by the Government sending them good brood stallions and good Rambouillet bucks and letting the Indian pay for them, as he can and will do, over a term of four years.

These troubles of the Hopis and Navahos may put the average citizen to sleep when he has to listen to them. The white man, however, has assumed the responsibility for the health and well-being of the red man whom he conquered; and a refusal to hear him and remedy his ills would be contrary to the custom of a nation that is so free with financial and moral assistance to distressed peoples. Unless the existing troubles of the Navahos and the Hopis are soon remedied, they will be as nothing compared with the troubles that will soon be theirs.

Drink it through
Stone's Sanitary Straws

Take home a package

Every hostess should keep Stone's Sanitary Straws on hand. They add such a dainty touch of originality whenever cold drinks are served.

Dainty, delicate, golden-tinted Stone's Straws are really appetizing. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary.

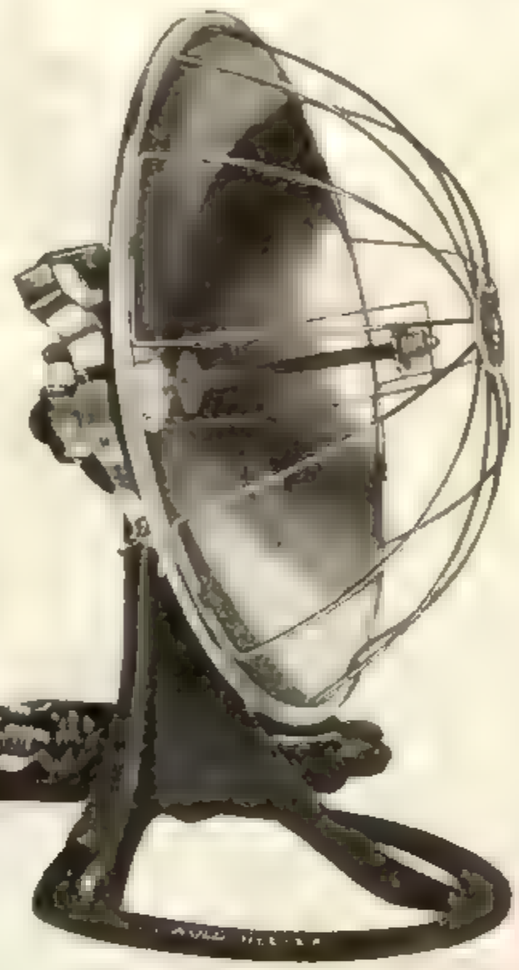
Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk to children. Straws prevent gulping. Your druggist or grocer has them in handy Home Packages—several weeks' supply. Take home a Home Package today.

Druggists: Fountain use the round spoil-proof box of 500 Stone's Straws assures *full count* and guarantees perfection.

The Stone Straw Co

Every "Hold-Heet" Appliance is Backed by Two Years of Guaranteed Service

Here's the Electric Heater That Startled the Country



$7.50

Good Dealers are proud to sell it—

Price in Canada $10.50

The "Hold-Heeter"

"It Radiates More Heat"

No one ever believed a household heater could radiate so much heat. Costs less than most electric household heaters. Uses no more current.

For those chilly Autumn and Spring mornings and evenings when the furnace is not working, and in mid-winter too, clean electric heat is a great comfort *provided you can get enough of it quickly and economically.*

No scientific laboratory test is needed to prove the heating superiority of the "Hold-Heeter." Simply stand in front of it for a few minutes—the generous heat waves surging forth are instantly felt. Now stand in front of any other make of heater. The difference in radiation is simply amazing. Heat—lots of heat—it is the *one* job of an electric household heater. And the "Hold-Heeter" radiates more heat than has ever before been obtained from a portable electric heater. It brings the comfort-giving rays of "Old Sol" into your home when and where you want them, regardless of hour or season; all these things at no greater first and upkeep cost than ordinary heaters.

The "Hold-Heeter" is pleasing in appearance—it fits the finest surroundings. Turns face upwards if accidentally overturned. Everything about the "Hold-Heeter" bespeaks its high quality. It is the outstanding household heater development of the age. You who have hesitated to buy heaters need wait no longer. The "Hold-Heeter" insures you more heat than you ever thought possible; it represents a standard of electric heater efficiency never before attained. Ask your dealer to show you a "Hold-Heeter" in action—the hot facts prove themselves.

The "Hold-Heeter" dealer in your locality is the progressive dealer. He offers you electrical appliances that are the highest in quality at the most moderate prices. That's why he offers you the "Hold-Heeter." Once you see this remarkable appliance and feel its great heat volume you will realize that it is the *one* heater for your home. Place your order today.

Element Guaranteed For Two Years Against Burnouts

The "Hold-Heeter" heat secret lies in its non-metallic Globar" element. Scientific laboratory tests prove it so good that we unqualifiedly guarantee it against burnout for two years. If the element fails to live up to this guarantee we will instantly replace it. Quality alone makes this guarantee possible. Play safe! Ask for and get a genuine "Hold-Heeter".

RUSSELL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of "Hold-Heet" Electric Appliances

340 West Huron Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

60 Duchess Street, Toronto, Canada

"Hold-Heet" appliances are fully protected by patents. To secure "Hold-Heet's" patented advantages you should buy "Hold-Heet" merchandise—you get the most for your money.

"Hold-Heet"

The "Hold-Heet" trademark is a quality mark on electrical appliances, known in countless homes all over the country. We make more pieces of electrically heated merchandise than any other manufacturer in the world

Electrical Manufacturers

For full particulars about the famous "Hold-Heet" Reflex Wire Coil. Saves current, burnouts and trouble. Always efficient—puts the heat where you need it.

Get This Free Book

Our illustrated book "Getting the most from Electricity in the home" is filled with new and unusual ways of using electricity. Write for your free copy.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

to Statistics—and it's Over 100 Miles to the Nearest Laundry, so I always try to get them to Sleep On the Ground when I can.

I've got 2 Bell Boys but they don't have Much to Do around the Hotel or Inne, so they Work Horseback most of the time, nding around the Greasewood Golf Course to keep track of where the Different Guests are out on the Links so as when Two different Parties that Have the Same Room are finishing and Coming back on the Same Day I can Move 1 Party over into another Room before the Other Party gets in to the Inne and finds it out. I reckon as long as they are All Happy and having a Good Time and Don't Know it, it don't matter—but if it Ever Rains Here some time and they All Come Back in off the Golf Course the Same Day I'll be in a Hell of a Fix—and so will They when I go to Bunking 8 or 10 of them in the Same Room, from the looks of Some of Them.

Next Year I am going to Charge $50 a Day and put a Telephone Line all around to the Different Greens (what a Name for a Dry Hole in the Ground) and make All Guests call up the Inne Every Day at what ever Green they get to, because they are coming so thick the Bell Boys working Horseback can't keep Track of all of them and it will take All the Rooms in the Hotel to Sleep the Bell Boys in if there is Many More Guests to Follow around and keep Track of. I have either got to put a Telephone Line in or Build Another Room or Two to hold the Bell Boys and Baggage.

—*Dick Wick Hall,*
Amateur Inne Keeper.

Trout Flies

LET anglers boast, who try their skill
Where tamer waters run,
Of Wickham's Fancy, Beaverkill,
Black Gnat and Whirling Dun;
But where the woods are wild and vast
And hardy trout are bred,
The lure upon the waters cast
Must show a flash of red;
And there the flies that never pall
When looped upon the smell
Are Scarlet Ibis, Montreal
And Parmachene Belle.

The Jenny Lind is passing fair
With plume of heavenly blue;
The Jungle Cock hath colors rare,
The Silver Doctor, too;
Yet on the brooks I know about
And pools where ospreys nest,
I choose to show my golden trout
The flies they love the best;
So on my cast where rapids brawl
And in my hat as well
Are Scarlet Ibis, Montreal
And Parmachene Belle.

O little, hidden friendly ponds,
Enchanted ponds of Maine,
With mossy banks and calm beyonds
Of wood and mountain chain,
Where silent floats the old canoe
And when the alders stir
A doe steals out to look at you,
A mink to look at her—
Your trout of arching leap and fall
Again shall own the spell
Of Scarlet Ibis, Montreal
And Parmachene Belle!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Ballade of Humorous Places

WHAT would the comic librettist do
If his maps were suddenly taken away,
And Weehawken, What Cheer and Baraboo
Were lost to knowledge forever and aye?
Would he write the plot of his musical play
Round a hero from Boston or Beaufort, N. C.?
Would Portland or Lynn make an audience gay
Like Keokuk, Oshkosh and Kankakee?

If an earthquake swallowed up Kalamazoo,
And Agawam stood in a cyclone's way,
And neither was ever rebuilt, and Paducah, Kentucky, had never seen light of day,
Where would the leading comedian say
He came from? What would his alibi be?
Would Rome, as his home, make the gallery bray
Like Keokuk, Oshkosh and Kankakee?

Eau Claire's an Arcadian rendezvous;
Richmond hints of a Southern May;
Stillwater's syllables lisp and woo;
Canton's exotic as far Cathay—
Then why should Gallup and Goshen convey
Nothing but mirth? 'Tis a mystery
To baffle the shrewdest mental array—
Like Keokuk, Oshkosh and Kankakee.

ENVOY

Ishpeming, Hoboken, Flatbush—are they
Legitimate food for a nation's glee,
When Congress adjourns for a holiday—
Like Keokuk, Oshkosh and Kankakee?

—*Otto Freund.*

Female Bandit—"Here, Mister! Hold the Baby While I Hold You Up!"

HAYS GLOVES

the Tradition behind a Fine Glove

Daniel Hays believed that a pair of gloves should reflect a man's personality and so each pair of Hays gloves has been made that way right up to the present day.

Each pair of Hays gloves is made with a care for detail that is reflected in both looks and feeling.

There is as much difference between a Hays glove and an ordinary glove as between a fine suit of clothes and a suit of armor.

From the selected high grade skin to the finish of seam and edge there is a distinctive character to Hays gloves that is apparent at once.

The Hays tradition makes a glove worth asking for. Many high grade stores will offer them without the asking.

BUCKSKIN • CAPE • MOCHA
Superseam *Gloves will not ravel*

THE DANIEL HAYS COMPANY
MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST BUCKSKIN GLOVES
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., U. S. A.

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

(Continued from Page 25)

is about, isn't it? Don't say I couldn't marry him! It has been proved that I can."

"Please don't jump down my throat, Virgie! In any event, if he is in love with someone else—why, that settles it, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it does," admitted Virginia. "But now that he knows he is married to me, he hasn't any right to be in love with another girl," she argued stubbornly.

"It seems to me," said Bevra, with a faint yawn, "that it's the other woman's place to worry."

"That's all very well, but why should she worry when she doesn't know anything about it?"

"Did you talk it over with him, as you promised father you would?"

"Certainly."

"Doesn't he agree that the only thing to do is to go through with the form of a divorce?"

"I never knew anybody to agree to anything so quickly as he did. You would have thought he'd say his heart was broken or something like that, wouldn't you? I gave him the chance, and all he said was that he'd be delighted to help me out of the scrape. He even said the sooner the better. He doesn't care the snap of his fingers for me, Bevvy. There is someone else. He pretended to be flippant about it, but ——"

"Did he say there was another woman?"

"Heavens, no! Even though he'd only known for five minutes that he was a married man, he ran true to form, as Bobby would say. He never so much as peeped about the other woman. He's just like all husbands. It's second nature with them. They never admit there is another woman."

Bevra laughed.

"You are perfectly delicious, Virg. He falls in with the plan you suggest to him, agrees to everything as a gentleman should, and now you treat him as if he were a real husband—you suspect him. You ——"

Virginia sprang to her feet, the light of a new and inspired determination in her eyes.

"Listen, Bev! I've made up my mind. I shan't go on with this stupid divorce business!"

"What?" cried her sister, her eyes flying wide open.

"I've been thinking it over, and now I've decided—positively. If he wants a divorce he'll have to apply for it himself. He can't marry anyone else till he's been divorced from me. So that's that."

Her sister was aghast.

"You must be crazy, Virginia. Of course you are going to have the marriage annulled. It wasn't a marriage in the first place. It was a—a—what do you call it? A subterfuge. You surely can't ——"

"I don't care what it was in the first place," retorted Virginia. "It's what it is now that matters to me. I love him and I always have loved him. You can tell father and mother whatever you please, Bevra; but I'm not going through the divorce courts just to please Mr. Pendennis Yorke or anybody else!"

With that she flounced out of the room, leaving her sister to recover from the shock as best she could. That she recovered quickly was manifest. A soft, wondering light filled her eyes and a little smile played about her tender lips as she gazed dreamily into the fire. She, too, was young, and she knew what it was to love a man. Slowly her ruminations took definite form. She was arguing with herself as follows:

"I don't believe father would really mind. I'm sure mother wouldn't. Under the skin, he is as good as any of us. The prince business is in an awful slump. The bottom has dropped out of it. Busted flat, is what I'd call it. What it needs is less preferred stock and a lot more common stock. Father realizes it more than anybody. Something that will pay dividends in fresh, clean, sterling blood. See what good, rich American blood has done for Robin—and see what it has done for Virginia and me. Nothing worn out or impoverished or bankrupt about us. And look at my babies! Good gracious, the more I think of it, the more I hope he isn't in love with someone else!"

And while all this was going on in the privacy of the princess' boudoir, and at the same time in the brains of two more or less revolutionary young women of royal blood, the young man of common stock was traversing the halls of kings in the company of the most promising issue of preferred stock the European market had known in many years.

"You know," Prince Robin was saying, rather eagerly, as they stood inside the doors of the great, gloomy throne room—his hands were jammed deep into his trousers pockets—"my name is Lorry. They called me Bob Lorry at Eton. I suppose you know my father's name was Lorry. He was an American - born and bred."

"I know, your highness."

"I never knew him. He was killed in a railway accident when I was a tiny kid. I wish I had known him. They say he was fine."

"My father died when I was only a few weeks old," said Yorke, and then, with a humorous twist of the lips—"They say he was fine."

"I'll bet he was," said the Prince of Graustark warmly. "Come along; I want you to see the gun room before it gets too dark. This isn't very interesting."

In the gun room, Yorke naturally found an opening for an allusion to Graustark's part in the Great War.

"We couldn't do much," said the prince modestly. "We weren't big enough. Small guns—that's what we were. But we lost a lot of men just the same—our share, I mean. The full strength of our army was considerably under fifty thousand. Our job was to hold the passes in this part of the Carpathians, and we somehow managed to do it. Of course, we couldn't have lasted a week if they'd sent a big force against us. In any case, they didn't go through us to get to Rumania. I guess they figured we'd delay 'em a little longer than they liked. So they went around us to the south."

"You were in personal command, I understand, your highness," said the American, encouraging the unexpected.

"Only figuratively," replied the prince, with becoming candor. "Count Quinnox was, of course, chief of staff and the actual commander of our army. I am not a real soldier, you see. But I saw considerable action, if that's what you mean. Several chunks of shrapnel in one of my legs and a bullet through my shoulder while I was being carried back. Hospital for a couple of months. It was all over before I came out. I mean to say, Russia had quit and was making a separate peace. We three little countries up here were helpless after that, so we signed a treaty of peace ourselves. Making peace was all the rage just then, so far as this neck of the woods was concerned," he concluded with a wry grimace.

"Well, Graustark seems to have come out of it in much better shape than the rest of the belligerents," remarked the American.

The prince hesitated for a moment, his brow darkening.

"I will have to confess that we made a bargain with Russia before abandoning our original stand of armed neutrality. My ministers were canny, they were wise, and as it turns out, they were farsighted. Please do not gather that we intended to remain neutral for any length of time. The prime minister saw a way to wipe out our debt to Russia. Graustark owed the Russian Government several million dollars. Strangely enough, the debt had been guaranteed by Germany, who had pulled the wool over the eyes of a former cabinet. We saw through her scheme too late. She hoped in course of time to force us to grant her the right to extend her railway system through our valley in a grand project to gain control of the Persian and the India seaboards. You know what I mean.

"My cabinet seized the opportunity to do what nearly every other nation did in the great crisis—they bargained. Frankly, Mr. Yorke, they demanded that Russia cancel our debt in return for our aid in the war. Russia jumped at the chance. She saw the opportunity to get something for nothing, because if Germany were to win the war the guaranty of our debt wouldn't amount to a pinch of snuff, and she would grab Graustark into the bargain. Well, the debt was canceled. It was a robber's claim to begin with, I may say in defense of Graustark's apparent act of cupidity.

"We promptly went into the war on the side of Serbia, as we had intended doing all along. We did our best. It wasn't much, but it helped. Germany forgot all about us in the haste to make advantageous peace terms with Russia. She ignored us, thank God for the slight. If she had won the war, however, she would have remembered us, you may be sure. She would have taken her pound of flesh. So, you will perceive, in a way the war was actually a benefit to us. We made peace about the same time that Russia did; and we've had it ever since, which is more than can be said for the great and powerful nation that had crumbled from within and came near to burying all of her Allies under the ruins. . . . By the way, are you obtaining all the information you desire for your articles on Graustark?"

"I am getting much more than I expected, your highness."

"This is what we call the Room of Wrangles," announced the prince, pausing before a door. "It is here that the cabinet meets twice a month." An attendant threw open the door and they stepped inside the lofty vaulted chamber. "Over there at the end of the table I signed the declaration of war. My hand shook a little. It shook worse when I signed the treaty of peace, however. It was a confession of defeat, when, as a matter of fact, we were not conquered. One doesn't mind admitting he's been licked when he's down on his back after a good thumping, but it's pretty hard to acknowledge defeat when you're still on your feet and fighting for all you're worth. That little chamber over there is my private office. . . . May I offer you a highball? No trouble at all and it's not bootleg stuff. Come along, let's have one. I drink very little myself, but I find a nip now and then doesn't hurt my conscience."

A few minutes later they raised tall glasses to each other and murmured the customary, "Here's how."

Robin cleared his throat.

"I trust you will pardon my curiosity, but I'd rather like to know the result of the confab you had with Virginia this afternoon. I assume you came to some decision."

"We did. Naturally, there is only one thing to be done. I hadn't the remotest idea that our marriage was legal, your highness. But it seems that it was. It's preposterous, of course—the whole affair. We hadn't the slightest suspicion of what we were getting into. I advised Princess Virginia to proceed without delay in the matter of having the marriage annulled."

"It's a shame to cause you all this trouble, Mr. Yorke, after what you did for Virginia out of the kindness of your heart."

"It hasn't caused me the least bit of trouble, your highness."

Silence fell between them. They emptied their glasses with what appeared to be a calculated slowness.

Yorke sighed deeply as he set his glass down on the table.

"Why the sigh?" inquired the prince, eying him narrowly, speculatively.

"Did I sigh?"

"Profoundly."

"I'm sorry. It was unconscious."

"Isn't the liquor all right?"

"It's wonderful."

"Are you in—er—in trouble of any kind, Mr. Yorke?"

"Do I give you the impression of being in ——"

"It struck me a moment ago that you looked quite troubled and unhappy."

Yorke was startled into a quick, uneasy glance at his royal host.

"I never was so happy in my life," he said, affecting surprise.

Prince Robin shook his head, smiling faintly.

"I don't believe a damned word of it," said he.

"I—I beg your pardon, your ——"

"I don't believe you are happy, Yorke. Just now I caught a look in your eyes that—and, what's more, I was observing you pretty closely upstairs a while ago; when Virginia was with us, I mean. I saw the expression in your eyes when you looked at her. You can't fool me. You're hard hit, Yorke. It's as plain as the nose on your face. I don't blame you. Now, let's have the truth."

"Sometimes the truth were better left untold," said Yorke rather gruffly.

"I'm sorry if I have offended you, Yorke."

Yorke's jaw was set.

"What would be the use of my telling you that I love her?" he blurted out suddenly. "A lot of good it would do me!"

"Then I was right. You are in love with her."

"Of course I am—worse luck! I never realized it until a week or so ago, but I've been in love with her for five years. Can you beat it? Can you think of a rottener piece of luck than accidentally to fall in love with a princess?"

Prince Robin threw back his head and laughed.

"Well, I like that!" he exclaimed. "Yes," he went on soberly, "I can think of a worse bit of luck. It would be for a princess deliberately to fall in love with a commoner."

"They don't often do anything so foolish as that."

"They don't, eh?" scoffed Robin. "My dear fellow, that's just what every single one of 'em does. They rarely if ever fall in love with men of their own station. That's the pity of it. They love the commoner and they marry the prince. You don't suppose Princess Bevra fell in love with me because I am a prince, do you? Well, she didn't. She fell in love with me because I happen to be blessed with what is described in monarchist circles as a common streak. Now what I should like to know, Yorke, is this: Do you willingly consent to this divorce?"

"I would be lying like the devil, your highness, if I were to answer yes to that question. I agree to the divorce because she wishes it, and furthermore because there is nothing else for us to do in the circumstances. I'd be a dog to stand in her way in case she wants to marry someone else, or even in case her father has arranged one of your happy alliances. But just the same, I'd give my very soul to be in a position to say, 'No; you're mine. You belong to me. I'm hanged if I'll give you up!'"

"Have you, by any chance, told her that you love her?"

"Certainly not, your highness!"

"I am sure she would take it as a great compliment. All women are alike. Princesses are no different in that respect from their more fortunate sisters. They like to be told. It pleases their vanity, even though nothing can come of it."

"I couldn't even think of it," said Yorke firmly. "She'd only laugh at me."

"Well, you wouldn't begrudge the poor girl a good laugh, would you, Yorke?" demanded the prince in high good humor. He took his arm as they strolled forth into the great vaulted audience room where for centuries men had bent the knee before the Princes of Graustark.

XI

THE fifth day after his visit to Edelweiss Castle, Yorke received a short formal letter from Virginia. It came by post and was a polite though rather imperious request for him to send to her immediately a certain snapshot which had been taken by Mr. Higbee in Budapest some five years ago. She curtly informed him that she wished to destroy the silly thing. He promptly sent it to her by special messenger.

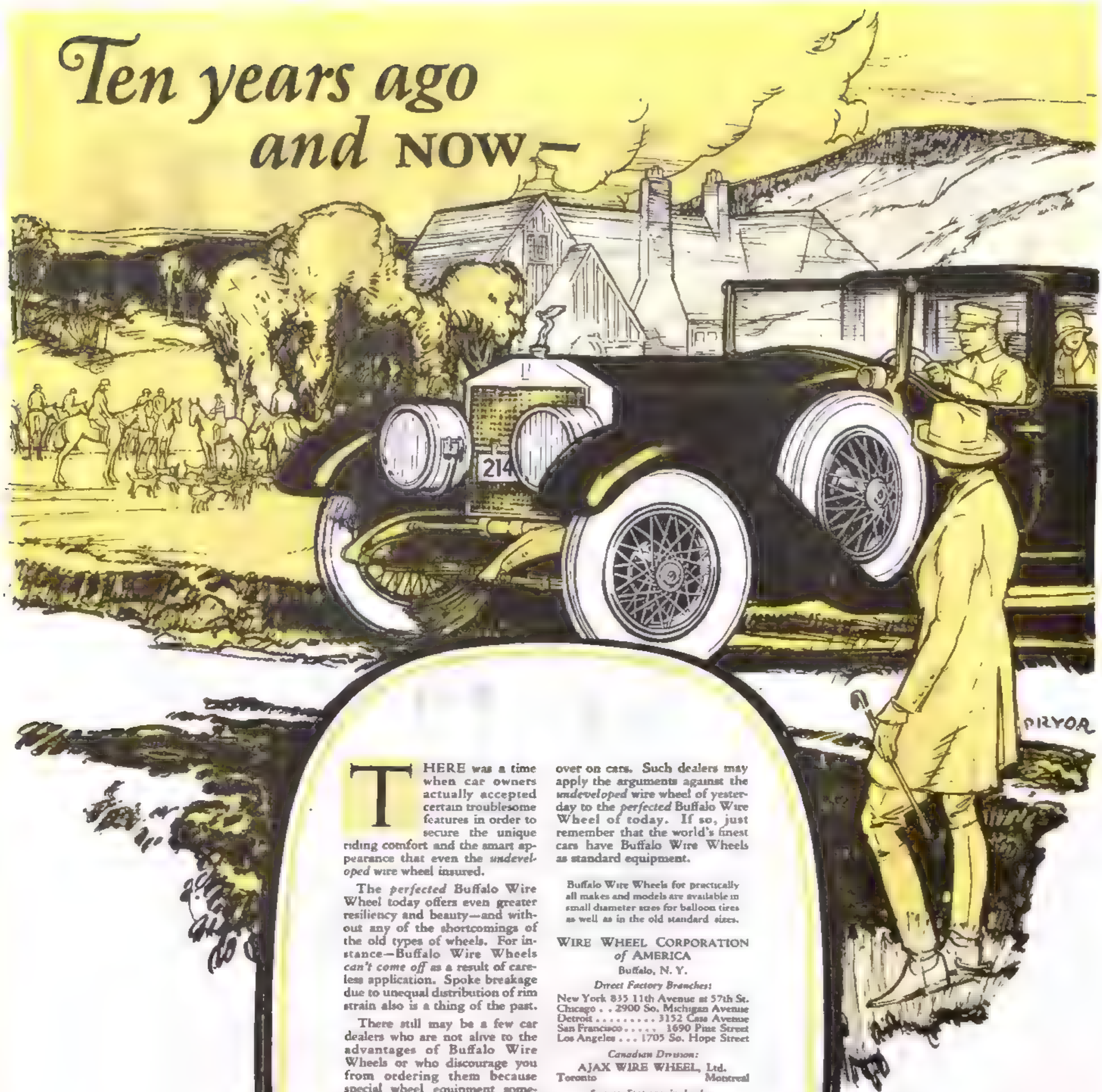
Now this demand of hers was not the result of prolonged deliberation. It came as a sort of inspiration on the morning of that selfsame day. For four days and nights she had been in a turmoil of uncertainty, decision succeeding indecision over and over again with exasperating constancy. In the first place, she had gone to bed the night after his visit firmly and unalterably resolved not to be the one to appeal for a legal dissolution of the tie that bound them. She awoke the next morning in a completely altered frame of mind. She would set him free.

It was only fair and just and—she employed the word herself—decent. Especially so, she reasoned, when it was plain to be seen that he wanted to be free, and besides—this was the deciding point—she wasn't sure that she loved him anyhow. That point, however, she soon discovered was debatable.

In any case, she would be only making herself ridiculous in his eyes if she allowed him even to suspect that she wasn't willing and eager to release him.

So she sat down that very morning and wrote a long letter to her father, advising

(Continued on Page 163)



THERE was a time when car owners actually accepted certain troublesome features in order to secure the unique riding comfort and the smart appearance that even the *undeveloped* wire wheel insured.

The *perfected* Buffalo Wire Wheel today offers even greater resiliency and beauty—and without any of the shortcomings of the old types of wheels. For instance—Buffalo Wire Wheels *can't come off* as a result of careless application. Spoke breakage due to unequal distribution of rim strain also is a thing of the past.

There still may be a few car dealers who are not alive to the advantages of Buffalo Wire Wheels or who discourage you from ordering them because special wheel equipment sometimes slows up their sales turnover on cars. Such dealers may apply the arguments against the *undeveloped* wire wheel of yesterday to the *perfected* Buffalo Wire Wheel of today. If so, just remember that the world's finest cars have Buffalo Wire Wheels as standard equipment.

Buffalo Wire Wheels for practically all makes and models are available in small diameter sizes for balloon tires as well as in the old standard sizes.

WIRE WHEEL CORPORATION
of AMERICA
Buffalo, N. Y.

Direct Factory Branches:
New York 835 11th Avenue at 57th St.
Chicago . . 2900 So. Michigan Avenue
Detroit . . . . . 3152 Cass Avenue
San Francisco . . . . . 1690 Pine Street
Los Angeles . . . 1705 So. Hope Street

Canadian Division:
AJAX WIRE WHEEL, Ltd.
Toronto Montreal

Service Stations in leading cities throughout the world

BUFFALO
Wheels

Oct. 4th to SQUIBB

The products you get in the FREE SQUIBB SERVICE PACKAGE
Squibb's Special Epsom Salt—Practically free from the usual bitter, unpleasant taste
Squibb's Sodium Bicarbonate—Effervescent and free from [illegible]. Will not irritate the stomach
Squibb's Analgesic Balm—A pure, useful product that should be in every medicine cabinet. Will not leave skin greasy
Squibb's Dental Cream—Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Prevents Acid Decay
Squibb's Cold Cream—A delightfully perfumed cream of correct composition for the care and cleansing of the skin
Squibb's Talcum Powder—An unusually fine, soft talcum with bouquet odor.
ALSO USE
SQUIBB'S Dental Cream Trial Size
SQUIBB'S Cold Cream
Squibb's Analgesic Balm
Squibb's Epsom Salt Special
Squibb's Sodium Bicarbonate
SQUIBB PRODUCTS
Free with every $1.00 purchase

Get this Squibb Service Package—free!

any day during Squibb Week—October 4th to October 11th

JUST what you need . . . something useful . . . something valuable . . . this handy Squibb Service Package . . . yours, FREE—during Squibb Week!

Here's how you get it—Simply clip the coupon from the opposite page—take it to any druggist displaying the SQUIBB WEEK emblem. Make a purchase of $1.00 or more of anything in the druggist's store, including at least one Squibb Product. And the Squibb SERVICE PACKAGE is yours—FREE.

Note the valuable products it contains in acquaintance size packages. You use these products frequently. Get them now—at no cost whatever. They should be in every medicine cabinet. Clip the coupon—and take it to your druggist.

Oct. 11th WEEK

Spoke then the Wise One: "*My son, the Priceless Ingredient of every product in the market-place is the Honor and Integrity of him who makes it. Consider his name before you buy.*"

What Squibb Week and the "Priceless Ingredient" mean to you

YOU are constantly using certain medicine cabinet requisites. Often these products are required in emergencies—during illness or accident. Unless they are *pure* and of *correct strength*, they will not give the results expected of them, and may be even harmful.

Squibb Week—October 4th to October 11th—is set aside to introduce Squibb Medicine Cabinet Products to you—products that are reliable and of the highest known purity—products which physicians have known and recommended for generations—products which contain the "Priceless Ingredient"—your assurance of quality, your safeguard against inferiority.

This Service Package is Free

We want you to know, *through actual use*, of the superiority of Squibb Household Products. For this reason, we have authorized Squibb Week druggists to make the offer described in full detail on the left-hand page.

As the Squibb Service Package is valuable and the supply limited, the druggist gives it away *free* only to those customers who make a purchase of $1.00 or more during Squibb Week. This purchase may include any articles in the druggist's store—together with at least one Squibb Product.

Every month you spend several dollars with your druggist. Combine some of these purchases into at least one $1.00 order during Squibb Week and get FREE the Squibb Service Package.

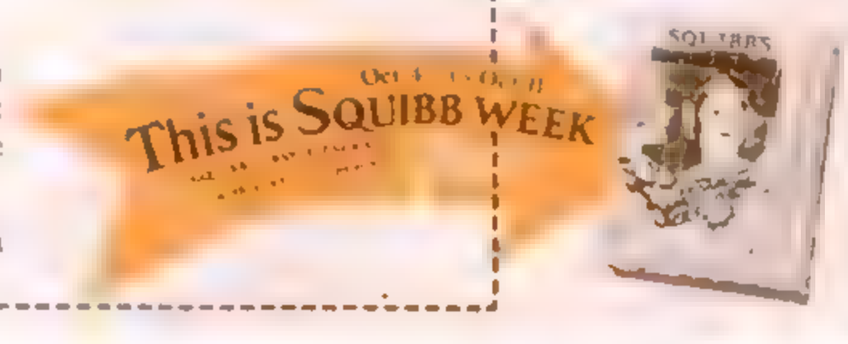
Don't overlook this splendid opportunity to get acquainted with the best household products for your medicine cabinet. Cut the coupon below *now*. E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, 80 Beekman Street, New York, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858.*

Clip this Coupon TO-DAY

Take it to any druggist displaying the Squibb Week emblem—with a purchase of $1.00 or more of any articles you need, including at least one Squibb Product—you are entitled to the Squibb Service Package—FREE.

Coupon good for Squibb Week only—Oct. 4th to Oct. 11th

Copyright 1924, E. R. Squibb & Sons



"We think any merchant can use your plan to get more farm trade"

ROGER W. CURFMAN, *who increased his sales 130% with a Farm & Fireside week*

It wasn't over-enthusiasm that led Roger W. Curfman of Libertytown, Maryland, to write us the message above. True, his store had just completed a banner week with a Farm & Fireside exhibition—as he says, "the most profitable sales plan we have ever used." He had brought some two thousand people into his store, and 1852 of them bought merchandise. He had boosted his sales that week from $8[illegible]6.25 to $1,968.27—an increase of 130%.

But he knows *why* the plan worked for him, and he knows that there are thousands of merchants with sales problems and sales opportunities just like his.

For Curfman's Store is a small town store. In Libertytown itself there are only 850 people. Around it, however, as around your town, there is a big market for quality merchandise—the farmers and their families. Curfman's Store simply reached out *straight* for more of this farm trade and got it—as you can, for we offer you the very same plan.

It makes no difference what type of store yours may be or where it is located, if you carry any of the products listed below and want to increase your sale of them, the Farm & Fireside plan will help you.

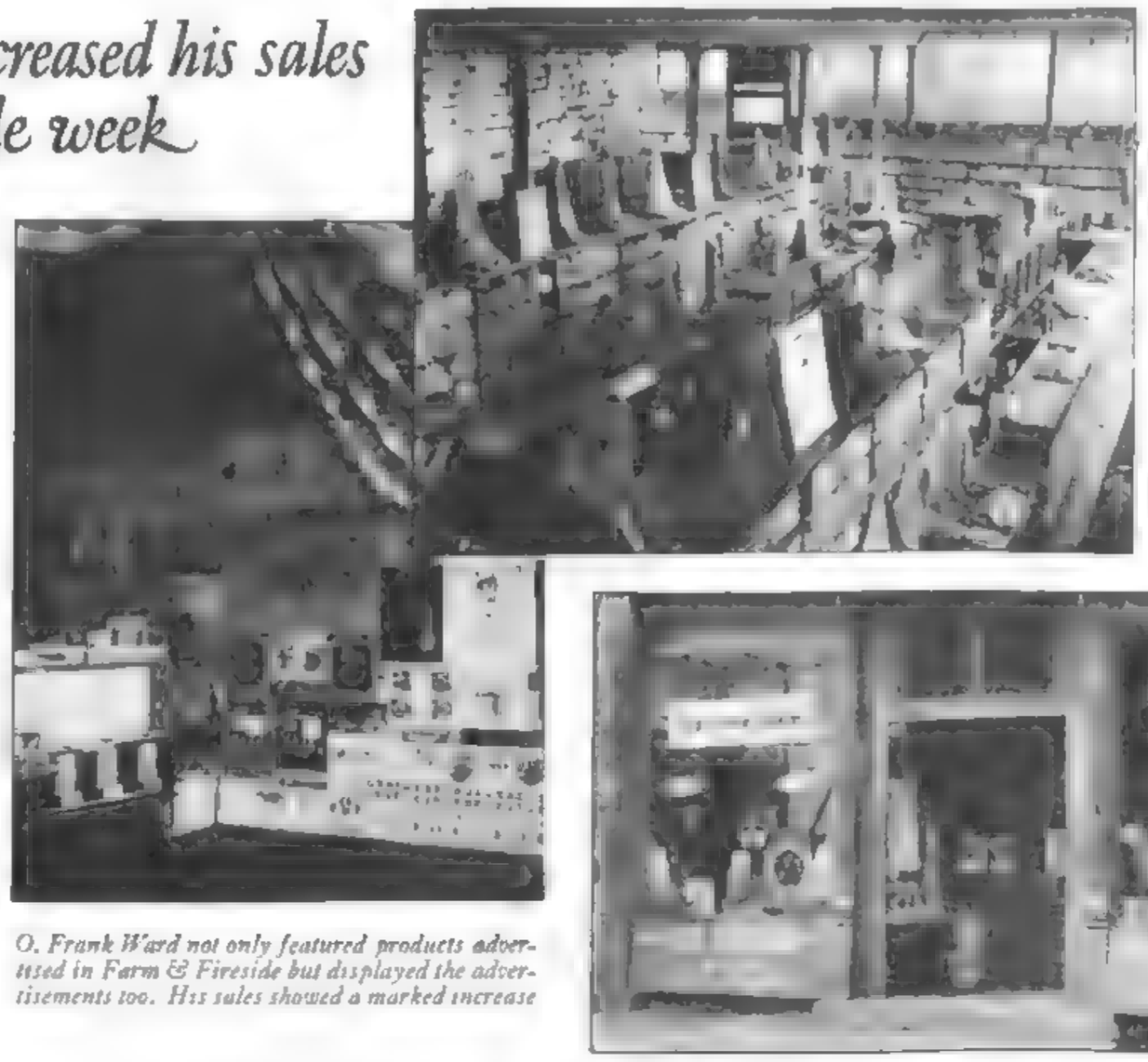
Read what these dealers in your line have done

Do you sell hardware? The Pelahatchie Hardware Co. of Pelahatchie, Mississippi (population 1212), during a period of heavy rains when high water delayed the rural delivery of their announcements for two days, made an increase of 30% in sales with the Farm & Fireside plan. And 40% of this increase was secured on merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside.

O. Frank Ward, hardware dealer in Fountain City, Indiana (population less than 500), drew 1000 people into his store with a Farm & Fireside Week. In writing us, he makes special comment on the fact that his sales for the week *after* the exhibition showed a gain of 33⅓% over the week before it.

Perhaps yours is a village general store. Would the Farm & Fireside plan work for you? J. L. Whitmire tried it in Ganado, Texas (population 716), and reports a sales increase of 55% over the preceding week—this on top of his regular farm business that averages well over $1,200 a week.

A drug store? The H. R. Cross Drug Store of Winchester, Indiana (population 4021), increased its sales 25% with a Farm & Fireside Week. O. J. Lundemo of Watkins, Minnesota (population less than 500), boosted his sales 30% and he says the exhibition was "certainly the best kind of advertising."



Big stores grow in small towns when the [illegible] and is used to [illegible] for [illegible] trade. It pays to feature the high quality merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside

The H. R. Cross Drug Store of Winchester, Indiana, [illegible] increased [illegible] with a Farm & Fireside Week. Mr. Cross says the plan [illegible] great value as an [illegible] scheme

O. Frank Ward not only featured products advertised in Farm & Fireside but displayed the advertisements too. His sales showed a marked increase

Then here's the report from the Sabinal Drug Co., Sabinal, Texas (population 1458). It shows a sales increase for Farm & Fireside Week of 43% over the preceding week, 58% over the corresponding week of last year.

Small town stores selling various lines of merchandise in widely separated rural communities, yet, like scores of other stores we've told about on these pages and have still to tell you about, they all prove Mr. Curfman's belief that "any merchant can use your plan to get more farm trade."

Why the plan works

The Farm & Fireside plan works because it makes a direct contact between the merchant and the most prosperous farmers in his trade territory—the five hundred, the thousand or two thousand readers of Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*. (Within the trading area of the Curfman store, for instance, there are 3,817 farm families—2,561 owning their farms, 2,683 owning automobiles—and 3,725 of these 3,817 families read Farm & Fireside!) The plan points out to these farm people the store where they can see and examine and buy the products they read about month after month in their favorite magazine.

We cordially invite you to get the details of this plan for increasing your farm trade. Just write "How can we put on a Farm & Fireside Week," and name the products in the list below which you carry. Even if you handle only a few of these products, write for the plan. Levi S. Levor of Attica, Indiana, sold just *one* of them, but he used the Farm & Fireside plan to push the sale of that one item. He got seven *new* customers, and before he had reported his results most of them had come back to buy again!

Please write for complete information to Retail Sales Director, Suite 11-A, at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
[illegible]
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sole & Belting Leather Tanners, Inc.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Boss Stoves & Ovens
Brown's Beach Jacket
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine Co
Canadian Government
(Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough "*Vaseline*" Products
[illegible]
Chilean Nitrate Committee
Clark Grave Vaults
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Columbia Dry Cells & Batteries
Congoleum Rugs
Crescent "*Maytime*"
Cresent Tools
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Detroit Belt Lacer and Closing Machine
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
[illegible]
Ford Automobiles and Ford Trucks
General Electric Co
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Great Northern Ry.
Hall, Hartwell & Co.
(Collars, Shirts and Underwear)
Hansen's Dairy Preparations
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hires Root Beer and Ginger Ale Extract
[illegible]
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm
Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
[illegible]
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Landers, Frary & Clark—"*Universal*"
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Magnavox Co., The
Malta-Vita Food
Midwest Radio Co. [illegible]
[illegible]
Music Master Corp
Natco Hollow Tile Silos and Farm Buildings
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook [illegible]
Nesco Royal [illegible] RANGE Enameled Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Northern Pacific Ry.
[illegible]
Peace Dale Yarns
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Planet Jr. Implements
President Suspender
[illegible]
[illegible] Manufacturing & Cutlery)
[illegible]
[illegible]
Semi-Solid Buttermilk
Stark Bro. Fruit Trees
[illegible] Goodrich Auto Accessories
[illegible] Speedometer Corporation
[illegible]
Swift's Products
United States Tires
[illegible]
[illegible]
Vacuum Cleaners
[illegible]
Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Blue Bold Tape

(Continued from Page 158)

him to start proceedings at once. Then, before noon, she decided there was no occasion for haste; she destroyed the letter. She knew she was being very silly and unwomanly about it, and perhaps a little shameless; but somehow the hope persisted that she might, after all, be wrong in assuming that Yorke was in love with someone else and that he was indifferent to her. Not that anything could come of it—of course not—but still —— Here her reflections became lost in a maze from which there was no pleasant or direct outlet.

The second day she was discussing with herself the advisability of returning immediately to her home in Serros; and practically all the third day was spent in wondering why she had been such a goose as to tell Bevra all that rubbish about being in love with him. She had by now gained the impression that her sister and Robin were secretly laughing at her; quite naturally the former would have confided the sickening details to her husband, and no doubt they had nothing better to do than to discuss her affairs behind her back. The thought of this irritated her beyond words. There were times when she considered them with unmistakably black looks—or at least looks as black as one with such tender blue eyes was capable of producing.

On the fourth day she screwed up the courage to ask Robin whether he and Mr. Yorke had settled upon the day when the latter was to come to the castle for breakfast preliminary to a day's shooting in the hills. Upon receiving the answer, she at once expressed an opinion of Mr. Yorke's manners, turning a deaf ear to her brother-in-law's highly edifying announcement that Mr. Yorke's manners were of a quality that forbade his coming to the castle for breakfast in the random sort of way she seemed to advocate. That same afternoon she wrote another letter to her father—and destroyed it—and was rather sharp and captious at dinner; a most unusual and therefore noticeable mood for her to be in. She had, it seems, waylaid the gardener's boy, from whom she had gleaned the somewhat disturbing information that Mr. Yorke was in the best of health and exceedingly cheerful. A similar report from Captain Sambo was direfully augmented by the statement that his American friend was in better spirits than at any time since his arrival in Edelweiss. This disgusting news was further embellished by an account of a jolly little dinner at Pingari's the night before, when Denny Yorke was the life of the party. Moreover, quoth the captain, practically all the women had lost their hearts to him—and some of them were in danger of losing their heads.

Bright and early on the fifth morning she thought of the snapshot picture. What right had he to be carrying around in his pocket a cheap little picture of her? A disgusting thing, depicting him in the act of kissing her hand—bucolic, common, coarse, plebeian! What had possessed her that she did not tear it to bits and throw it in his face that night at the Regengetz? But always when she thought of that night at the Regengetz a pensive, wistful light stole into her eyes and she was distressingly aware of an unaccountable difficulty in steeling her heart against him. The vacillation that had attended her efforts to dispatch a message to her father was significantly absent when it came to writing to Yorke. She dashed off her letter hurriedly, stamped it, and, as if fearing she might waver in her resolution, motored in to the city and posted it herself at the Tower Station.

As she emerged from the post office she saw Michael Rodkin. He was standing on the curb not far from her car. His dark eyes were fixed on her from the instant she came out of the door until the car turned the corner a block away. She was alone. She was aware of the unswerving gaze with which he devoured her. It was not the first time she had experienced a queer creepy little sensation; of late it had constantly assailed her when she felt herself subjected to his rapt, avid stare. Time and again she had encountered the man in the street and always he had looked at her with those hungry, covetous eyes—eyes that seemed strangely to be stripping her of every vestige of raiment. He frightened her. She had seen that look in men's eyes before—in Budapest, when she was eighteen.

She soon forgot Rodkin. Governed by a sudden impulse, she drove to Regengetz Circus. Something told her that her face was scarlet as she circled the Plaza; at any rate, it was burning. Passing the hotel, she kept her gaze fixed rigidly ahead. Only at the very instant of turning off into Castle Avenue did she allow it to relax. Then she sent a swift, searching glance over her right shoulder. Her heart gave a mighty thump—and kept on thumping as she shot up Castle Avenue as if pursued by demons. That fleeting glance had taken in a tall motionless figure on the steps, a white face turned in her direction. She could not be sure, but—well, whoever he was, he was wearing a gray suit of clothes and a brown fedora hat.

She suffered a disappointment later on. Down in her heart she had hoped that Pendennis—what was it that Captain Sambo had called him? Denny? She rather liked it—Yorke would refuse to surrender the picture. She secretly longed for a letter from him setting forth his reluctance to part with the souvenir—a letter in which he would plead earnestly and perhaps a trifle tenderly for permission to retain the picture. She hoped for a letter from which she could derive a little comfort by reading between the lines.

Instead of that kind of letter, however, she received a polite note, inclosed with the photograph, delivered by a paid messenger from the Regengetz, with absolutely nothing between the lines. It was as follows:

Dear Princess: I fully appreciate your desire to have the picture destroyed—and by your own trustworthy hands, as you so ingenuously state in your note. I have no right to it, of course, and had I been less contemptible than I must seem to you, I would have insisted on your keeping it that night at the Regengetz, thereby sparing you the embarrassment of having to ask me for it. It would be idle for me to say that I relinquish it without regret. I shall miss it after all these years. But you have asked for it, and here it is, with my compliments and apologies. Hold it over your lighted candle. It will soon be ashes. Permit me, princess, to subscribe myself,

Your devoted servant,
PENDENNIS YORKE.

P. S.—I am wondering whether, after having deprived me of a cherished memento, you will continue to preserve the only thing you possess that may serve to remind you of the day on which this picture was taken. I refer to a certain time-honored traveling bag on which my humble name is painted in rather imposing characters.
P. Y.

She was furious. The insolence of him! She shed a few tears over that postscript. For, when all is said and done, a princess may be quite as sensitive as even the lowliest of her sex, and as prone to heartaches and—tempers.

Shortly after this she began to show a most extraordinary interest in Bevra's children. She had always adored them, but now her devotion seemed to be turning into a tender, jolly sort of slavery. She spent much of her spare time playing with them. She walked in the park with them, told them fairy stories, came in with their mother to hear their prayers and to kiss them good night as their eyes were closing in sleep, got up much earlier than usual in the morning to romp with them, and twice saved young Prince Dantan from a paddling at the hands of his strict though loving mother.

It was and always had been the custom in Edelweiss Castle to paddle naughty little princes and princesses, just as other little boys and girls are paddled or ought to be paddled when they misbehave. And the naughty little princes and princesses howled just as lustily under the slipper as the humblest wrongdoer in the land, proving that all mortals are made in the same mold and that purple and fine raiment is no protection against the law. Parents in Graustark were humane. They believed in swift punishment, getting it over with as quickly as possible; they did not believe in such prolonged cruelties as sending children to bed supperless, locking them up for determinate periods in dark closets, depriving them of cherished playthings, sentencing them to heartbreaking hours in which they were made to feel that mother no longer loved them. Prince Robin had been paddled by an adoring great-aunt, the Duchess of Halfont; Princess Bevra had been soundly paddled by her mother, and so had Princess Virginia. It is worthy of note that these punitive measures invariably were attended to by the mothers; they knew how to administer a paddling without giving offense.

There were times, however, when Virginia's restlessness got the better of her. At such times she took the car out for a spin, disregarding imperial precedent by driving in solitary defiance of custom up and down Castle Avenue and through the upper streets of the city. Citizens accustomed to seeing royalty only when it was attended by flunkies, bodyguards and the strictest decorum were at first amazed by the extraordinary digressions of Dawsbergen's daughter, but soon began to nudge one another and smile as they followed her with admiring eyes.

"It is the American blood that's in her," was the sage verdict of the people of Edelweiss.

She confined her little excursions to precincts adjacent to the castle, thereby conscientiously observing the law as laid down by the wise and cautious Baron Gourou, head of the police department of Graustark, who pointedly declared that he would not be responsible for her safety if she roamed too far afield.

On several of these spins she was accompanied by the bulky Prince Hubert. She did not like him, but he served a purpose. It had something to do with Pendennis Yorke's peace of mind. She frequently passed Michael Rodkin in the street and was always conscious of his pursuing gaze. This in itself was not sufficient cause for complaint on her part. He had as much right to gaze at her as any other man or woman in the street—and they all gazed at her, you may be sure. Only once did she catch him in the act of smiling at her, and that was when she stopped the car one day in Regengetz Circus to pick up Prince Hubert.

She was not offended by his smile, however, for there was an open sneer in it, there was mockery in it. She was honest enough with herself to admit that there was some excuse for his sneer. It was his way of proclaiming what she knew to be the truth. Hubert, for all that he wore the insignia of a prince, was less worthy to sit beside her than the commonest man in Edelweiss.

Hubert, who was living at the Hotel Regengetz, did not rise any higher in her estimation when, on this particular occasion, he remarked as they drove off, "I passed that bounder Yorke in the lobby just now, Virginia."

"Did you?" she said coldly.

"I complained to the manager the other day about that infernal typewriter of his. He keeps banging away on it till long past midnight."

"How interesting! And what did the manager say?"

Hubert scowled.

"He said he'd speak to him about it."

"I suppose Mr. Yorke stopped his racket at once?"

"He did not. The bounder paid no attention to the manager's request. He ought to be thrown out of the hotel."

"Are you sure the manager spoke to him about it?"

"Absolutely—in writing. He showed me the note the fellow wrote in reply—on his beastly typewriter too. He said that anyone of his own sex who reported that he used the machine after six o'clock in the evening was a liar."

"Goodness! That was being definite, wasn't it? I should say, Hubert, that it is up to you to get someone of the opposite sex to report him. That would simplify matters tremendously. He wouldn't dare call a woman a liar, you know."

The irony escaped him.

"He's got all the fool women about the place eating out of his hand," he growled. Then scornfully—"Lord, how they do fall for him! Somebody's husband will blow his brains out if he hangs around Edelweiss —— Hey! Easy! This isn't a country road, Virginia! Good Lord, you're up to fifty-five!"

"If you don't like the way I am driving this car, Hubert," she flung over her shoulder into the rush of the wind, "you can just hop out."

That same evening Captain Sambo dropped in for dinner with Yorke. He found that gentleman pacing the room, his brows knit in thought.

"Hello! What's up?" demanded the captain.

Sharpe had taken his coat and cap into the bedroom.

"One of my fellow lodgers has been trying to have me kicked out of the hotel," replied Yorke, who rarely wasted words. "Prince Hubert. This evening he informed the management that I have been hobnobbing with Michael Rodkin the Red, and that I am not what I claim to be. The manager came to me a while ago in great agitation. He doesn't believe a word of what the

(Continued on Page 165)

Your Motor Tells You

Are you using the choke too much these fall mornings? Is there some back firing and spitting before you get under way?

These symptoms are your engine's way of proclaiming that you need a Winterfront on account of cooler weather.

Whenever it is cooler than 60° out-of-doors your Winterfront will insure easier starting and save both gas and oil.

Remember these important points—

—Winterfront is entirely automatic. It opens and shuts itself

—While the engine is warming up, all the heat is held under the hood by the tightly closed shutters

—Before the engine begins to overheat the shutters begin to open

—Before it cools below efficient running temperature the shutters begin to close.

And you have nothing to remember; there is nothing you can forget. Winterfront does it all.

A thermostat, controlled by the temperature of the cooling system, moves the shutters automatically, so that, in effect, your engine itself decides whether the shutters are to be closed or partly open or wide open.

Winterfront never fails to open and shut itself.

There is only one Winterfront—it is made by Pines. The price for cars with small radiator is $22.50; for medium radiator $25; for large radiator $28.

PINES WINTERFRONT CO.
404 N. Sacramento Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Winter Driving
We will gladly send you this booklet of useful information on care of your car free.

PINES WINTERFRONT CO.
404 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Without obligation please send me booklet advertised in Saturday Evening Post, Oct. 4th
Name
Street
City State
1 Drive Model

THE inside of your coat gets more wear than the outside. Constant friction, standing, walking or sitting. Good style requires silk linings and good sense requires silk linings with *wearing quality*. For three-quarters of a century, Skinner's Satin has been the overwhelming choice of tailors and clothing manufacturers who use only the best materials.

In purchasing a suit or overcoat ready-to-wear, look for the Skinner label shown below. In ordering from a merchant tailor,

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Skinner's Satin

All-Silk or Cotton-Back

Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's cloaks, suits and furs. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

Established 1848

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS — NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON PHILADELPHIA — MILLS, HOLYOKE, MASS.

(Continued from Page 163)

prince says, but it seems the fellow has been telling a lot of other patrons of the place."

"Don't let it worry you, Denny. You have excellent sponsors. Prince Robin, Gourou, Quarnox and See here, old man, you don't mean to say the management is hinting that you ought to get out?"

"All I can say is that Grossman appears to be nervous and embarrassed. He may have something of the sort in mind."

"We'll soon get it out of his mind," declared Sambo warmly. "Don't think anything more about it."

"There's another thing," resumed Yorke. "I went down to call on Rodkin at his diggings this afternoon. I'd been promising to go. I think I've told you we were in college together. He's a radical all right enough and I've no doubt would like to see the government overthrown. There on the table is a lot of literature he's been getting out for the enlightenment of the masses. Baron Gourou knows all about it. In fact Rodkin sends most of the stuff to him as soon as it's off the press. No secret about it.

"Well, Rodkin told me today that one of his acquaintances, a Red of the deepest dye, came to him last night with a rather ugly story. It seems that a day or two ago a stranger—an Axphainian, I gather—approached this fellow and coolly offered him a thousand gavvos if he would do a little private job of assassinating. The man refused to consider the proposition. The stranger mentioned no names, but he did say that the intended victim was not a member of the royal family, nor was he a citizen of Graustark. Rodkin is firm in his belief that I am the man whose death is desired. He also suspects that a certain visiting prince is the man higher up. Rodkin knows no more than I have told you. His friend is positive that the man who made the proposal to him is a stranger in Edelweiss. He never saw him before and, so far as he is able to report, he has disappeared as if swallowed by the earth. He describes him as a frail, sickly looking young fellow, extremely nervous and ——"

"It's as plain as the nose on my face," broke in the captain. "This fellow, whoever he is, has been hired to do the job himself. He's in a funk. Can't go through with it. Lost his nerve. So he's trying to hire someone to take the dirty job off his hands. Gourou must be told at once. He ——"

"That has already been attended to," interrupted the other.

"Have you seen Gourou?"

"No, Michael Rodkin went straight to him with the story. I'm bound to tell you, old man, just what Rodkin said to me. He said that he wouldn't have breathed a word of this to Gourou if he hadn't believed it was me they are after and not Prince Robin or someone else among the all highest."

"Gad, he's a frank devil, isn't he? He gave you to understand, did he, that he wouldn't have put a thing in their way if their plot called for the assassination of his highness?"

"One of Gourou's men was discussing the matter with me just before you came in," said Yorke slowly. "He says that Rodkin made practically the same statement to the baron."

"Which one of Gourou's men was here to see you?"

"He's in the next room now," replied Yorke with a queer smile. "My valet, Sharpe."

Captain Sambo started. He allowed a guilty look to flash across his face and then heaved a sigh of relief.

"So you have tumbled to Sharpe's real job, have you?" Captain Sambo was picking up some excellent English through his association with Pendennis Yorke.

"I must confess that I was beginning to suspect him. He is much too good a valet to be the real article. . . . What do you make of Rodkin's story?"

"It is not for me to say, Yorke. My position denies me the privilege of making a definite accusation. Just the same, I am glad that Rodkin warned you. Be on your guard, Denny. You need not be afraid of Prince Hubert attacking you himself. He isn't built that way. But the world is full of men who can be hired to commit murder. I am saying more than I should, I suppose, but I happen to know that Prince Hubert looks upon you as the only obstacle between him and—er—victory."

"I understand. He goes on the principle that death is surer than divorce. Isn't that it?"

"At any rate it is swifter," said Captain Sambo significantly. "He is a coward, despite his size and prodigious strength. He will not fight. There is a story that a Russian nobleman once slapped his face in a restaurant. He was half Hubert's size. According to witnesses, the prince, instead of retaliating with his fist, leaped behind a table, white with fear, and shot the man dead. So now you know what kind of a fighter he is."

The following day Prince Robin and the American started out bright and early on a shooting expedition into the hills near Ganlook, accompanied by huntsmen and beaters. Pendennis breakfasted at the castle and they were off shortly after sunrise, long before the household was astir. The prince supplied the guns. They were after pheasants.

Virginia ambled leisurely into Bevra's breakfast room as usual, soon after eight o'clock, to have coffee and toast with her sister. It was not until then that she learned of the shooting trip, which obviously had been planned beforehand and without her knowledge.

"Don't blame me, Virgie," protested Bevra when taken to task by her sister. "I knew nothing about it till late last night, when Robin told me he was getting up at four this morning to go off shooting with Mr. Yorke. I don't know when they arranged it. Besides, dear, what possible difference could it have made to you? Surely you wouldn't have been such a goose as to get up at four o'clock to have breakfast with a couple of grouchy men."

"I call it sneaking, that's what I call it," flamed Virginia stormily. Then suddenly her anger gave way to smiles. "You old dear, I don't blame you. You are only a poor little wifey. You're not supposed to be consulted about anything your high and mighty lord and master chooses to do. And if Robin didn't consider it worth while to mention it to you, I dare say he thought it was even less important to mention it to me. . . . Goodness, this coffee is hot!"

And when the hunters returned at six o'clock that evening, leg-sore but triumphant, she was not present to congratulate them on their luck. She was up at the Halfont mansion, whither she had hastened at mid-afternoon, impelled by the praiseworthy object of delighting the venerable lady with a proposal to make her dinner more cheerful by sharing it with her in the privacy of the ducal bedchamber, to which the duchess was still confined by her diminished attack of tonsillitis. The duchess had never known her to be so tenderly thoughtful, nor her conversation to be so sprightly.

"You are a sweetheart, Virginia," cried the pleased old woman as her self-invited guest was taking her departure. "I feel twenty years younger and I shan't have my tonsils out—not by any means. I am looking forward to another attack, my dear—and you shall be my physician. . . . By the way, how is your friend Mr. Yorke?"

"Who?" inquired Virginia, puckering her brow.

"Isn't his name Yorke? The man you are married to, I mean."

"Oh, Mr. Yorke! I wasn't listening, I fear, duchess. He is very well, I hear. I haven't seen anything of him for ages."

"Dear me! What kind of a simpleton is he, may I ask? If I were a man and married to you, my dear, you'd never see anything else but me."

"That's awfully sweet of you, duchess, but I am afraid your fever is coming up again."

"It isn't a circumstance to the fever I'd be having if I were ——"

"Good night, you old darling. I really must be running along now. They'll lock the gates on me."

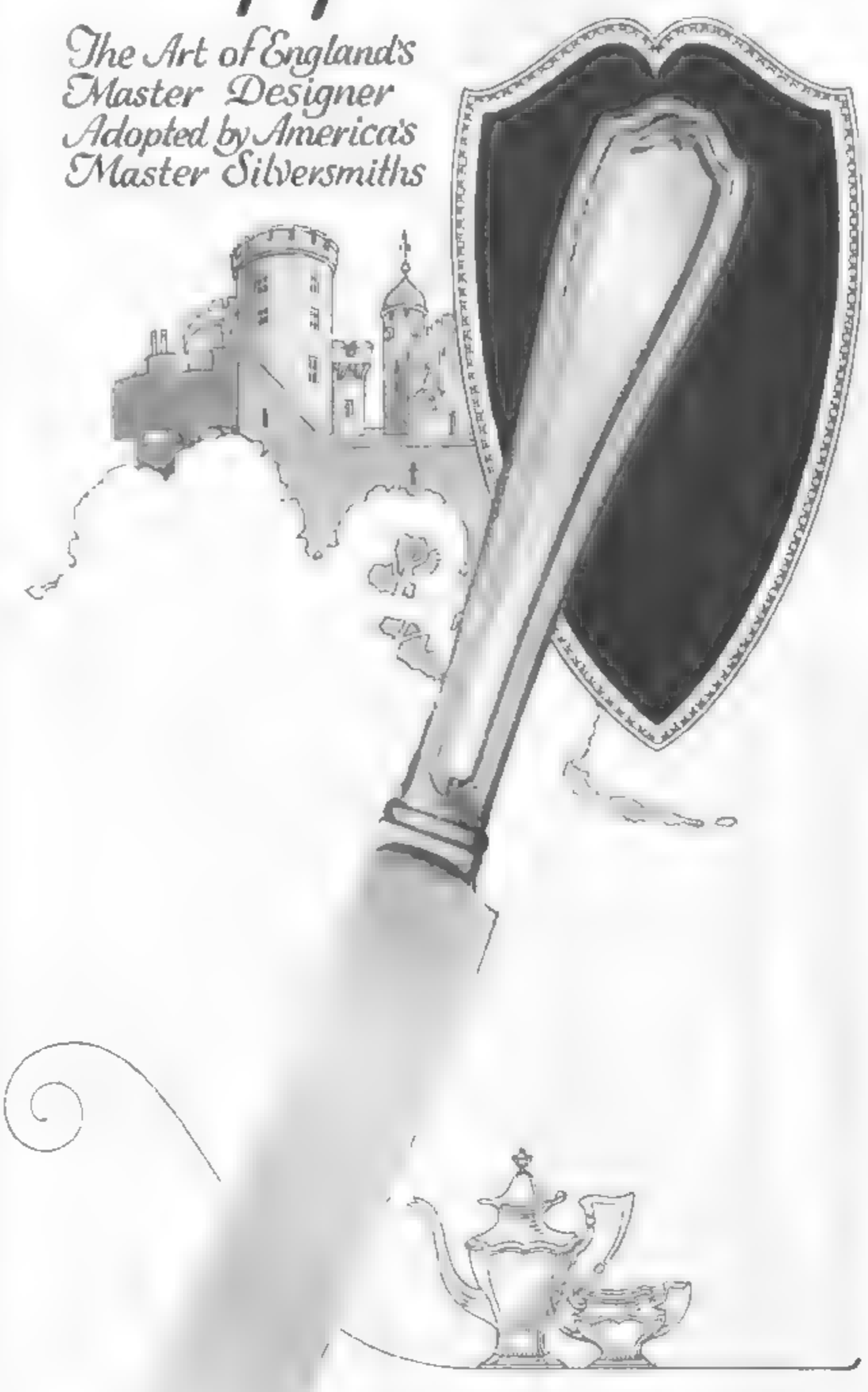
The next afternoon she came face to face with Pendennis in Castle Avenue. Dusk fell early upon Edelweiss, screened as it was on all sides by towering mountains; and night came swiftly even while the sun shone brightly on lands not many leagues away. She was hurrying homeward in the little car when she beheld him walking from the direction of the castle. Her first thought was to speed by as if she had not observed him, but it was instantly dismissed. She hated herself for the thought. She was ashamed of the childish motive.

So she swung in toward the curb, bringing the car to a stop with more haste than was good for it. Her smile was warm and friendly as she leaned over and held out her hand to him.

"How do you do, stranger?" was her gay greeting. Her heart was beating rapidly, although to all outward appearances she was as calm and serene as the proverbial

Heppelwhite

The Art of England's Master Designer Adopted by America's Master Silversmiths



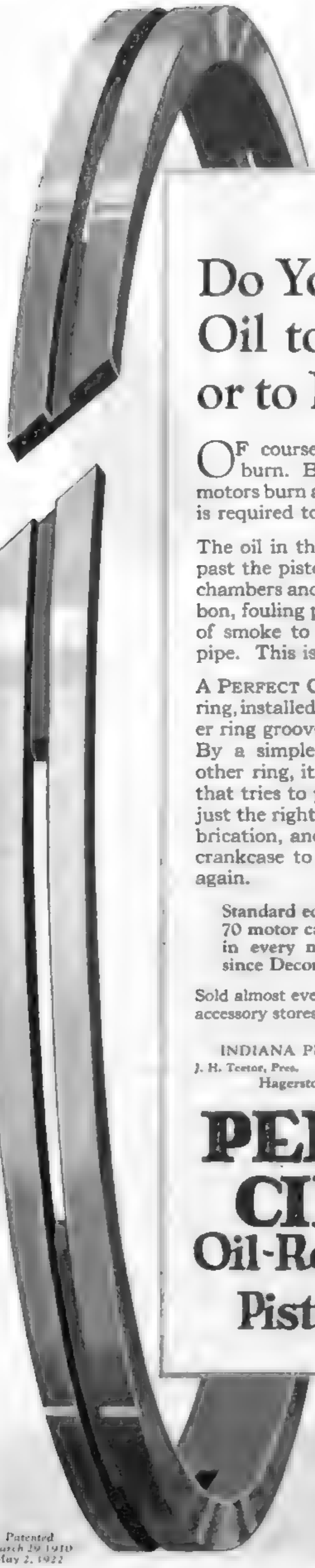
THE delicate beauty of line that is characteristic of Heppelwhite is expressed with unusual fidelity in the Reed & Barton Heppelwhite pattern. Thus at your jeweler's *you* may purchase flatware or hollow ware in solid silver, embodying the same decorative simplicity that has made the name Heppelwhite famous since the time of the Third George of England. Of even greater importance, however, is that *your* silverware be of the quality made famous by Reed & Barton during its hundred years of silversmithing.

Your jeweler will be pleased to exhibit a variety of other patterns in Reed & Barton ware both in solid silver and silverplate.

The Heppelwhite Pattern in Solid Silver. Made in Flatware and Hollow Ware.

REED & BARTON, Taunton, Mass.

REED & BARTON
100 YEARS OF SILVERSMITHING
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE



TEETOR
Perfect Circle
PISTON RINGS

Do You Buy Oil to Burn— or to Lubricate?

OF course you don't buy oil to burn. But it is a fact that most motors burn a great deal more oil than is required to lubricate them.

The oil in the crankcase forces itself past the pistons into the combustion chambers and is soon burned into carbon, fouling plugs and causing clouds of smoke to pour from the exhaust pipe. This is "oil-pumping".

A PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring, installed on each piston in the lower ring groove only, stops this waste. By a simple principle found in no other ring, it collects the surplus oil that tries to pass the pistons, retains just the right amount for cylinder lubrication, and returns the rest to the crankcase to be used over and over again.

Standard equipment in more than 70 motor cars and trucks—winner in every major automobile race since Decoration Day, 1922.

Sold almost everywhere by leading jobbers, accessory stores, repairmen and car dealers.

INDIANA PISTON RING COMPANY
J. H. Teetor, Pres. C. N. Teetor, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A.

PERFECT CIRCLE
Oil-Regulating Piston Rings

Patented
March 29 1910
May 2, 1922

PRICE $1.00 EACH
Up to and including 5 in. diameter
(One to a Piston)

COMPRESSION TYPE, 25¢ and up

May morning. If she noticed the eager, searching look in his eyes as his big hand engulfed hers in a grip that should have caused pain, but did not, she gave no sign.

"This is a most unexpected pleasure, princess," he said, still holding her hand

He appeared to have forgotten to release it. She was conscious of a strange, warm current coursing through her veins; she felt her whole body sag a little, as if by some mysterious though pleasant process it was being denuded of all its strength, all its resistance. She felt this warm current clear to the tips of her toes. Suddenly he remembered, and released her little gloved hand. But he could not withdraw the legacy left by that brief, highly sensitized moment of contact. She still tingled—deliciously.

"I haven't seen you in ages," she said, and was afraid he would detect the queer breathlessness that attended the effort. She was beginning to regret that she had not hurried on without stopping to speak to him

"I have been terribly busy," he explained, almost inarticulate except for his eyes, which were still eloquent.

"So I hear," said she, equally at a loss for words.

He waited for a moment, collecting himself.

"I walk out this way every afternoon—clearing the cobwebs out of my brain. The avenue is wonderful. I've never seen a more splendid—er—magnificent avenue."

"It is magnificent, isn't it? I love it. I am not supposed to be out driving alone at this time of day, with night coming on. But, you see, I, too, need something to clear the cobwebs away, so I violate all rules, all precedent, all the conventions, and—and —— Oh, what did I tell you?" she broke off to exclaim, pointing up the avenue.

She hadn't told him anything, to be sure. Still, he graciously overlooked the omission and turned his head to look in the direction indicated. Half a dozen mounted guardsmen were cantering toward them on the opposite side of the dividing parkway.

"Ostensibly exercising their horses," she commented with a shrug of her shoulders; "but in reality looking for me. They will pass by without the slightest sign of having perceived me. Nevertheless, in a very few minutes they will come riding up behind us. They will salute and a few rods farther on they will come to rest. And there they will wait until I am ready to precede them through the castle gates. You see, I know their habits. They are very faithful watchdogs and this isn't the first time they've ridden out on the trail of bothersome me."

"It will soon be dark, princess. Isn't it a little unsafe—I mean to say unwise—for you to be out alone ——"

"I am not afraid," she broke in.

"These are evil days."

"All the more reason why I should not be a coward, Mr. Yorke. Go on, don't be afraid to say it."

"Say what?"

"What was on the tip of your tongue. 'All the more reason why you should not be a fool'—wasn't that on the tip of your tongue?"

"It was," he replied succinctly.

"I thought it was. . . . How is the work getting on?"

"Splendidly. I shall be through much sooner than I anticipated."

"Really?"

"A couple of weeks more will finish the job."

She took that moment to lean forward and fumble with the switch regulating the headlights.

"And then I suppose you will return at once to London," she said, still bending forward—a circumstance which may have accounted for the muffled tone in which she spoke.

"Oh, no, I am going on to Dawsbergen for a couple of weeks. After that I shall go to Axphain to study conditions there."

"How—very interesting."

A brief silence ensued. She found herself looking, not into his eyes, but at the red carnation on his coat lapel. She was not thinking of the flower however. In fact, it is doubtful if she saw it at all, the intentness of her gaze notwithstanding.

He misinterpreted her interest.

"Gardenias are my favorites," he said, with a whimsical smile. "But the boy who has been supplying me with them notified my valet the other day that he couldn't bring any more of them to me."

"Indeed?" she said, a trifle coldly.

"I miss them terribly. Still, I like carnations for a change."

She felt the flush mounting to her face. The words came out before she could check them.

"There are no more gardenias. Didn't the gardener's boy tell you?"

"I have never seen the gardener's boy, princess."

"Do you—do you doubt that there is a gardener's boy?" she demanded indignantly.

"No, indeed. I know you sent them to me by Sharpe's son. I would thank you if I believed that you wished to be thanked."

"Oh!"

He leaned closer and said, a thrill in his voice, "Is that the only reason why the gardener's boy ceased bringing them to me?"

"I—I don't understand." But she did.

"Because there were no more to be had?"

"What other reason could there be, Mr. Yorke?" she asked, raising her eyebrows slightly.

"The extinction of a whim," he replied, looking straight into her eyes.

She flared

"How dare you speak of it as a whim? That is a nice way to thank me! I did it because I knew you liked them. Now you make me sorry that I even tried to be kind and ——"

"Please don't be angry."

"I am very angry, Mr. Yorke."

"Forgive me—Rosa."

It was daring, but he said it so gently, so softly that it was little more than a whisper.

She started, her lips fell slightly apart, and again her body experienced that quick sagging sensation as of complete surrender to a bewildering, inexplicable languor. Then she laughed uncertainly, confusedly.

"How—how funny that sounded!" she cried, struggling bravely to recover her composure. Then, in sheer desperation—"I must not keep those men waiting. My sister will be wondering what has become of me. Good-by, Mr. Yorke."

"You are no longer angry with me?" He did not remove his foot from the running board

"Of course I am—frightfully," she said, making no further move to start the car.

"You will be amused to know that I have pressed a number of those gardenias between the leaves of a book." He laughed awkwardly. "Silly, isn't it?"

"Very," she answered, now quite cool and collected. "I thought it was only disappointed old maids who pressed flowers in books. It does seem silly for a man to do it."

"Well, anyhow, I did it."

"I suppose you will be taking them down into somebody's tomb with you one of these days," she said mockingly.

"Certainly—down into my own, princess."

Her hand was on the gear-shift. She grasped it nervously, rather convulsively.

"Good-by. I really must be going. It is nice to have seen you again. So sorry to have missed you after the hunt yesterday." He stood back, lifting his hat. She hesitated a moment and then impulsively cried, "I was mean and cattish about that picture, Mr. Yorke, and I've been awfully ashamed of myself. Would you like to have it back?"

In the gathering gloom she saw his white teeth as his lips broke into a broad, pleased smile.

"Then you haven't destroyed it?"

She ignored the question.

"Would you like to have it?" she demanded, a querulous note in her voice.

"I should say I would!" he cried.

"You shall have it tomorrow morning," she called over her shoulder as the car got under way.

Not a word from either about the subject that was uppermost in their thoughts—the divorce.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Eighty Concerns that Grew

Illustrated and Described in This Remarkable FREE Book—All of Them Sell with the Multigraph

We've called it "Going After the Customer"—and the contents back up the title. From cover to cover it tells the story of modern methods of merchandising—64 pages of proof—facts from the pens of retailers, wholesalers, specialty men and manufacturers.

The North, South, East, and West, all helped write this remarkable book. A retail store builds a million-dollar business in a small Oklahoma town; a men's furnishing store in Ohio increases business 42% in six months; a manufacturer sells $3,000 worth with one letter; an automobile dealer in Washington increases new car sales 23% in six months, at a cost of but .6 of 1% of his business volume!

The Multigraph is the backbone of direct-mail advertising. It prints with speed, ease, and economy, at a saving of 25% to 60%; it makes national advertising more profitable.

From the small retailer to the great manufacturer—everywhere in between—the Multigraph, rightly used, is *earning, saving,* day in, day out, continuously.

You simply must send for this free book—now.

Retailers

A *plumber* in Montreal began business and jumped from zero to $3,252 76 surplus in five months—*with the Multigraph*

A *grocer* in Hopkins, Minn., mailed Multigraphed literature to 1,500 families and 1,229 responded—*82% returns*

A *shoe dealer* in Spokane, "on the fifteenth floor," expects to increase his 1924 business by $20,000—*with Multigraphed advertising*

A *coal dealer* in Indianapolis in a special campaign reduced his selling cost from 20% to 3½%—*with the aid of the Multigraph*

Jobbers

A wholesale *grocer* and packer in Winnipeg, through aggressive ideas put into operation *with the Multigraph*, gets business from many distant points—as many as 338 orders being received from a single mailing

A wholesale *drug* concern in Baltimore covers seven states without sales representatives. Weekly mailings costing 1-10 of 1% save 11% on sales expense

A wholesale *builders' supply company* in Santa Fe expects to double the business—saving 50% on printing, at the same time—with *the Multigraph*

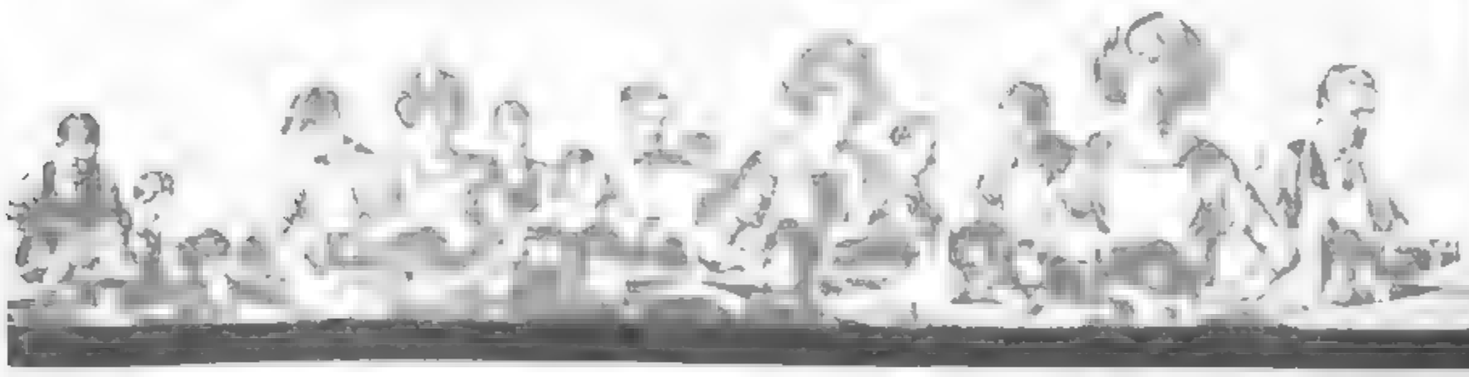
Manufacturers

A *chocolate product* manufacturer in Chicago sells to wholesalers *through the Multigraph*. In one campaign, 4,655 letters in 38 states sold 6 856 dozen packages

A manufacturer in Cincinnati received 5% returns from his Multigraphed advertising campaign—AND business directly traceable was in excess of $20,000

Eberhard Faber, Brooklyn, wanted distribution for their dealer window display—*and got it with the Multigraph*. Result! More Eberhard Faber pencils sold

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY
1800 East 40th Street Cleveland, Ohio

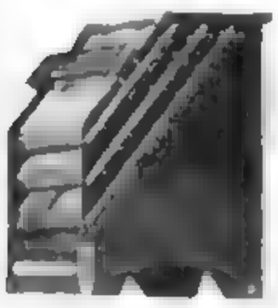


THE MULTIGRAPH

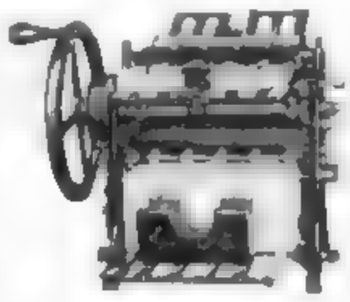
The Multigraph is a rapid, rotary printing machine for office use, which can be used either for printing with ink from type or plates, or for multiple-typewriting through a ribbon. Hand-operated and motor-driven types. It prints bulletins, folders, tags, forms, letters, bags, envelopes—almost anything the average business requires. Easy to operate—easy to own.

The New Multigraph with Typesetter $37 00 down, balance on easy terms Cash price $185 00 (in U S. A.). Printing Ink Attachment, $35.00 extra.

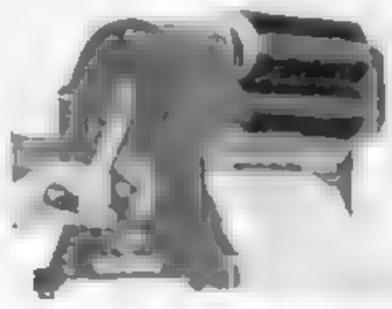
This is the Multigraph Typesetter which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph



This is the Multigraph Folder Junior, companion equipment to the New Multigraph, has a folding speed of 4,800 pieces an hour; hand operated. Price $125 00 (in U S. A.)



This is the New Multigraph equipped with printing ink attachment.



Your Copy is Ready—Mail this Coupon Today

The American Multigraph Sales Co., 1800 East 40th St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your new booklet entitled, "Going After the Customer," and inform me just how the Multigraph will be of service to me.

My Business Is.....

Name

Address.....

City and State.....SEP-10-4

Bergster

F. BERG & CO.
NEW YORK

A Sta-Shape Hat at 7.00

(Slightly Higher West of Rockies)

They Retain the Style Lines Longer

NEWEST style, newest colors, and the exclusive Sta-Shape process make this fall's Bergster a hat you'll vote for. In all the winning colors the new greys, blues and browns. Ask your hatter to show it.

Others $5, $6, and $10

F. BERG & COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

Factory: Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Berg

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Sta-Shape

HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

LOVERS' TIME

(Continued from Page 17)

minute because these ignorant people couldn't talk any other language than their own.

"Let's go to that big hotel we saw," he said at last.

"Those're swells there."

"Well, what're we?"

Against his better judgment, Hardtack trailed along and they drove to one of the larger hotels, where a dance was in progress.

"Gee, this is something like!" exclaimed Wally, returning to his seat from one of the showiest exhibitions of foot and knee work ever seen on that floor.

"Uh-huh."

"Ain't you having a good time?"

"Not as good as I was."

"The trouble with you," remarked Wally, "is you're nothin' but a roughneck."

"Is that so? And what's your trouble?"

"I ain't got any. This is right where I live; yes, sir, I was cut out for high life."

"You're like to git it with that dame," rejoined Hardtack glumly as he wiped his brow.

"What's the matter with her?"

"She looks like a gold digger to me."

"That just shows your ignorance. If a man spends more'n a dollar and a quarter on a meal, you think it's highway robbery."

"So it is," asserted Hardtack stoutly.

"Why, some of these people don't think nothin' of spending ten dollars every night just for eats."

"Well, they don't think nothin' about anything, when it comes to that."

"Aw, you make me sick!"

"All right, fly at it, son, as much as you want to. I'm going home."

"And leave me here alone?"

"She talks English, don't she? So does that head waiter; and you can add, I reckon, so you don't need me."

"Go and jump in the canal for all I care," retorted Wally, who had been hopeful he might share the bill.

Next afternoon Wally took his partner of the previous evening for a motor ride along Las Delicias and beyond. Every day about sundown it is the proper caper for fashionable Seville and their imitators to drive up and down a short stretch of road beyond the park. They even have a halfway point where cars and carriages are parked, facing the road so that the occupants can watch the stream of vehicles go by and discuss who's who and why. Here, on sunshiny days, one can see the aristocracy prance past in victorias with jingle of silver harness, the high-stepping horses flinging off flecks of foam; children out for an airing with their nurses in open carriages drawn by mules with strings of bells; handsome shaved mule teams driven by sporting gentlemen who have put in a hard day ogling the women and discussing bullfighting at a club window open on the street; most of the wealthy people of Seville in smart cars from America, and visitors jogging along in decrepit horse cabs. A huge imported car comes purring up the road and everybody turns to stare. In the back sits a famous bullfighter, his hawklike eyes searching for pretty faces.

While Wally was rubbing elbows thus with high life, Hardtack sat in the patio of a tenement where about forty poor families lived. That patio constituted the horizon of the world for some of the women there, for they carried on their occupations in their own quarters and seldom stirred abroad. He found all the Pérez family at home except the son, whose job in a stable detained him late in the evenings. The two girls were sewing; they earned their living by working for a tailor. The mother was cooking supper. As for Papa Pérez, he rested comfortably on the gallery, smoking, out of work and grateful for it.

"Where's your friend?" they inquired.

"He went for an automobile ride."

"Ah, these automobiles, they are a curse!" exclaimed Señor Pérez, who followed the profession of street sweeper and feared the day would come when the automobile might make his job superfluous.

While they sat talking a neighbor who had been eying them from the patio climbed up to offer a lottery ticket he wanted Hardtack to buy. This ancient made a living by hawking them in the streets, for customers always added a tip to the price of the ticket for luck.

"Don't buy from him," whispered Señor Pérez. "It you want a ticket, wait and I'll get one from one of the regular places. I'll ask for ticket No. 21,726."

"Why that number?"

"Because it is very lucky."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Haven't I bought that same number for ten years?"

"Did you ever win anything?"

"No," said Pérez.

"Gimme 21,726," Hardtack said to the neighbor.

Señor Pérez congratulated him warmly.

"You won't regret it, Don Hardtack," he assured him. "It's very lucky."

However, Chirimbolos had no ticket anywhere near that magic number—nothing but odds and ends, as his sobriquet implied. Hardtack chose one at random and bought all the coupons of that number which the vender carried—five coupons at five pesetas each. Each ticket number is divided into ten parts.

"How many more you got?"

Chirimbolos produced seven coupons representing three other numbers; Hardtack took them all. His total outlay was sixty pesetas and he bestowed a duro on the peddler for luck. The Pérez family nearly passed out with wonder and pride. What men these Americanos were!

"Nothing like it," declared Daddy Pérez, with deep feeling, "has ever been seen in this house. Go and tell the neighbors, Encarnación."

"Once we all bought a ticket together," Rosita added. "El Copete got it up and there were seventy of us put in our money, but we didn't win anything."

"Don't I remember?" cried her father. "My name was first on the list—Señor Pérez, one peseta; El Colchon, one-half a peseta"—about seven cents; "La Cucaracha, one-half a peseta, and so on. That was an event, I tell you. I didn't sleep a wink for three nights before the drawing. We might have won a hundred and twenty thousand pesetas."

From what Hardtack could gather, pools for the lottery were a regular event in the tenement; somebody paid three or five pesetas for a ticket and then a dozen would chip in on it. Lotteries are held about every ten days in Spain, where this style of gambling is deeper rooted than bullfighting, or baseball is with us. Everybody who can scrape together a few cents buys a ticket or a fraction of one. Poor people who have been undernourished since the day they were born stint themselves week after week and year after year for a chance at fortune. The lottery is the sole ray of hope in their lives.

The winners realize varying amounts. In the big Christmas event the chief winner draws a fortune—fifteen million pesetas, or more than two million dollars. Even in the ordinary three-peseta lotteries the winning number carries close to fifteen thousand dollars, and in addition there are dozens of lesser amounts, and hundreds of numbers calling for three hundred pesetas each.

The government conducts these lotteries and the drawings are held in the Casa de Moneda in Madrid, opposite the statue of Columbus. A crowd always attends the proceedings, and as the great brass-ribbed spheres revolve and the boy attendants call out the numbers to the officials on the dais under the royal canopy, they watch every move like hawks. Every Spaniard has implicit faith in the honesty of the lottery management by reason of the extraordinary safeguards taken to insure it. Last year the dictator, Primo de Rivera, suppressed gambling throughout the kingdom, but he did not dare to lay hands on the lottery. Besides, the government nets close to fifteen million dollars a year revenue from it, which is an important item in the national budget.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Hardtack. "Just to show you my heart's in the right place, I'll give the bunch here a share in these tickets."

"For nothing?"

"For nothing."

"All of them?"

"Sure! You-all take a third, I'll keep a third for myself and a third for Wally."

"Now, there's a prince for you!" exclaimed Señor Pérez, emotion adding to the whisky husk in his voice. "Run fetch your mother, child."

The señora hurried out to the gallery and, amid a chorus of ejaculations, the distribution was made. Chirimbolos waited until

Strongest where spectacles are usually weak!

NO DOUBT you have discovered, much to your annoyance, this "danger point" in spectacles. Yet there is no need to have your spectacles break at the end piece, or wobble, or work loose. For the new Twintex Shur-on spectacle is strongest at the very point where spectacles have usually been weak. Its patented double-grip, five-point hinge means relief from the annoyance of breakage and the expense of repair bills. And it means that your spectacles, once fitted, will stay fitted—their delicate adjustment undisturbed. Your optical specialist has this newest, strongest spectacle in a variety of models. Ask him for Twintex Shur-on.

Send for an authoritative booklet, "Style in Glasses."

SHUR-ON OPTICAL CO., Inc.
Rochester, N. Y. *Established* 1864

Shur-on

SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES

the coupons had actually been transferred, because the business seemed so incredible, then hobbled off to spread the news. He wanted to get away before Pérez could demand a share in the duro Hardtack had given him. The street sweeper followed as soon as he could sneak off; but being unable to find Chirimbolos, he did the next-best thing and sold shares in the family's coupons for one peseta each to various residents in the tenement. That gave him funds to make a night of it and he returned home lord of the world.

"So I'm down for a third, am I?" sneered Wally, when made acquainted with the investment. "What other way of gettin' rid of our money will you think up next? Huh? First, that Jerusalem trip, and now a lottery!"

"You don't need to take it if you don't want to. All you got to do is say so." Hardtack continued to hold the coupons out to him, however.

"How much for the dog-goned things, anyhow?"

"Twenty pesetas—about three bones."

"All right, here it is. But I tell you right now, you needn't put me into any more of your busts, any time, anywhere. See? I can find plenty ways of losing money without you to help me."

He continued to grumble for a couple of days. Every time he had to spend an extra dollar he came back to the hotel in a fume, to berate Hardtack for involving him in such fool extravagances as lotteries.

"That gold digger must be hooking you," Hardtack chuckled.

"You keep your tongue off of that lady, d'you hear? It's none of your business what I do with my money."

"Oh, all right. But I got enough sense to tell a gold digger when I see one."

"Is that so? Well, that girl you're hanging around certainly looks cheap enough."

"What d'you mean by that? Hey! You make another crack like that and I'll bust you wide open—understand? I'll have you know Rosita's a lady."

"Nobody said she wasn't. But they're roughnecks, the whole dad-burned family. You can't deny that. That father now, there's a fine old bum for you!"

"A honest heart means more'n white hands," retorted Hardtack hotly.

Wally grinned from ear to ear.

"Have I the right to kiss you good night? Whose honey baby are you?" he sang in a sickeningly sweet tenor.

Fortunately an interruption occurred, or it is probable the friends would have tangled. After that, each went his own way. Wally continued to frequent the better cabarets and the hotels where *thés dansants* and supper hops were regular features. It cost him a pile of money, but a man of aristocratic tastes must be prepared to pay.

Meanwhile Hardtack spent his days sight-seeing and his evenings in the patio of the tenement where the Pérez family lived. He would sit watching Rosita by the hour. She never wasted a minute, but went on with her stitching while they talked. This display of industry gratified the ex-mule-skinner immensely; he noted the cleanliness of the rooms the family occupied, also, and told himself that Rosita was a fine worker.

Then she was so young and fresh and good to look upon. Spanish women are the prettiest on the European Continent, for they unite fine physique and intense vitality with soft beauty. Rosita had a front-row-Follies shape, and her large black eyes smoldered with hidden fires. Her feet were like a child's and she had a straight, proud carriage.

"Say," said Hardtack, as the family sat on the gallery one evening, "I saw Roberto just now."

"Where?"

"Up the street a ways."

"It is not surprising," grumbled Señor Pérez. "He is always loafing somewhere."

"He's nothing of the kind," flashed Rosita.

"Then why doesn't he go to work, hey? That guy a bullfighter! El Choto—he is well named."

"Just because he is poor," explained Rosita to Hardtack, "they won't let him come near the house."

"Well, do you want him?"

"No, of course not," she replied.

"See here," interjected her father, who was growing uneasy, "that's enough about Roberto. He's no good, I tell you, and I won't have him come to my house. Listen, Don Hardtack, this is the kind of loafer he is—he is twenty years old and has never done a lick of real work in his life."

"Oh, what a big lie!"

"Pay no attention to that girl; it's as true as I'm sitting here. That guy struts around where the bullfighters hang out and makes out like he is one too. Why, he even tries to dress like a torero—you have seen him—him, without a whole shirt to his back! And he goes out and practices on the helpless calves in the fields."

"Don't believe a word he says, Don Hardtack."

"I'll leave it to your brother Alonso, girl. One day he finds a young bull scarcely more than a calf, you understand, señor; he gets this creature in a pen and goes through a lot of cloak play to show off to his companions. The bull, he is very much amazed and puzzled, and stands there staring at Roberto. But at last he grows tired of this foolishness and knocks him down with a push."

"He made a furious rush ——"

"He walked over Roberto," continued Señor Pérez evenly, "and then tried to find the gate to make his escape. When that bull turned around again, Roberto was already two miles away. But since then he's been a bullfighter—ha-ha!"

About noon next day a card was sent up for Señor Don Hardtack. He was just preparing to go out; Wally was still in bed, after a hard night in a cabaret showing them how to do it. On the card was written in lead pencil, Roberto Alcázar.

"I wonder what the Sam Hill he wants," muttered Hardtack. He knew Roberto could not write; he also guessed that the boy, who had studiously avoided him, would not have come unless driven by a very strong impulse.

El Choto followed close on the card.

"The concierge wrote it for me," he explained.

"Yes? Sit down. What can I do for you?"

Roberto continued to stand.

"I came to see you about Rosita, señor."

"Well, what about her?"

"I would like to know your intentions." Hardtack gaped at the little fellow. "The neighbors are all saying ——"

"Damn the neighbors! What business is it of theirs?"

"They all say that a rich man like you doesn't marry a poor girl, señor," persisted El Choto, striving to speak calmly.

"Now you cut that out, d'you hear? One more bust like that ——" He broke off to eye Roberto in wondering exasperation. "What've you got on your mind anyhow? Spit it out. What do you aim to do?"

"To find out your intentions, señor."

"And suppose I tell you to go and jump in the river—you'd whup me, I reckon; hey?"

"I did not come here to fight you."

"No, I reckon you didn't!" bellowed Hardtack, losing patience. "Now you beat it, hear me?—or I'll take you over my knee and spank you."

El Choto whipped out a knife.

"If you think I'm afraid," he cried, as white as a corpse, "come on! I'll soon whittle you down to my size, hombre."

"Look out!" yelled Hardtack in sudden alarm, pointing to the door behind him; and as the ingenuous Roberto whirled to see what was coming from that direction, Hardtack made a dive and grabbed the youth around the waist. It was mere child's play for him to bend El Choto across his hip and take the blade from him. The hub-bub woke Wally.

"Say, what's doing here?" he inquired, sticking a sleepy face through the door.

"This runt was a-going to knife me."

"Well, give him a wallop for me, too, but cut out the noise," was Wally's only comment, and he returned to bed.

Hardtack, holding Roberto by the arms, propelled him to the door and sent him flying into the hall with a kick. He threw the knife after him. El Choto picked it up and disappeared; he was weeping with shame and rage.

Grumbling wrathfully, Hardtack went out for lunch. The time had come to do some thinking, he told himself. Apparently everybody accepted him as Rosita's suitor; certainly her family did. The affair had progressed faster than he intended. What did he himself want, anyway? He could not have said. When with Rosita he was untroubled by doubts, but no sooner did he get away than a lot of unpleasant possibilities rose to mind. Perhaps that was because he was thirty-two years old. At last

Unstropped Blade Magnified
A Razor edge is composed of tiny sensitive teeth invisible to the naked eye. Shaving gets them out of line. Temperature changes also affect them. That's why even new blades pull. Stropping smooths these teeth back into line and restores a keen cutting edge. A new blade if stropped before using is improved 100%. If stropped regularly it will last indefinitely.
Improve Your New Blades 100%
DO YOU think you are getting shaves as smooth as your safety razor can give you? Then you are in for a big surprise. You can have just as fine a shave with your own razor as any barber can give you if you strop your blades as the barber does.
No skill is required if you use a Twinplex stropper. Just slip in a new blade, give the handle a few turns, and you have a blade that would please the most skillful barber. The few seconds it takes are more than saved, for a keen edge shaves quickly.
Twinplex won't revive old blades, but it will make new blades 100% better and will keep them keen indefinitely. Soon pays for itself in blade money saved.
Send For Stropped FREE Blade
Name your razor and we will send you a stropped blade free. We would just like to show you what Twinplex can do to a new blade.
Twinplex is 14 years old—over a million sold by best dealers all over the world. Drop in at a nearby store and take a look at one. Sold with a long service guarantee.
TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1610 Locust St., St. Louis
New York Chicago
Montreal London
100 shaves from one blade
$5.00 FOR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
$3.00 FOR SINGLE EDGE BLADES
For Velvet Smooth Shaves Strop Your Blades on a
Twinplex Stropper

Buy the Pipe with *Insurance* Protection

THE Milano Pipe is hand-wrought from the heart of century-old Italian briar. It is a perfect specimen of the pipe-maker's art—light in weight, beautifully grained and finished, and always a cool, sweet smoke.

It is protected by the famous Milano Insurance Policy which provides that the *entire pipe will be replaced free of charge should the bowl crack or burn through.* Even the stem, hand cut from solid vulcanite, is covered by a liberal breakage clause.

No other pipe in the world is offered with full insurance protection. No other pipe is so fully worthy of it as the Milano—sold everywhere, $3.50 and up. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.,
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

It's a W D C

WDC

MILANO
The Insured Pipe

he decided to let events take their course, and he got up in calmer mood and returned to the hotel for Wally.

Here Señor Pérez found him—Pérez, purple in the face from running, wild of eye and babbling incoherently.

"Come quick! Come quick! Rosita, our darling child!"

"What's the matter with her? What's happened?"

"Stabbed, señor. Yes, cut to ribbons by that villain. Run, Don Hardtack! A cab—even a taxi—or it may be too late."

They went down the stairs like a cataract, passing the concierge so fast that he immediately went up and peeped in Wally's room to make sure this wasn't a maneuver of his American guests to jump their bill.

What Señor Pérez reported was partly true, but only partly. A couple of hours after his visit to Hardtack, El Choto called at the tenement, where he found Rosita sitting in the front room. What words passed nobody knew, for her mother had not returned from the washing and Señor Pérez chanced to be playing cards with Chirumbolos across the patio. Her sister heard Roberto upbraid Rosita, then a scream and the sound of somebody rushing down the steps. When she ran in, Rosita was lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

"But she won't die," the doctor assured them, trying to still the family's tumult. "It is only a flesh wound. The knife struck a charm she wore and turned aside."

"Now who'll say religion doesn't pay?" exclaimed Señora Pérez triumphantly.

The doctor shooed them all out into the patio, leaving only the younger sister to take care of the injured girl.

"Good may come of this," whispered Señor Pérez, with a knowing wink.

"How?"

"Why, it'll show her the sort of rascal this Roberto is, don't you see? She'll be cured of that foolishness."

"Maybe so," Hardtack assented.

He did not go to the tenement next day because of a trip to Jerez to sample the wines. On the morning following, Señor Pérez put in an appearance with an anxious face and the announcement that Rosita was sitting up and had asked for him.

"Today is the drawing," he added.

"It is? I'd forgotten all about it."

"Rosita is keeping your tickets safe for you, Don Hardtack. I tell you there's a girl who knows how to manage."

"She's a good girl all right," replied Hardtack dryly. He was beginning to get fed up with Daddy Pérez.

"Well, what shall I tell her?"

"Tell her I'll be around this evening. I got a date right now."

When he entered the street that afternoon he found a crowd in front of the tenement. As soon as they espied Hardtack they raised a cheer.

"What's up now?" he wondered. The patio looked like a junk shop. It was piled high with tables and chairs and broken-down bedsteads and mats and old clothes. A dozen families had grabbed all their furniture and tossed it into the court.

"What's the matter?" inquired Hardtack of a spectator. "Been a fight?"

"No, señor. What, have you not heard? Why, we've won! One of your numbers gained the great prize."

Hardtack bounded joyfully up the gallery steps. There was Señor Pérez at the door of his domicile, drunk as a lord and weeping happily. His wife and younger daughter were hard at work clearing out the rooms.

"Here he comes!" bellowed Señor Pérez. "Here comes our benefactor!"

"What does all this mean?"

They were too excited to tell him. Only Rosita could talk coherently. She appeared untouched by this stroke of fortune.

The number for which Hardtack held five coupons had won the main prize of the lottery. Yes, she was sure, because the newspapers had come out with the list. Therefore he would receive half the money—seventy-five thousand pesetas.

"But you-all get twenty-five thousand," he reminded her.

"No; papa went and sold some shares. Mamma doesn't know it yet, but he told me."

"What'll she do when she finds out?"

Rosita shrugged her shoulders, then winced from the movement.

"How much has he got left?"

"We will have ten thousand pesetas, he says. There were twelve others—and he sold them all shares for one peseta each! That's why they've thrown that stuff into the patio. They're rich now, you see, and can buy new things. Look at mamma."

Flushed and perspiring, Señora Pérez was directing the operation of adding to the pile in the court. The place hummed like a hive.

"Here is your ticket," said the girl.

"Where do I cash it in?"

"The place is stamped on the back."

He could find little to say to her, she was so curiously reserved toward him, and he quickly soured on Daddy Pérez's pawing and blandishments. Telling Rosita he would return soon, Hardtack made his way out, having almost to fight a path through the enthusiastic celebrants. After a long search he found Wally in a café.

"Did you know we'd won?"

"Won what?"

"The lottery."

Wally choked on a potato chip.

"The hell you say!"

"Fact."

"How much?"

"Your share'll be about thirty-seven hundred dollars."

To his stupefaction, Wally bounded from his chair and streaked out.

"Pay for that drink!" he yelled as he jumped into a passing cab.

It was after sundown when he appeared at the hotel, and his face was the face of one who has plumbed the depths.

"What's the trouble?" Hardtack demanded.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. She's beat it, that's all."

"Who's beat it?"

"That old rowdy Niña."

"Well, what if she has?"

"She cashed my ticket first."

"Do you mean to say you let that gold digger keep your ticket for you?"

"Oh, shut up and let me think! I got to do something mighty quick."

"Any man who lets a girl take care of his money for him deserves to lose it," remarked Hardtack severely. Then he hastily patted his inside vest pocket to make sure his own coupons were there.

"You're a lot of help, you are. Gee, what'll I do?"

"If you're figuring on ever getting back any of that money," his friend rejoined, "you might as well forget it. She's done gone for keeps; and besides, you couldn't prove nothing. I'll bet she's turning it loose on some other guy right this minute."

"Nothing like a pal to cheer you up," said Wally bitterly. "You can always count on 'em."

Hardtack was right, however. They searched diligently, but without discovering any trace of Niña. A couple of her women friends opined that she had gone to Madrid or San Sebastian.

"Now see what you've done!" Wally broke out fiercely. "I told you all along you had no business to throw my money away on lottery tickets."

After cashing the coupons and receiving New York exchange for the bulk of his winnings, Hardtack went round to the tenement to see Rosita. There was nobody home.

"They went out early this morning," a neighbor reported. "What is their trouble, Don Hardtack?"

"Trouble? I don't know of any."

"Well, they were all excited."

"That don't signify anything. Looks to me like you're all locoed." And he cast his eye over the litter of furniture and junk still in the patio.

"Did you know El Colchon, Don Hardtack?"

"The pale fat guy with puffy cheeks?"

"That's him. He was murdered last night."

"No!"

"Somebody knifed him as he was returning drunk from the café. They stole every centimo he had, señor—more than nine hundred pesetas."

"Oh, he got some of the prize money, too, did he?"

The neighbor nodded. He himself had not, and he was watching Hardtack's face with poisonous triumph.

"Señora Uhalde has run away from her husband, also. That cobbler fellow went at the same time."

"Go on," said Hardtack, prepared now for anything.

"The rest of them haven't seen a sober minute since they got the money, except only Manuel Ruiz. There is a fellow with brains, Don Hardtack. But the others—quarreling and fighting day and night."

(Continued on Page 173)

Why let this fear gnaw at your heart?

VOICES are still; smiles have disappeared; even the old home soon crumbles. Only memory is left.

After the burial of a loved one, there can be no comfort for the sorrowing heart unless the burial protection is positive and *permanent.*

This protection can be secured by uncompromising insistence on the Clark Grave Vault. No vault less skillfully, less carefully or less honestly made, can afford Clark protection.

For a quarter of a century it has been recognized as standard. It has never failed.

Leading funeral directors recommend the Clark Vault and furnish with it a "Fidelity Certificate" which is proof that there has been no substitution.

THE
CLARK GRAVE VAULT
COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio
Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

FIREFOAM is made tough, durable and heat-resistant by Firefoam Liquid—the foaming agent with a service record. It has successfully withstood the test of time and has been proven by *real* fire under actual working conditions.

The work of a lifetime SWEPT AWAY . . .

Yet he thought he was protected . . You can avoid his tragic error . . You can have a weapon that kills any fire at the start . .

YEARS of work and struggle—of hard planning. His business was a success. And then fire struck—with a vicious force and swiftness that laid his world in ruins.

He was a careful business man. But he made the mistake that thousands of business men make every day. *He did not have the right kind of fire protection—it was not adequate.*

Water or liquid chemicals fail on many fires. Fire often spreads in spite of them. And to depend wholly upon the fire department is dangerous—the first few minutes may be fatal.

With Foamite Protection you can instantly stifle any kind of fire

The one sure way to kill any kind of fire at the start is: *to shut off its supply of air*—to smother it. This is the principle of *Foamite* Protection.

In *Foamite* equipment are stored two chemical solutions. When a *Foamite* extinguisher is turned on a fire, these solutions automatically mix and shoot out eight times their volume in Firefoam—a mass of tough, clinging bubbles that blanket any burning surface and shut out air. The fire is instantly, completely smothered out.

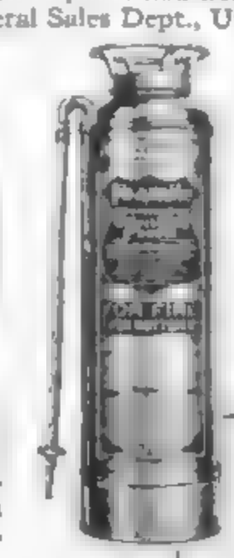
For home or garage; factory or public building; hospital or school—there is a form of *Foamite* equipment—portable, stationary or motorized—adapted to your needs. Foamite-Childs fire protection engineers will be glad to advise you as to the kind of protection best suited to your risks.

Send today for free booklet that explains your risks and how to guard against them.

FOAMITE-CHILDS CORPORATION
Fire Protection Engineers and Manufacturers
916 Turner Street, Utica, N. Y.
Canadian address: Foamite-Childs of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

More than 400 representatives in convenient centers of the United States. Present expansion requires additional full-time, high grade men. Address: General Sales Dept., Utica.

Thrown over any burning surface, solid or liquid, Firefoam smothers fire instantly by shutting off air.



These big leaders are safeguarded by *Foamite* Protection:

The following list shows just a few of the well-known industrials and institutions protected by the *Foamite* method. Hundreds of other fire risks, of every description, have this protection today

United States Rubber Co.
The Standard Oil Companies
New York Central Railroad Co.
General Electric Co.
General Motors Corporation
Mass. Institute of Technology
University of Wisconsin
U. S. Steel Corporation
Procter & Gamble Co.
Sherwin-Williams Co.
U. S. Shipping Board
Cunard Steamship Co., Ltd.
The Glidden Company
Boston Elevated Railway Co.
Barber Asphalt Co.
Topeka State Hospital
Roosevelt Hospital, N. Y. City
Endicott's Cleaning-Dyeing Works

Send coupon today. ***Free booklet explains your risks and how to guard against them.***

FOAMITE CHILDS CORPORATION
916 Turner Street, Utica, N. Y.

Please send free booklet, "Correct Protection Against Fire". I am interested in protecting the fire-risks checked below

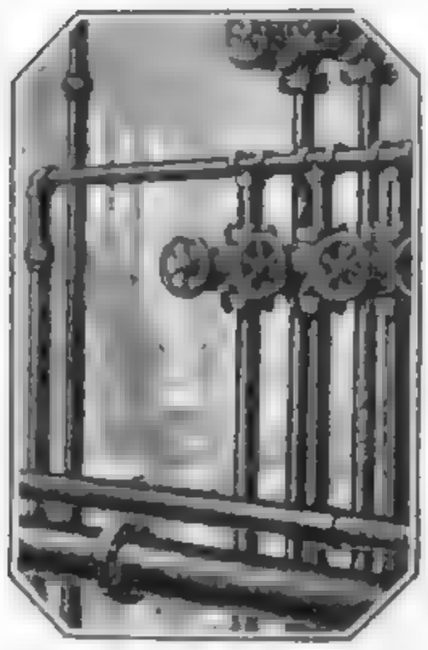
☐ General Factory ☐ Home ☐ Motor Car
☐ Oil, Paint, Chemicals ☐ School ☐ Garage or Filling Station
☐ Hospital

Name
Street
City State

FOAMITE-CHILDS PROTECTION

Copyright, Foamite-Childs Corporation, 1924

This is how the pipe is rusting— and we specified BYERS!



Look for Name and Year Rolled in Every Length

IN a large fine office building, erected less than ten years ago, the pipe was beginning to rust out at an alarming rate, to the great inconvenience of the occupants. The owners, facing very heavy replacement expense, blamed the architects; the architects blamed Byers, whose product they had originally specified.

Investigation later by accident revealed the fact that the pipe which failed was *not* Byers—not even wrought iron, but a cheaper substitute.

"We came to the conclusion," said the architects, "that perhaps Byers Pipe was not so good as it used to be. So we discontinued our lifelong practice of specifying Byers. We are much gratified now to learn the true facts, and in the future we shall be on our guard against such disastrous substitution of cheaper pipe, often claimed to be the equal of Byers."

Have *you* had a similar experience? Have you, peradventure, condemned Byers Pipe on the strength of some such experience, or on the assumption that "Byers is not so good as it used to be?"

Do not overlook the fact that the test of time and service is the only infallible test of rust-resistance. No one can predict the durability of any pipe as now made, save by its past service record. And of this *one* thing you may rest absolutely certain:

> Byers Pipe is made now exactly as it was fifty or sixty years ago · by the same slow and careful hand process, in the same furnaces, from the same carefully selected raw materials. Cheapening processes have never been allowed, even in the slightest degree, to jeopardize the high standard of quality set up long before modern tonnage methods came into vogue.

Investigate! Byers will be glad to give you any assistance they can in getting the true facts in regard to pipe durability. Literature on request

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA. *Established 1864*

New York Philadelphia Boston Chicago Houston

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

Beautiful TILES Never Renewed Yet Ever New

NOTHING will place your guest at ease more easily or completely than a Tiled bathroom

It welcomes with its attractive brightness Spotless walls and ceilings—border designs of suitable color—close-fitting floors of distinctive pattern—all set apart the Tiled bathroom as the acme of cleanliness, beauty and freshness.

Tiles are responsible for "America's bathroom civilization." Always fresh and bright, they hold the leadership in interior decorations today, as through the ages.

Tiles are the recognized standard of comparison for other bathroom materials. They stand at the top—clean, neat, sanitary. A Tiled bathroom is the very finest kind of a bathroom you can possibly have in your home. It is the "gleaming jewel-box" of the American home.

Tiles will outlast the house, never lose their fresh lustre, and can be easily cleaned with a cloth and hot water

Write today for your copy of "HOME SUGGESTIONS"—an attractive book illustrated in colors and depicting typical uses for Tiles in the modern home.

FREE
ON REQUEST

Ask Us Anything About Tiles

Producers of Beautiful Tiles:

The Alhambra Tile Co.
American Encaustic Tiling Co., Ltd.
Beaver Falls Art Tile Co.
The Cambridge Tile Mfg. Co.
Gruxby Faience & Tile Co.
Matawan Tile Company
The Mosaic Tile Company
The National Tile Company
Old Bridge E. B. & Tile Co.
Perth Amboy Tile Works
The C Pardee Works
The United States Encaustic Tile Works
Wheeling Tile Company

Associated Tile Manufacturers
365 7th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

(Continued from Page 170)

He went on to narrate the history of each family since the prize money had been received. Manuel Ruiz had invested his fortune to realize a life ambition. He now owned a fine camera and one of those portable canvas galleries where one is photographed behind a painted screen and thereby enabled to send home to the folks a snapshot of himself at the wheel of an automobile, or in an airship, or placing the banderillas in a bull. Yes, Manuel had removed from the district and would doubtless one day become a rich man. As for the others, on hearing the good news the women had at once rushed off to buy furniture and things to wear before ever their husbands could reach home to stop such foolish expenditures. Much family dissension had resulted and those poor fellows had been obliged to take heavy losses in selling the stuff again to secondhand dealers. There had been terrible scenes.

"But where are they all now?" inquired Hardtack. "Nobody seems to be on the job any more."

The neighbor regarded him with surprise. "Why should they work when they're rich? They are off celebrating somewhere."

"Well, when Pérez comes back, tell him I'll be around again tomorrow."

It was a very lugubrious Papa Pérez who waited for him next afternoon at the entrance of the patio. He had a glorious black eye his wife had bestowed, upon learning the manner in which he had sold three-fifths of their lottery coupons for drink money. Also, he was bowed down by another domestic sorrow.

"She has gone, Don Hardtack," he wailed. "She is no more."

"Who's no more?"

"Rosita. She disappeared yesterday morning and we searched all day."

"Well."

"Today comes a message that she has gone to Cordova."

"What for?"

"She ran away with that rascal Roberto."

Here was a jolt. Hardtack stood staring at Señor Pérez without saying a word. His first reaction of numbed surprise was followed by a rush of anger against the girl. Then his good sense asserted itself.

"Poor kid," was all he said.

Señor Pérez, who had expected him to rave and denounce, took heart.

"Go on up and see the wife, Don Hardtack. She wishes to talk with you. Pay no attention to her cries or what she says about me. I will wait here."

Hardtack slowly climbed the stairs to the gallery. At sight of him Señora Pérez filled the courtyard with lamentations.

"Yes, it is all true," she said when he had persuaded her to abate her grief. "She has gone off with that good-for-nothing."

"She must have loved him a whole lot, hey?"

"And that is queer, too," sniffed Señora Pérez. "She told Encarnación she didn't know she loved Roberto until he stabbed her."

There was silence a while. At last he shook himself and asked, with a wry twist of the mouth, "What'll they do now?"

"They want to come back here."

"Well, why don't they?"

"What?" shrilled Señora Pérez. "After the way they have used us all?"

"Sure. You get somebody to write and tell them to come home. I've got no hard feelings, not against either of 'em."

Rosita's mother regarded him wonderingly.

"You're a good man, Don Hardtack."

"Shucks, forget it. She's only a kid. So is he. And in the long run, like goes to like, señora, spite of hell and high water."

Yet he did not look like a happy man as he walked back to his hotel. Wally was waiting for him.

"Well," remarked that sympathetic soul, "who's got the laugh now? Huh?"

"Oh, go and stick your head in the fountain!" exclaimed Hardtack.

Rosita and her bridegroom returned to Seville two days later and El Choto called early at Hardtack's hotel to make peace. He did not seem at all inclined to strut his victory, but appeared very subdued. The two men shook hands and agreed to forget their differences and be friends.

"What do you aim to do now?" inquired Hardtack.

The boy did not know. He talked vaguely of making big money some day; it soon became evident to Hardtack that he still harbored ambitions to be a shining light of the sanded arena.

"Why don't he quit that notion and get down to work?" he asked the Pérez family, to whom he had constituted himself a sort of guardian.

"Rosita would like to open a shop," replied the señora; "but they have no money. We might have found it for them, only for that low-life husband of mine." She glared at Daddy Pérez. "What do you think, Don Hardtack? He went and gambled away nearly all of it."

Hardtack eyed the couple askance. Were they trying to pull his leg?

"Well, I got to be going. See you tomorrow, people. Say, how'd you-all like to go to the bullfight on Sunday?"

A chorus of eager acceptance broke out.

"Would we?" exclaimed Señor Pérez. "Why, that will be the most renowned combat of the year! The great Chico is to fight."

"O. K., then. I'll call by for you about half past four."

When the day arrived all the family were on hand except Roberto. He had gone out right after dinner and had not returned. Why? They did not know

"I don't think he wants to go," said Rosita timidly, and Hardtack understood.

"Well, let's go on without him," grumbled her father impatiently.

"Sure! Come on, folks. I've got a couple of cabs outside. You and Encarnación ride with me, señora, and Pérez and Rosita and Alonso can go in the other. That'll fix things up jake."

"Two cabs!" exulted Daddy Pérez.

The arena was packed to its topmost tier. Hardtack and his guests found themselves in the front row on the shady side.

"The king himself could want no better," exclaimed Señor Pérez proudly, glancing all about with the air of an expert.

A band struck up, some fruit venders ran into the ring and began hurling oranges to customers with marvelous precision. A fellow would yell an order from the serried ranks under the roof; almost before the words were out of his mouth, the oranges went streaking up to him. A buzz of excited conjecture; all eyes turned from time to time to the royal box, where a princess of Spain was expected to arrive.

"Look at that sand, will you? Ah, how smooth and beautiful!" said Señor Pérez. He made many comments, all with a view to impressing his neighbors.

Suddenly the bugles blared, gates swung back and in galloped two plumed alguazils on noble, prancing steeds. They dashed up close to the barrier in front of the president's box and saluted with their mounts reined back on their haunches; then the horses reared, whirled in midair on their hind feet and made the circuit of the arena with proud, circus-ring canter. The crowd huzzaed and the officials retired.

More bugles, and to the accompaniment of martial music the glittering cuadrilla marched in, gorgeous in heavy gold and silver embroidery on velvet suits. They came in two lines with short, quick steps, and alone in the center strode the famous matador from Cordova. He was short and powerfully built. The arena rose to him with a cheer. At the tail of the procession trotted the mule teams which are employed to drag off the carcasses. They were resplendent in gilt harness and red trappings.

The cuadrilla approached solemnly to the saluting point, made their bow to *el presidente*, then turned and walked to their stations.

"Now comes the fun, boys," proclaimed Daddy Pérez, squirming in his seat.

Another blast from the bugle, again a gate swung wide, and out from a chute burst a great black bull. He halted abruptly when he caught sight of the crowd, and a roar of derisive laughter greeted him as he turned his head from side to side, confused by the noise. He began to trot around the arena, looking over the barrier into the tiers of seats as though in search of a friend; he was lowing like a distressed cow. They yelled names at him, jeeringly predicting his ignominious finish.

A hush fell as the toreros ran out for the cloak play. This is a pretty performance when well done, and a couple of the men were adepts. Twice one of them stopped short in front of the bull and thrust his face close to the slavering muzzle. The animal stood looking at him, puzzled and at a loss.

"He hypnotized him!" roared the crowd.

The torero slapped the bull between the widespread horns with his hand and nimbly side-stepped as the brute charged.

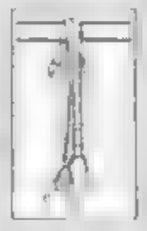
I have heard bullfighting described as cowardly. That doesn't apply at all. It is

"When you see that trade-mark stamped on the fabric you know you are getting fresh, high quality elastic."

ELASTIC webbing upon which is stamped the trade-mark "EVERLASTIK" is the result of over fifty years' of experience and many experiments. It is so woven from the finest of yarns and the best of new, live rubber threads that it has the utmost durability and vitality.

Trade-marked "EVERLASTIK" for the household may be obtained at notions counters by the yard or on handy reels for the work basket. Even the narrow widths are *woven*, which prevents bothersome curlicues after slight use. Gartering, side-garters for the children, or hose-supporter sew-ons made of "EVERLASTIK" are available.

"EVERLASTIK" is found in manufactured elastic articles—such as corsets, girdles and brassieres. In such garments women appreciate the shape retaining features that this high quality *woven* "EVERLASTIK" possesses in so great a degree.



In suspenders for men, the "EVERLASTIK" stamp assures a durable yet flexible elastic which gives the comfort that only a beltless man can understand.

The garter made with elastic bearing the "EVERLASTIK" stamp has the firm, soft grip that supports the hose smoothly without continual adjustment.

"EVERLASTIK" is rightly proclaimed —"The Elastic that Doubles the Wear."

EVERLASTIK, INC.
The Largest Manufacturers of Elastic Webbing in the World
1107 Broadway New York

easily the most brutal of all sports, but either a picador or a matador requires ten times the pluck a prize fighter has to show. Every time he steps into the arena he takes his life in his hands.

After the cloak play the picadors came out on their poor old nags. These wretched beasts are blindfolded on one side so they can be ridden up onto the bull's horns without perceiving the danger. In some places they have recently abandoned the use of horses, but devotees of the sport maintain they are necessary where a full-grown bull is used in order to weaken him sufficiently for the matador's thrust. It seems to me the same result could be obtained by longer cloak play. It is the gore and its maddening effect upon the bull which appeal to the crowd.

In this respect the Spaniards are much like any prize-fight audience. One hears a lot from fistic fans about their preference for little fellows because of their speed and science, but in many years' attendance at bouts I have observed that the crowds only give vent to their deep-throated roars when two slugging huskies cast science to the winds and, standing toe to toe, sock for all they're worth.

The now aroused bull made a rush at the first horse and lifted him high in air. He went over backward with a scream, hurling the picador against the barrier and almost crushing him. As the animal was about to turn his attention to the stunned man on the ground, a torero darted out with a cloak and diverted him. They covered the carcass of the horse with a canvas and a second picador attracted the wounded bull to another part of the ring.

"I can't stand that," said Hardtack, clenching his fists until the knuckles showed white. "When I see them do a horse that way I'd like to smear every rotten ——"

A long-drawn, shivering "Ah!" of delight from the crowd cut him short. The second picador had been tossed and the horse lay kicking spasmodically in the death agony. Hardtack glanced at Rosita, expecting to see her faint. Her cheeks were flushed, she was clutching his arm so fiercely that it hurt, and her eyes blazed.

"Gosh!" he muttered.

A bugle sounded and the picador withdrew to give place to the banderilleros. They placed the three sets of darts with magnificent boldness, leaving the bull raging around the ring, trying to buck the stinging things from his back.

The spectators laughed uproariously at his antics.

Then out came the matador with his attendants. Followed some preliminary cloak play—a pause—the matador squinted along his rapier, lunged forward. The thrust failed to go home. The rapier stuck out, wabbling, and with a sweep of his head the bull knocked it to the ground. The crowd jeered and called the matador names. Ha, the coward! Hadn't he turned aside just as the bull came at him, thereby striking a glancing blow?

He repeated the fiasco. Either it was his unlucky day or a long career replete with accidents had broken his nerve. He simply could not stand squarely up to the brute and take his chance for the deep downward stroke which would end the business.

The bull was now trotting around the edge of the ring in pitiable weakness, his tongue hanging out. Half a dozen of the cuadrilla followed at his heels, worrying him. Some of the audience were yelling for the president to sound the recall, for time was up. Somebody threw an orange at the matador. It precipitated a shower of bottles and other missiles, and a pause had to be taken to restore order. Meanwhile the animal sank down from utter exhaustion and a man with a knife put him out of his misery. Game to the last, the bull kicked feebly at one of his tormentors. The crowd roared with laughter.

Then the band struck up a gay tune. In rushed the mule to drag off the carcasses. Fresh sand was spread and they turned the second bull into the ring.

"Now we'll see something!" cried Señor Pérez, thumping the rail with his fist. "That fellow was no good. They ought to hang him. But this bull is a fierce creature, and doubtless Chico will take him."

Chico displayed such prodigies of cool daring and skill that the arena broke into pandemonium. They flung hats and money into the ring. They stood up and cheered until the amphitheater rocked.

"Now you see!" croaked Señor Pérez hoarsely, his voice entirely gone. "There is a bullfighter for you! Where else in the world have they men as brave? Yes, or such noble bulls either?"

The effect of this performance was electrical. As the arena was cleared for another combat, the crowd became worked up to such a pitch that the slightest incident provoked a thunderous wave of sound. It was the atmosphere of tension in which free fights start or accidents occur.

"Wow, look at that!" yelled Señor Pérez, springing to his feet. "Oh, the imbecile! Take him out, take him out!"

A spectator had jumped the barrier into the arena just as the third bull was released. He was in street clothes, but no sooner had his feet touched the ground than he whipped out a red cloak from under his vest and advanced nimbly. A babel of yells and admonitions and protests, frantic adjurations to the police to arrest the miscreant. But what could they do? No policeman was going to risk his life in there for the sake of a crazy fool.

Such incidents occur from time to time in the white heat of the bull ring. Señor Pérez had seen it happen twice before, but what sent him reeling back into his seat now, with a moan of anguish, was that he recognized the intruder. It was Roberto. No doubt about it; they could not mistake that trim, small figure. It was El Choto, tripping toward the bull, with his little cloak weaving in front of him.

Rosita saw him and let out a piercing shriek. One glance at her face and Hardtack came out of his seat. Thrusting aside the excited spectators, he vaulted the barrier.

"Another!" howled the crowd. "Here comes another!"

The bull had stopped and was regarding Roberto with the utmost surprise. In fact, as he stood there with head erect, one could almost visualize an interrogation mark between his horns. Then he lowered his nose, let out a thundering rumble and charged.

"Ah-h-h!" A quivering moan burst from the audience, for at sight of the brute bearing down on him, El Choto's frenzy evaporated. He hesitated, wavered and then fell flat on the ground, covering his face with his hands.

"He's killed, he's killed!" the cry went up. But the animal went completely over Roberto, the murderous horns ripping upward into empty air. El Choto was trampled, but ungored.

By this time the toreros and Hardtack had reached the spot. As the beast whirled to renew the attack, Chico drew him aside with his cloak. He attacked it. At the same moment Hardtack seized him by the tail, and hung there until they had dragged the unconscious Alcázar to safety. Then he let go, and while Chico kept the bull in play, he ran to the barriers and crawled back to safety amid a tumult that went tingling to the sky.

"Shucks, there was nothing to that!" he panted, as the spectators pressed around him, exclaiming and patting his back. "I done tailed too many big ol' Turkey Track steers in my day to let that rascal faze me."

As for Rosita, she had collapsed. They had almost to carry her from the arena, with everybody laughing and applauding.

"Well," said Hardtack when they reached home, "I reckon you've had enough of bullfighting, ain't you, kid?"

"Si, señor."

"If I slip you a piece of change to start that store, will you cut out this monkey business and settle down to work?"

"Si, señor."

"And you'll treat her good?"

"Si, señor," said El Choto humbly.

"All right, that's settled then. But there's one thing more I want you to remember, Roberto—and it'll keep you out of a peck of trouble, too."

"What is that, Don Hardtack?"

"Just this: It's easy enough to throw the bull, but a different thing to kill him."

Prevents Eye-Strain

Desk workers find genuine comfort under Brascolite. The soft, mellow glow that radiates in all directions is absolutely without eye-straining glare.

And Brascolite is economical. A very small portion of the light from the electric lamp inside is absorbed in the "mellowing" process, due to the scientifically correct design.

BRASCOLITE

DIFFUSION PLUS REFLECTION

is the most widely used of all lighting fixtures. Sold in 37 countries and made by the largest fixture manufacturers in the whole world.

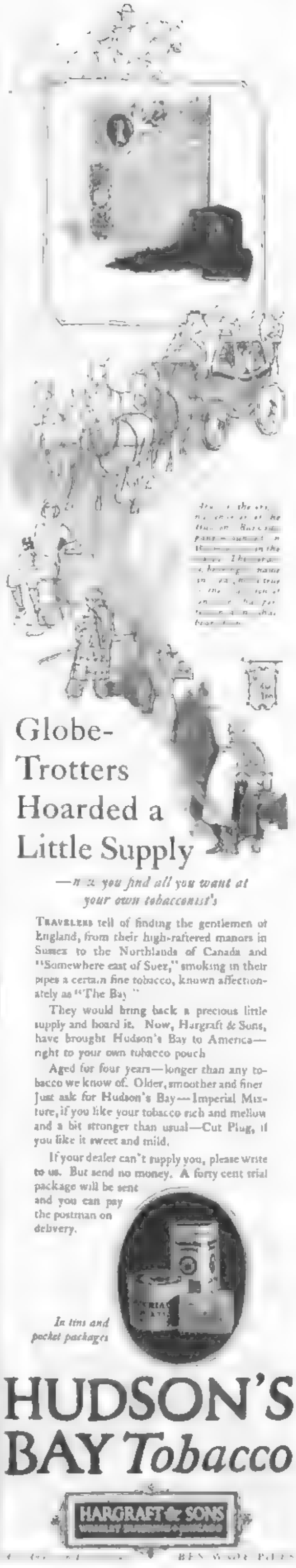
Brascolite, singly or in clusters, is adaptable to every lighting need.

Phone your Fixture Dealer or write us and our salesman will call on you.

The EDWIN F GUTH CO.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Representation in every city in the United States.

Canadian Distributors:
Tallman Brass & Metal, Ltd.,
Hamilton, Ont.



Globe-Trotters Hoarded a Little Supply

—now you find all you want at your own tobacconist's

Travelers tell of finding the gentlemen of England, from their high-raftered manors in Sussex to the Northlands of Canada and "Somewhere east of Suez," smoking in their pipes a certain fine tobacco, known affectionately as "The Bay."

They would bring back a precious little supply and hoard it. Now, Hargraft & Sons, have brought Hudson's Bay to America—right to your own tobacco pouch.

Aged for four years—longer than any tobacco we know of. Older, smoother and finer. Just ask for Hudson's Bay—Imperial Mixture, if you like your tobacco rich and mellow and a bit stronger than usual—Cut Plug, if you like it sweet and mild.

If your dealer can't supply you, please write to us. But send no money. A forty cent trial package will be sent and you can pay the postman on delivery.

In tins and pocket packages

HUDSON'S BAY Tobacco

HARGRAFT & SONS

The new KELLY construction is a real improvement, not a mere "talking point"

What is the Integral Bead construction, and what does it mean to the tire-user?

What it is, is explained in detail at the right.

What it does for the car-owner is to give him tires of greater strength and increased flexibility.

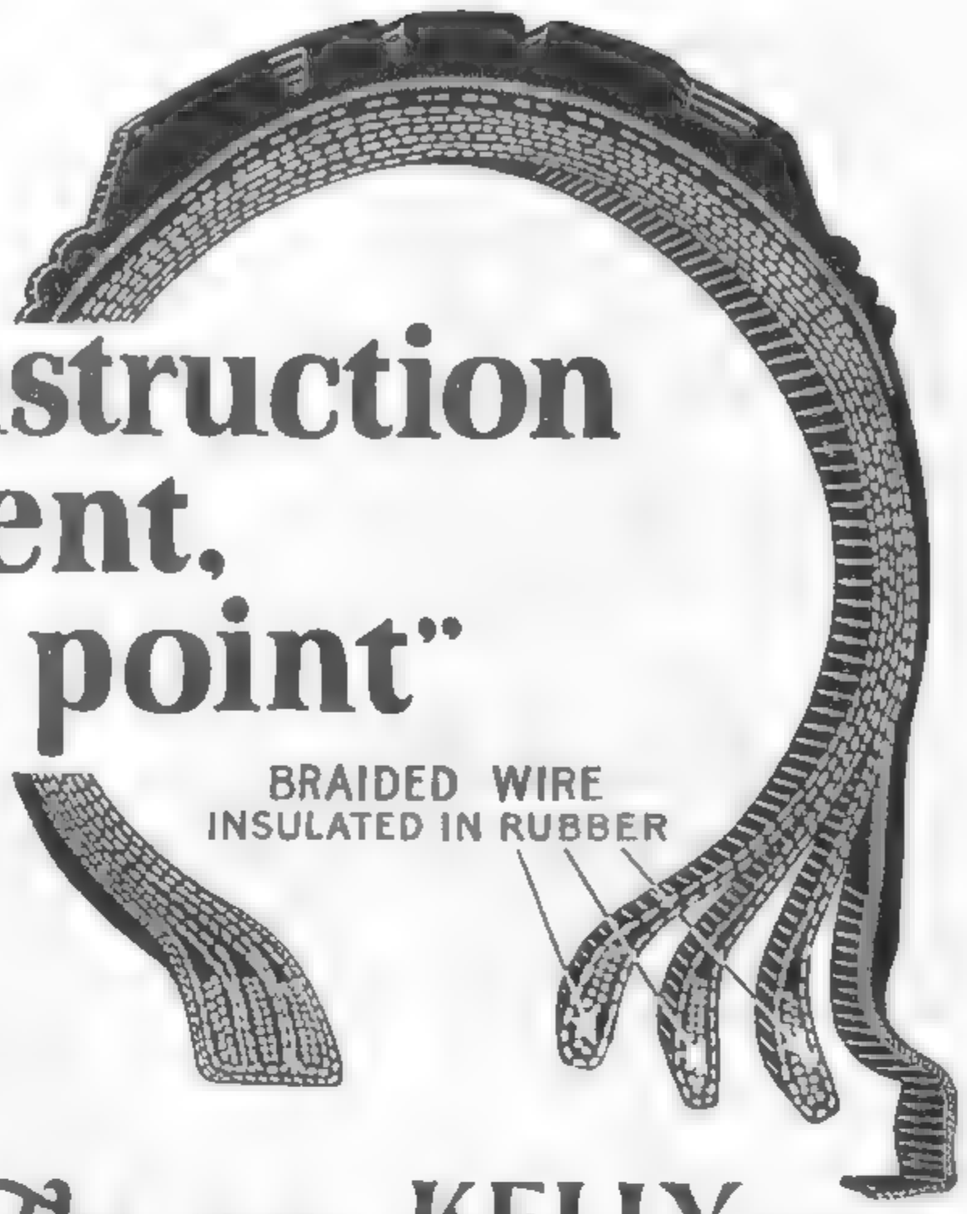
Greater strength, because the bead is built in as a natural, integral part of the tire.

Increased flexibility, because the cords are continuous from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer.

The Integral Bead is a real advance in tire construction, important to the user of high pressure tires and doubly important to the user of balloon and balloon type tires.

Not only does it eliminate what is sometimes a source of trouble, but because the cords are 12 times longer and have more play than is the case in tires built by the ordinary method, tires built with the Integral Bead are easier-riding and longer-lived.

Study the pictures. They will show you why this new method of tire-building adds more definite, tangible value to the tire than any improvement since the advent of cord construction.



The new KELLY way

By the use of an entirely new and radically different process of manufacture, used only by Kelly, the bead is formed by enclosing strips of insulated braided wire in the loops formed by the cords, which, instead of extending merely from bead to bead as in the ordinary construction, are continuous, from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer. Thus the bead is actually a *part* of the tire from the first, instead of being set into it later and held in by adhesion.

With the new Kelly construction no "flipper strip" (see below) is necessary, and as the cords are not cut off at the beads, but are continuous and are built in at an absolutely uniform tension the tire naturally has more "give" and flexibility. The bead *cannot* break out or separate, and since there is no flipper strip to cause a stiffening of that part of the sidewall nearest the rim, a source of possible trouble is removed.

The ordinary way

In all tires made by the ordinary method, the bead, composed of strands of braided wire insulated in rubber, is built as a separate unit in the form of a ring and partly cured. It is then fastened into the tire by the plies of cord fabric which partially enclose it. These plies are not wrapped entirely around the bead, but are cut off "at the 'toe'" or at the side by some makers and at the "heel" by others so that some plies extend along one side of the bead and some along two sides, but none around all three. The loose ends of the plies are then covered by the "rubber strip," which extends from the point marked "A" to the point marked "B" in the drawing.

Most makers also use what is called a "flipper strip," which passes around the bead and extends an inch or two upward between two of the layers of cord. This flipper strip helps to hold in the bead, but it also has the effect of stiffening the lower part of the sidewall so that the point at which it ends forms a sort of hinge where the flexing of the sidewall, particularly in the low pressure tire, is localized, making an acute angle of bend.

One of the great advantages of the new Kelly construction is the fact that the flipper strip is eliminated.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

GUNN LINO DESKS and TABLES

With Inlaid Lino Tops

Patented and Guaranteed

Excel in Service, Beauty and Real Desk Comfort—LINO provides the **Ideal Writing Surface.**

Lino is our specially prepared fabric, scientifically treated, so that ink and stains can easily be removed. Lino has life-time wearing qualities. The surface retains its distinctive, new appearance and is not easily marred. **No Necessity for Glass or Desk Pads.**

"It Isn't a Lino Unless It's a Gunn"

Grand Rapids Made

Eliminate Glare!—Eyestrain!

The soft shade of Lino is **restful to the eyes.** The quiet color prevents irritating light reflections common to any polished surface.

This assures physical comfort, which stands for better health and a better and more accurate day's work.

Do not confuse with floor linoleum laid on or glued to ordinary wood top.

Gunn LINO Desks and Tables are widely adopted by commercial establishments, banking institutions and for public buildings.

Catalog and Sample of Top Mailed Free

The Gunn Furniture Co.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Branch Offices and Salesrooms:

11 East 36th St., New York City

312 West 10th St., Los Angeles

Preston Furn. Co., Ltd., Preston, Canada

TARIFF FACTS AND FALLACIES

(Continued from Page 29)

expanding them will depend the employment of our working men, the development of our resources, the accumulation of capital and wealth, and the diffusion among the masses of all those things that make for the happiness and prosperity of our citizens. We shall not attain success by studying time-worn maxims and theories. We must let facts and results be our guides. If our present law does not or will not keep our working men employed at good wages, if it is not the best device for expanding our markets, it should be rejected. But what should be substituted for it? Is there any other proposal except to make radical reductions in our tariff and buy more goods abroad because we can buy cheaper there?

Those objecting to the principles upon which the present law is based, and the rates contained therein, assert:

That it constitutes a tax upon consumers to the full amount of the duty imposed, not only upon the goods imported but upon all similar articles that are made and used in this country as to which there is similar increase in price;

That it enables the protected manufacturers to monopolize our markets and charge the American consumer an excessive price;

That it is, in effect, a subsidy and special privilege granted to a favored few;

That it restricts our foreign markets, in that if the foreigner does not sell to us he cannot buy from us.

In short, they claim that the cost of the protective system is greater than its gains. They deny that protection and prosperity go hand in hand. They assert that the manufacturer has been profiteering upon the masses; that the increase in price amounts to more to the working man than the increase in his wages, and that the present tariff unnecessarily increases the cost of living.

Congressman Green, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee

In considering these objections we ought to be able to agree on some basic facts. If we buy more abroad of what we can produce at home, necessarily we reduce employment. Idle men furnish no markets—they lessen them; nor do they add to our accumulations or our wealth, because they produce nothing. On the contrary, as the community must in some way support them, they inevitably decrease our possessions by consuming them. When we buy an article abroad we have the article and have lost its cost; when produced and bought at home we have both the article and its price.

Unemployment in 1914

The evil effects of nonemployment manifest themselves in an ever-widening and never-ending circle. As the idle workmen cease to buy they put others out of employment, because they lessen the consumption even of those things that we produce best and cheapest. Indeed, cheap production does not benefit them.

Much is said about lowering the cost of living. Everyone wishes to buy cheap and sell dear, whether he is dealing with property or services. The workman would like to have high wages in making goods, and would also like to buy cheaply; but though high wages make for an increase in efficiency and production by the worker, they also tend to raise prices, and cheapness is not so important as employment.

If a working man is out of employment he has nothing with which to buy, and cheap production or low cost does not benefit him. Having lost his purchasing power, the result is further to reduce markets until all classes of business feel the blight and trade depression is general. This was evident when the Underwood tariff was adopted; it had been in force only six months when our imports began to exceed our exports. Our manufacturers lost their markets and our workmen lost their jobs. Our gold commenced to go abroad to pay the balance of trade against us, and foreign goods displaced our home products, until by the summer of 1914, 4,000,000 men were out of employment. The protectionist asserts that the breaking out of the Great War was all that prevented one of the most serious commercial crises ever known.

Whether this claim was well founded it is not necessary here to determine. It is sufficient to note the fact that under a tariff enacted primarily for revenue purposes unemployment was general, markets were restricted, agricultural products were so low that early wheat sold for sixty-five cents a bushel on farms in the Middle West, that a general business depression prevailed, which was increasing every day until the war broke out.

Deflation

Almost immediately after the declaration of war, as in the twinkling of an eye, business conditions changed; and until some time after the war had closed an activity prevailed such as had hardly ever been known before, and the magnitude of our trade rose beyond all comparisons. Whether the prosperity then existing and of which so much has been said was real or apparent—whether merely the result of a period of inflation which like all other such periods was necessarily to be followed by a period of depression—need not be discussed in this article. The facts are that the tariff was supplanted by what amounted almost to an embargo on European goods and an unprecedented foreign demand arose for our own products of all descriptions, especially those required for food. As everyone who wanted a job could obtain it at high wages, our domestic markets were also greatly expanded.

Tariff questions, for the time being, were eliminated.

This period of expansion lasted for some time after the war, but was, as everyone knows, followed by a period of great depression, the cause of which is easy to find. During the war commerce on the oceans was greatly restricted. Long shipments, such as those from Australia and Argentina to Europe, were dangerous and often impossible, because the necessities of those engaged in war could not wait for anything; time was all-important. As a result, immense stores of grain, provisions and wool piled up in these and other countries, awaiting the time when they could be shipped.

When ships became available these products were poured upon the European markets, taking them away from our farmers. Immense quantities were dumped also at our own ports, where there were received hundreds of millions of pounds of wool, frozen mutton and beef, and large quantities of other agricultural products, such as butter and eggs. Trainloads of sheep went into the Chicago market and were sold for only a little more than enough to pay freight and expenses of sale. Wool was almost unsalable at any price. The great staples of corn and wheat had to be sold on the farm for much less than the cost of production. Livestock values also were extremely low. Naturally an exodus from the farms began, and in a short time, even in the most favored regions, it was not uncommon to find good soil which was

After months of steady wear

YOU'LL be astonished to see that Cheney Tubulars look like new, even after months of steady wear. They knot easily and slide perfectly inside the collar. Woven in one piece, there is no lining to wrinkle or get displaced. See Cheney Tubulars, in plain colors, stripes and latest patterns, at your haberdasher's.

65 cents to $1.50 each.

Look for the name in the neckband

CHENEY TUBULARS

All silk or silk mixtures

Four-in-hands and Bats

CHENEY BROTHERS

4th Avenue at 18th St., New York

Use LE PAGE'S *for permanent mending*

WHEN you mend an article of useful household value, if you want to be sure of making a *permanent* repair, use LePage's Glue. The quantity of glue you use is so little, and the cost so small, why risk using anything but the best? As in everything else, the best is cheapest in the end. LePage's insures *permanent* repairs. *Insist* on LePage's.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

BIG PAY Pleasant work. Sell our guaranteed trees, shrubs, etc. Orders easy under our plan. Part or full time. Start now banking big business for Spring. Write for details.

Portell-Burke Nurseries, Dept. S, Rochester, N. Y.

uncultivated. By the year 1921 the condition of the farmer was one of the worst ever known, but the farmer was not the only sufferer.

The war left Europe wretchedly poor; its people and its nations were practically bankrupt. A hard necessity forced them to buy as little as possible and sell everything that they could in the only country which then had the means of purchasing—namely, our own. In going into the American markets the European manufacturer was greatly aided by the condition of exchange. We were almost the only country in the world that kept our money up to the gold standard. The foreign manufacturer paid his workmen in a depreciated currency, but he sold to our importers and got his pay on a gold basis.

The advantage was such that competition on our part with reference to any products that involved a considerable proportion of hand labor was simply out of the question, and the American manufacturer was fast losing not only the foreign market but the domestic market as well. We were still operating under the Underwood tariff, and the same kind of a situation developed as we have already seen to exist in the summer of 1914, but far worse. Our factories rapidly closed down or operated only on part time, and again we had millions of men out of employment.

One of the first measures adopted by the present Administration was the bill commonly known as the Farmers' Emergency Tariff, which placed higher duties upon agricultural products. This stopped, to a large extent, the disastrous dumping of wool and meats; but it did not produce a complete remedy even for the agriculturist. It was not sufficient that the farmer should be protected from outside competition; indeed, he could only be protected so far as our domestic markets were concerned. Abroad he still had to meet the competition of the foreigner. It was necessary to restore the market for farm products at home, and this could be done only by furnishing employment to the wage earner.

But employment under the conditions then prevailing could not be given. The wage scale abroad, which even before the war had been far less than that prevailing in the United States, by reason of a depreciated currency in countries like Germany, had been reduced to only a fraction of what was paid in this country. Everyone will agree that it was necessary that the factories should again be put in operation and that employment at good wages should be furnished the operatives if we expected to restore our home markets, stimulate trade and revive business. Such was the purpose of the Fordney Act, and we shall see later on to what extent its object was accomplished.

The Downward Tendency of Tariffs

Before we consider what the Fordney tariff has done we should first ascertain what it is. If anyone should ask what kind of a tariff we now have, a chorus would answer immediately, "The highest tariff ever known." This statement has been repeated so often on the stump, in the press and even in the pulpit, that many believe it to be true. The real fact is that it is the lowest protective tariff that this country has ever had. More than one-half our imports come in duty-free. Ever since it has been in operation the average duty on all imports has been less than 16 per cent. Under the Payne Bill, from 1909 to 1913, it averaged 20.61 per cent; under the Dingley Bill, from 1901 to 1909, it averaged 25.45 per cent; and some former tariffs were higher still. The figures given are official and made by the Department of Commerce.

It thus appears that we are gradually making our tariffs lower, even when drawn on protective lines. This is as it should be, and when another revision is made the tendency of the rates should be in the same general direction. Once our factories are started and we secure a definite line of production, as the quantity of production increases the cost of production must decrease.

Here again we have an illustration of the advantage of preserving for our manufacturers the largest market in the world, which is our own. The advantages of producing so large a quantity as is demanded to fill the requirements of the American market are such that in many lines we manufacture and sell the product as cheap or cheaper than anywhere else in the world. This is true as to automobiles, heavy steel, farming implements, coarse cotton goods and many other articles. On most of these articles the tariff is still retained, partly to prevent dumping of surplus foreign goods of the same nature and partly because it is not easy to make the necessary classifications to separate that upon which the duty is necessary from the particular product which needs no duty. If thereby the price is appreciably increased to the American consumer it is a defect in the tariff. But there is not room to go into all of the facts here.

Though the present tariff, on the whole, presents a considerable reduction below the Payne rates, it is true that in many instances the rates are higher. The very first schedule our attention is called to is dyes, upon which the duties have been largely increased. The story of dyes is a romance of chemistry. Everyone knows that from black ill-smelling coal tar not only dyes but drugs and medicines are manufactured; but not everyone is aware that from coal tar are also made some of the most powerful explosives, and that a dye factory can in a very short time be changed into one that produces the most destructive agents known.

High explosives are the first and most important requisite of modern warfare. We and our Allies were placed at a great disadvantage in the last war for want of means to manufacture them. Germany produced the greater portion of the coal-tar dyes that supplied the world, and almost exclusively manufactured those which produced the finer and more delicate shades. If we were not to be caught again in the same predicament, dye factories were a necessity to us, and the justification for the high duties upon dyes is found in war preparations. So far as the cost of the goods upon which dyes are used is concerned it does not matter much, although the largest proportion of the cost would probably be found in a suit of blue overalls.

The Wool Schedule

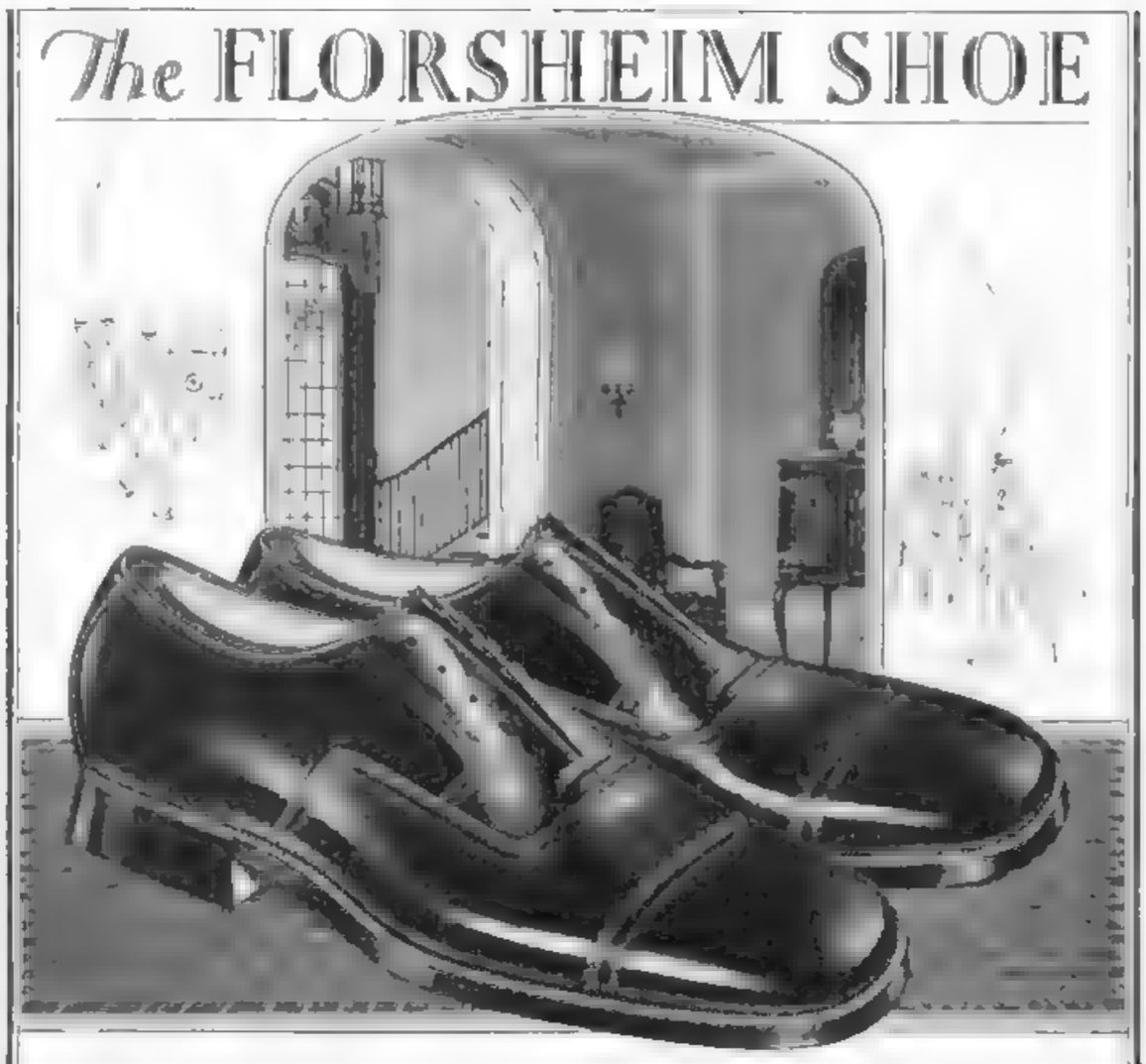
The rates on laces and embroideries are also higher than they were in the Payne Bill. It is possible that the making of laces and embroideries in this country is in the nature of a hothouse industry, as the work is either all done by hand or involves a large proportion of hand labor. But laces and embroideries are luxuries, and if the tariff is a tax upon them, as in this case it probably is, those who indulge in luxuries can afford to pay the duty.

Many other instances of minor articles could be mentioned where the duties are higher, but in most cases the goods upon which such rates are imposed are in the nature of luxuries, or at least not necessaries. The rates on women's suèded cotton gloves are high, but they are hardly to be considered as necessaries. Even as the rate stands, labor is so cheap in Germany that it is insufficient to induce the American manufacturer to produce this kind of goods, and practically all who were in the business have given it up. The rates on fine wool cloth are somewhat higher than under the Payne Bill, but the rates on cheaper woolen goods are lower. That the tariff has not restricted but on the contrary increased the ability of our citizens to buy imported cloth is shown by the fact that in 1923 our importations of manufactured wool were more than two and a half times the value of the importations of the period from 1910 to 1914, and are steadily increasing.

The tariff on raw wool has always been the subject of bitter controversy. Under the Underwood Act it came in free; under the Fordney Act it is thirty-one cents a pound on the clean content, which for practical purposes may be said to mean the wool after all dirt and other substances have been washed out. Let us consider this matter from a practical rather than a theoretical standpoint.

The figures presented by the Tariff Commission show that it takes on the average three and a half yards of cloth to make a suit of clothes for a man. Assuming this to be twelve-ounce cloth, which is the average weight, there would be a little less than four pounds to a suit. If the consumer pays the whole of the duty on the wool as additional cost, the increase by reason of the tariff on wool under the present law would cost him less than $1.20 a suit. Is it worth while arguing about it if it helps to increase employment and wages and to expand our markets?

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



THE RUOBY
Style M-147
One of Many Styles

In Florsheim quality you will always find satisfaction. No shoe can give you more for what you pay. Refined in appearance—sturdily built for endurance.

Most Styles $10

Full Booklet "Styles of The Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers — CHICAGO

How $1.60 can make a *cold* radiator *hot*

MANY an extra ton of coal is wasted trying to force steam into radiators clogged with cold air, when an AIRID would make each one hot for $1.60.

There's another nice thing about AIRID. It needs no "fixing," because it is non-adjustable—never leaks—and makes no noise. Any pair of hands can put it on any steam radiator in two minutes.

Made and guaranteed by the
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Specialties Department 1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

AIRID
AIR-VALVES
SOLD AT ALL HEATING AND PLUMBING SHOPS

"Hit'em hard! Hit'em clean!"

"I'll do my best, Peggy. Mighty good to see you back again. Your new car certainly is good looking, too."

"It isn't new. Same old car—I've simply Simonized it."

"What! Simoniz certainly must be great stuff!"

"It's wonderful. I can shine the car up myself with a soft cloth in five minutes. Rub off the dirt and mud without scratching the finish. Isn't your car Simonized? Remember it's fine weather now, but you will soon be driving in rain and mud and snow. That's when your car needs Simoniz most. You're missing the best protection in the world if you don't use it."

Cars that are dulled by discolorations and blemishes should be restored to their original lustre and protected in all weather by Simonizing

The Simoniz Company, 2116 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
70th Street and West End Ave., New York City London - Paris

Motorists wise—

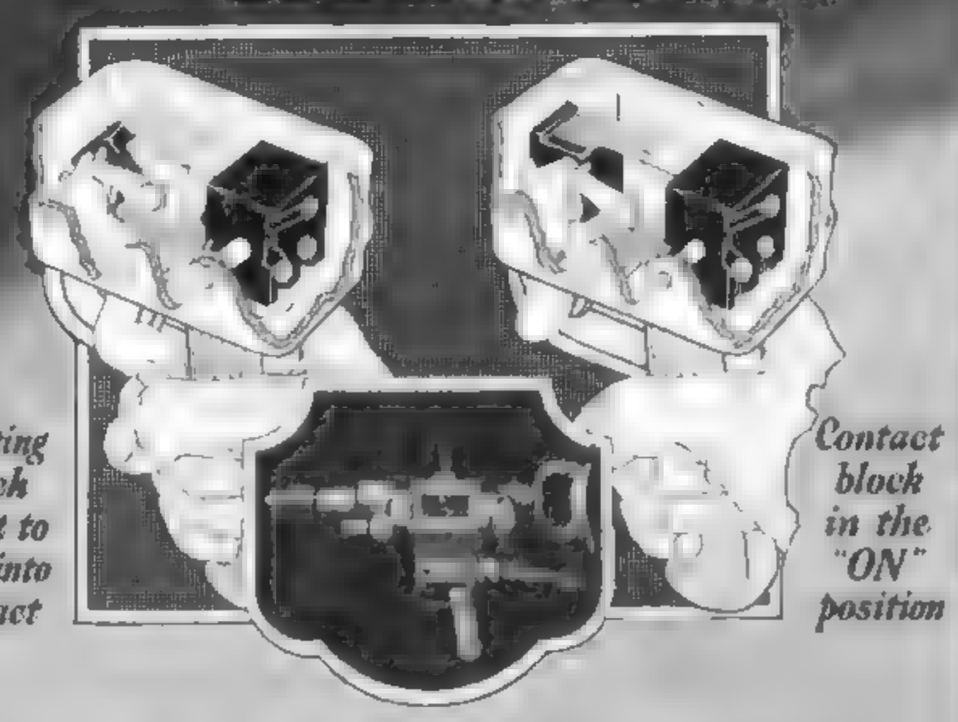
SIMONIZ

Reg U S Pat Off

BLACK & DECKER

The Portable Electric Drill

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"



Rotating block about to snap into contact

Contact block in the "ON" position

The genuine *"Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"*

Found only on Black & Decker Portable Electric Tools. Pull the trigger to shoot current "ON". Pull it again to cut current "OFF". Current stays "ON" or "OFF", until trigger is pulled. Only three moving parts. Simple—Durable—Effective.

An exclusive Black & Decker feature.

You can obtain Black & Decker Portable Electric Tools from your own jobber.

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

Towson, Maryland, U. S. A. Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

BACKGROUND PAT. 1924 B&D MFG. CO.

The protectionist, of course, claims that on account of competition the consumer seldom if ever pays the full amount of the tariff as an additional expense. In any event, how little difference the tariff makes in the cost of a suit of clothes is shown by another illustration. For some time prior to the enactment of the emergency tariff on farm products, American wool was, as we have seen, almost unsalable; but its extremely low price brought no reduction of the cost of any kind of cloth. On the other hand, the emergency tariff imposed a somewhat higher duty on the wool most used in clothing than the present tariff. The emergency tariff was in force about a year before the present tariff went into effect, and prior to its enactment, under the Underwood Bill, wool was on the free list. But clothing did not go up as a result of the enactment of the emergency tariff, but on the contrary depreciated slowly in price, as, indeed, it has since.

After all, we may ask the question whether any political party intends to take the tariff off wool. If so, it has not ventured so to state in its platform, or even that it proposed to take the duty off mutton. That the sheep growers cannot maintain themselves without the tariff has been demonstrated. As we are considering employment and markets, we may ask, "Is it worth while to ruin the sheep growers for the sake of a slight reduction in the cost of a suit of clothes?" The sheep growers of the country are not inconsiderable in number.

The reduction in the average rates of the new law below the average rates of the Payne Bill is largely due to the great increase in the free list as compared with the bill last named.

It is continually asserted that the tariff is the cause of the increase in prices over those which prevailed before the war. This is a tariff fallacy, as can easily be shown by numerous examples. Of all the articles upon which high prices are still being maintained, building materials are the most prominent. Nearly all these are on the free list. Logs, boards, lath, shingles, in fact lumber of all kinds, are admitted free. Brick and cement also are admitted free unless the country from which they are exported imposes a duty on the same articles when imported from our country. All these articles were dutiable under the Payne Bill and former protective bills.

Farm implements are very high, and barbed wire costs more than before the war; yet both paid a duty under the Payne Bill and both are now on the free list. Wool for use in making carpets also was put on the free list; this was dutiable under the Payne Bill; but carpets are among the high-priced goods. Wood pulp and newsprint paper, of which we import enormous amounts both in quantity and value, are also on the free list. It has not lowered the price, for though it is lower than it was during wartimes, it is still far higher than when a duty was paid upon them under the Payne Act.

Cotton Goods the Exception

Hides, of which we are obliged to import one-half our supply, are on the free list, and when it was finally agreed to put hides on the free list, leather boots and shoes were also made free from duty. Yet there is probably as much complaint about the high prices of boots and shoes as on any articles. Work harnesses are on the free list, but the farmer truthfully says that that has not prevented the price from being high.

In making these comparisons it is immaterial whether they be made with the prices prevailing under the Underwood tariff in 1914 before the war broke out, or with the prices prevailing in 1913, when under the Payne law a duty was laid upon the articles just mentioned. There is little difference in either case, although in fairness it must be said that prices were slightly lower under the Underwood Bill during the time mentioned. The point is that although these articles were dutiable under the Payne Bill in 1913, and are now on the free list, in practically every instance the advance in price has been as great as the average advance on articles that now pay a duty, and in many instances much greater than this average.

In this connection it is noticeable that though the tariff has been taken off so many articles used or consumed by the farmer, the tariff on nearly all farm products has been raised above any rates we have ever had before. Here again it should be observed that though the ultimate consumer pays more for food products than he did before the war, he does not pay so much as he did during the period after the war when the Underwood Bill was in force.

Neither what the farmer gets for his products nor what the tariff may be upon them seems to affect the ultimate consumer to any considerable degree. The cost of distribution is a more important factor. The extremely low prices of farm products that prevailed in the early part of 1921 brought no substantial relief to the consumer. Retail prices of food products did not fall in any material degree when farm products were at their lowest, nor did they rise when the emergency tariff raised the rates. On the contrary, there were some instances of a fall in prices. For example, although the emergency tariff made a considerable increase in the tariff on sugar, the price of sugar did not rise as a consequence, but for a considerable time declined, then rose again for reasons that will be hereinafter stated.

At the present time cotton goods are an exception to the rule that in the long run, as the protectionist claims, a protective tariff brings lower prices to the ultimate consumer—by reason of the great increase in production, which always decreases manufacturing costs. Cotton goods are very much higher than they were before the war, either under the Payne Bill or the Underwood Bill; but the price of raw cotton of late has fluctuated around thirty cents a pound and no one should expect to buy cotton goods as cheap as he could when it was worth only five cents a pound, as it was during a period not long before the war.

The Duty on Sugar

A certain organization about two years ago issued a circular vigorously condemning the rates on cotton goods as unreasonably high. This organization is now confronted by the fact that during the summer of this year many of the largest cotton factories have been running on part time or shut down entirely. The reason is that foreign goods could be laid down in this country, with the tariff added, cheaper than they could be made here, and this includes some of the goods upon which this organization declared the tariff to be particularly outrageous. Obviously, without the stimulus of the present tariff, a further curtailment of production would have been necessary, and a greater loss of employment.

The final test on woolen goods is the tariff rates on cloth. As already shown, these rates average less than under the Payne Bill; nevertheless, clothing made of wool has shared in the general advance and for the same reason. The wage scale of the present day is more than double that of 1913. There are few who would advocate its reduction, yet it is plain that we cannot have low prices and high wages, and equally clear that the American manufacturer cannot pay these wages without a compensating tariff. The fact to be specially noted is that trade charts show that since the Fordney Act went into effect, wholesale prices on the average have been slowly decreasing. The tariff does not prevent competition.

"But what about sugar?" someone asks.

If the facts with reference to the tariff on sugar were better understood there would be less complaint about it. We get practically all our imported sugar from Cuba, due to the fact that under a reciprocity treaty with that country it enjoys a preferential reduction of 20 per cent from what is called the full duty rate. The rate on Cuban sugar under the Underwood Bill was practically one cent a pound. The duty under the present law on Cuban sugar is 1.76 cents a pound. The question is not what the situation would be if the tariff were taken off entirely, for nobody is making such a proposal. If they have it in mind, it is being kept secret for the present. The real question is how much a small or moderate decrease would affect the cost of living and whether the sugar industry in this country is worth preserving, even if sugar does cost a little more. A few plain facts will help us in coming to a correct conclusion.

A hundred years ago sugar was a luxury and this country required only about ten pounds for each person yearly. The consumption of sugar in the United States has been increasing very rapidly in late years, until now it is about 100 pounds annually per capita. This is the amount used for all purposes. About one-half this amount is

(Continued on Page 181)

Window shades that after years of service hang smooth, unfaded in the light!

WHAT a beautiful thing a tastefully decorated window is! And how important! Bright, it catches your attention first. The dominant note in the room, it gives the *motif* with which all things must harmonize.

Here, because of the light shining through, imperfections are doubly conspicuous.

And it's in your window shades that defects are most likely to appear. Streaked, stained, faded, full of cracks and pinholes, hanging awry, the note they strike may all too soon become a note of shabbiness—for the whole room!

You can effectively guard against this disappointment.

Lasting beauty for a few cents more

In window shades of durable Brenlin, there is *lasting* beauty for your windows. And Brenlin costs but a few cents more than ordinary shade cloth. Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle filling of chalk or clay to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes that show in glaring relief against the outdoor light.

Strong and flexible, much like finely-woven linen, Brenlin has weight and body enough in itself to keep it always straight and smooth.

It resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it as it discolors shades of inferior quality. And its beautiful hues, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun.

Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade. It may be had in soft, rich colors to harmonize with every interior scheme. Brenlin Duplex, with a different color on each side, will blend with both interior and exterior.

Be sure it's Brenlin

The name Brenlin is embossed or perforated on the edge of every Brenlin shade. If you don't know where to get Brenlin, write us. And write today for our interesting booklet, "How to Shade and Decorate your Windows." Sent free with samples of Brenlin in different colors. Address Cincinnati.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY

"The oldest window shade house in America"

2045 Reading Road
Cincinnati, O.

6th St. at Chelton Ave.
Camden, N. J.

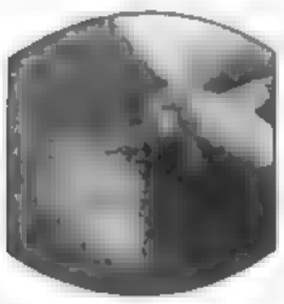
HAND MADE

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

Dealers may also be supplied by:

Breneman-Horan Co., Inc
New York City, N Y
Breneman-Paschall Co., Inc
Dallas, Texas
Brenlin Window Shade Co
Los Angeles, Calif
The Breneman-Sommers Co
Portland, Oregon
S. A. Maxwell & Co., Inc
Kansas City, Mo
Rasch & Gainor, Baltimore, Md
Renard Linoleum & Rug Co
St. Louis, Mo.



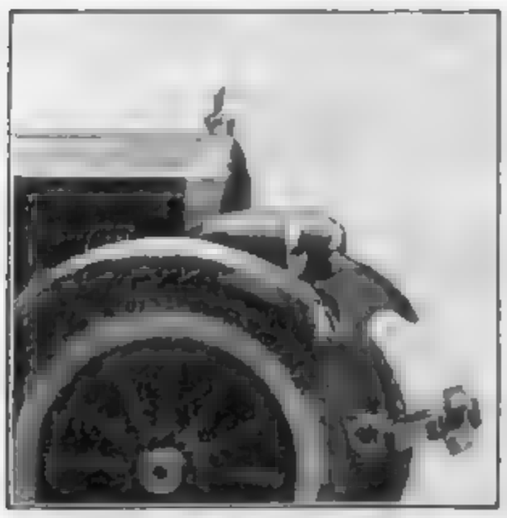
Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling. It out-wears several ordinary shades

For beauty of appearance, long wear, and smooth operation, every yard of Brenlin is hand-finished by experts

Unretouched night photograph showing light pattern on road

E & J Type 20 Headlights

Paint the Road With Daylight



E & J Type 20 Headlights Lend Beauty to the Car

Regardless of the scientific principles involved, the safety, the legality, and the beauty of E & J Type 20 Headlights, the greatest fundamental value of these complete lighting units is their effective performance at night.

The uniform volume of light thrown on the highway many hundreds of feet ahead of the car is what yields comfort and safety to the driver, as well as safety to pedestrians and approaching vehicles.

With E & J Type 20 Headlights there are no bright spots to confuse the driver and no glare to dazzle the oncoming motorist. Neither is there light on the tree tops, nor in the adjacent fields. Instead, E & J Type 20 Headlights project a path of light ahead only the width of the road and ditch.

That E & J Type Headlights are of highly scientific design; that they never need to be dimmed and that they meet the law in every state are outstanding advantages enjoyed by drivers whose cars are equipped with *The Safest Light in Motordom*.

Do Your Part to Enforce Correct Automobile Lighting

EDMUNDS & JONES CORPORATION

For Twenty Years The Worlds Largest Manufacturers Of Quality Motor Lamps

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"The Safest Light in Motordom"

Manufactured under Bone Patents 8-30-21 and 1-15-24, other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 178)

consumed in household use; the remainder is used in making candy, confectionery, bakers' goods, soft drinks and in many other ways.

No one, of course, would claim that the price of these articles made outside the home would be reduced to the ultimate consumer if the tariff was taken off entirely, for the change in total cost would be too slight.

If the entire tariff on sugar was added to the cost of the sugar consumed in the homes, the additional annual cost would be only about eighty-eight cents per capita. If the rate of the Underwood Act was used and the ultimate consumer paid all the tariff cost, the per capita reduction would be about thirty-eight cents a year. Obviously this is not an important item in the family budget.

On the other hand, the amount of sugar that this country consumes is immense in the aggregate. The total value of our imports of sugar in 1923 was about $380,000,000. The number employed in producing sugar in this country is so small compared to our total population that it cannot be claimed that they are in turn furnishing a compensating market for other goods. The justification for a tariff on sugar must rest on other grounds.

Everyone knows that a small surplus of any agricultural product greatly depresses the market price of that product; and on the other hand, a small shortage makes a great increase in the market price. As a rule, the farmer gets more for a small crop than he does for a large one, if the failure as to that crop is general. This is true also as to sugar. We had an illustration of it last year when a threatened shortage, which did not, in fact, exist and never materialized, raised the wholesale price approximately 3.5 cents a pound.

In the United States proper we produce about 1,000,000 tons of sugar, most of which is made from beets. It was claimed last year that the sugar crop of the world was short 200,000 tons and the mere publishing of this claim raised the price as above stated. If a shortage of 200,000 tons, real or imaginary, in the world's sugar crop would raise the price more than three cents, the protectionists naturally ask what would be the effect if the American sugar grower were put out of business and a shortage of 1,000,000 tons thereby created.

But if it be said that it is not proposed to take off the tariff entirely, but only to reduce it, the question should be changed to ask what would be the effect if the quantity produced in the United States was reduced only one-fourth, which would make a greater reduction in the world's supply than was claimed last year to exist and raised the wholesale price more than three cents a pound.

How Farmers are Affected

If the tariff on sugar, on the whole, tends to make the price of sugar lower, it is justified; otherwise not. If, under all the circumstances, the rate can be lowered somewhat without materially affecting the amount produced in this country, this can and should be done under what is known as the flexible provisions of the Fordney Act, which provides that the President, when the Tariff Commission finds that the duty is more than sufficient to equalize the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, may issue a proclamation reducing the tariff accordingly. But it is perfectly evident that a reduction of twenty-five cents a hundred pounds, for example, would never be noticed in living costs.

It is not necessary to dwell on what the Fordney Bill did in the way of stimulating our manufacturing, furnishing employment at good wages for everyone who wanted to work and restoring business. The remarkable change in conditions that has followed its enactment speaks for itself. But there is another matter to be considered which is most important. The market for farm products has not been adequate. This has decreased the farmers' purchasing power and in turn decreased the market for factory products.

It has already been admitted that a tariff in general has the effect of raising prices so far as its immediate application is concerned. On behalf of the farmer it is said that the tariff makes him pay higher for all articles not on the free list; and that though it adds to the prosperity of the manufacturer and operates to raise the general scale of wages, it does nothing for the agriculturist, who must be content with prices not fixed in this country but abroad

If this be true, then not only the present tariff but any tariff except one imposed solely for revenue purposes would be absolutely indefensible. We may and should go farther and say that if a protective tariff does not enlarge the farmer's market and correspondingly increase the price of his product to an extent that compensates him for the additional cost of manufactured goods, it is entirely unjustified. If such conditions are not brought about, the claim that the tariff confers special privileges on comparatively few for the benefit of only a portion of our citizens is well founded and a protective tariff becomes class legislation of the worst sort. But let us see what the situation is.

For some time a great depression has prevailed in the prices of agricultural products, and it has been contended that the remedy was to increase the market for such products abroad. It is believed by some that this can be done by lowering our tariffs, by export corporations organized specially for the purpose of handling agricultural products, and by other means not necessary here to mention. That something may be accomplished by bettering our export facilities may be admitted, but that the complete remedy for this situation is to be found in foreign markets is another tariff fallacy. There never was a greater illusion.

The farmer is correct in contending that as long as the selling price on the farm is regulated or controlled largely by the selling price of the export surplus of his products he cannot get complete relief through a tariff on what he produces. Such a tariff may and has mitigated conditions, but if he is to sell his product on a parity with the products of the factory he must look for some other remedy. This remedy is not to be found in the foreign market, as the record of our exports for many years has shown.

Lost Markets

For many years everyone has known that it was out of the question for the American stock grower to attempt to compete on equal terms with Australia or Argentina in the production of wool or mutton. Gradually also the foreign market has been slipping away from the American farmer and stock grower on cattle and beef. The butter market abroad is fast being lost to us, and though our superior facilities for growing hogs still enable us to dominate the market on hams, bacon and lard, just as we do on cotton, we must expect that the demand for these products abroad will be lessened.

In order to ascertain what we must expect in the future, we should not examine merely the figures on our exports of farm products since the war. The destructive effects of that great conflict were such that time is required to put Europe on a natural basis, and we are still exporting more of farm products than we did before the war began. But when we look at the record for many years prior and up to the time when the war began, it shows a steady development of a situation that must inevitably grow worse and worse for the American farmer, for it was steadily working in that direction before the war broke out.

Statistics are dry reading, but they are so important here that some of them must be quoted. In 1901 we exported 352,000,000 pounds of fresh beef; in 1914 only 6,000,000 pounds. At the present time our exports of fresh beef have so dwindled that they cease to be material in fixing the price. In 1902 we exported 235,000,000 bushels of wheat, including that exported in the form of flour; in 1905 this fell off to 44,000,000; from 1910 to 1912, inclusive, the average was less than 80,000,000. Although we have at times exported large amounts of corn, hereafter we cannot expect the exports of that grain to be large enough to affect the price; in fact, during this year we are more likely to import than to export corn.

Going back again to 1900, we find that through all the period beginning with the century, the total of our agricultural products was steadily increasing, varied only by the usual fluctuations caused by favorable or unfavorable years for growth. At the same time prices of agricultural products slowly but steadily rose, until farm land almost if not quite doubled in value.

What became of all this increase in production? How was it disposed of when the foreign market was constantly falling off?

You know
EVERWHITE
SANI-SEAT
The Pyralin sheet coated seat - all white even to the hinges. So beautiful you are proud to show your guests your bathroom. So sanitary you know it's clean all the time. So practical that one wipe with a damp cloth and the entire seat is spotless. So durable it is guaranteed full five years.
The EverWhite SANI-SEAT may be had through Master Plumbers only for $12. Ask your plumber. If he hasn't it, write us and we will see that he gets it for you. Illustrated folder on request.
Purabal
Stops the leak
$1.25 at Your Plumber's
Woodward-Wanger Co.
1106 Springgarden St. Philadelphia

SHALER
5-MINUTE VULCANIZER
Fixes Punctures Easier and Quicker
Why the Shaler is Quicker and Easier
The Shaler Patch-et Heat Unit is the secret. It is a little tin cup with a piece of raw rubber on the bottom and contains a disc of prepared solid fuel that gives just the right amount of heat to cure the patch.
To mend a puncture you clamp one of these Units over match to the fuel
road repair that lasts.
When you get stuck on the road with a puncture the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer is a "life saver." With it you can make heat-vulcanized repairs just the same as the tire repair shops make—anywhere on the road. It's easier and quicker than sticking on patches, and you can be sure the repairs will last. No gasoline, no shears or knife to cut a patch to fit—not even cement. More than two million motorists always carry this simple outfit in their cars. Get one for your car today, wherever auto accessories are sold.
Costs only $1.50
A little higher in Canada and Far West. Complete outfit includes vulcanizer and 12 Patch & Heat Units
C. A. SHALER CO., 1410 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Now 104 Teasers for Dad in the latest Puzzle Peg Book

PUZZLE-PEG fans from all over the world have certainly set a bunch of traps for "Dad" in this new book of 104 problems. He may get through the first 40 without getting tripped, but wait 'till he tries No. 41. Then see him sweat and fume and try to explain why it takes so long. Book of 104 problems packed free with each box of Puzzle-Peg.

"Puzzle-Peg" is the wonder puzzle of the century. The greatest solitaire game ever invented. You never tire of it. Played by one, it makes fun for all. It is the big baffling, mysterious entertainer and fun maker for all ages from 8 to 80. Get your set with the FREE book of 104 problems wherever good games are sold. If you have trouble getting your set, send 50 cents (75 cents in Foreign Countries), and we will mail you a set with book, postpaid

Only 50¢

A gift suggestion: the complete L. G. B. "Fun Package"—four games, Puzzle-Peg, Blox-O, Toss-O and Zoo-Hoo. Price $1.75. In foreign countries $2.00

Great Fun for Two
BLOX-O
The sensational new game hit—totally "different." Play is fast and furious. A 3-ring circus of fun. For sale by all Game Dealers, or sent postpaid direct. Complete set only..... 50c
(In Foreign Countries, 75c.)

A Thrilling Game of Skill
TOSS-O
Five skillful tosses of the steel ball may win you a perfect score—but even the best players find such a score as rare as the perfect bull's-eye in marksmanship—par in golf—a no-hit game in baseball, etc. If you like a contest of real skill, you will [illegible] Played by any number of persons. At all Game Dealers' ... 25c
(In Foreign Countries, 35c.)

The Double Purpose Game
ZOO-HOO
Educational and amusing for the children, it becomes an exceedingly difficult and absorbing Puzzle for grown-ups, by simply removing one disc. Folks of all ages have endless fun helping "Wash," the colored Zoo keeper, to get his animals back in the proper cages. Complete at Game Dealers' for 50c
(In Foreign Countries, 75c.)

LUBBERS & BELL MFG. CO. 721 SECOND AVENUE CLINTON, IOWA
The Fun Factory

He Started:
1. To see what our plan was like.
2. To see if he could make more money.

He Stayed:
1. Because he could make the money.
2. Because he made it *easily*, in spare time!

A NUMBER of years ago, Mr. Julian T. Goldman, of New York, sent us a coupon similar to the one below. He had seen such coupons many times—some of his friends said there was nothing to it—so he determined to find out. He did. Today he is still an enthusiastic subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. For he has made $5.00 extra in a single day, in not over 60 minutes' actual time. And he has found the work easy, pleasant, dignified. Though you have never had experience of any kind, the opportunity is yours to earn, as do so many of our workers, up to $1.50 an hour extra. Just mail the coupon.

The Curtis Publishing Company
222 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I'd like to know the details of your cash offer. I cannot promise anything, but may try your plan if I like it.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

It is not difficult to find an answer. In this period the great stimulus given to manufacturing by the protective tariffs which were in force down to the latter part of 1913 furnished additional employment for millions of men. From 1900 to 1913, inclusive, the population of our cities and towns, excluding those having less than 2500 inhabitants, actually increased 17,000,000. This is enough to make a fair-sized nation by itself, and immensely enlarged the market for farm products. For the time it furnished a solution of the problem of how to dispose of the increasing quantity of agricultural produce; but the war so stimulated farm production as again to create a surplus for which there was no adequate market.

There is, of course, another factor not so encouraging, but which further emphasizes the fact that we cannot expect to find a remedy for farm conditions in the foreign markets. The period from 1900 to 1914 was a normal one and unerringly points to what we must find in the future. There will be a decline in the foreign demand for agricultural products, and the competition of countries having cheaper land and cheaper labor will become more active, and, so far as foreign markets are concerned, even more disastrous. There will be years, like this year, when crop failures in the great producing countries will modify the situation. But a survey of the conditions abroad ought to convince anyone that so far as our exports of agricultural products are concerned, our situation will become worse instead of better, and demonstrates the necessity of providing a home market which will leave no surplus to depress unduly the prices of farm products.

There are some who say that the creation of a home market sufficient to absorb the products of the American farmer is at best a slow process, and they ask what will become of the farmer in the meantime. There are many indications that this change is more rapid than is generally supposed, and all the economists insist that the natural laws of trade must soon put the products of the farmer on a parity with those of the factory, even when there is no shortage abroad. This is no mere theory, but is supported by the facts.

In the year 1921—a year of great business depression—when, according to the Department of Labor, 4,000,000 men were out of employment, the total value of farm products was only $9,922,000,000. In 1922, when the wheels of the factories again began to turn and unemployment ceased to be general, the expanding demand of the wider home market caused the farmers to receive $11,244,000,000 for their products. In 1923, when manufacturing was in the high tide of prosperity, the total value of farm products again arose to $12,204,000,000. This year, unless all signs fail, it will be much larger.

Migration to the Cities

Of course the immediate cause of this year's rise in prices is crop failures in various parts of the world; but this is only part of the ordinary course of events, for crop failures always occur at varying intervals. There had been a succession of large crops, especially of corn, and it was not to be expected that the maximum amount of produce could always be obtained. Now that the surplus is out of the way, the normal product can be consumed.

In the past ten years there has been a steady migration to the cities and it is probable that the urban population has increased 15,000,000 people. This is nearly twice the population of Canada, and Canada bought more than $650,000,000 worth of various products from us last year. The past few years have shown a still more rapid increase in the population of our cities, thus greatly enlarging the farmer's market, which will soon absorb what is now a surplus of agricultural products. The expansion of the urban market is wholly a matter of employment. A protective tariff will furnish it.

It is often asserted that the present tariff is costing the American people $4,000,000,000 annually. If so, we are proceeding rapidly on the road to national bankruptcy. Such an immense sum, or even half of it, could not be taken from the purses of the American people without being most seriously felt, not merely in the family pocketbook but in trade, in bank deposits and in every kind of business. We know this is not the case, for if there is one thing that is certain it is that, barring the war period, the height of the development of our trade and industry has been reached under a protective tariff. Evidently this claim as to the cost of the tariff is another fallacy.

In this connection, it should be noted that if the American people are taxed $4,000,000,000 by means of the tariff, it would be none the less an economic crime if the tariff was reduced one-half and they were obliged to pay $2,000,000,000 in added prices by reason of it. The claim that the tariff taxes the American people $4,000,000,000 annually is based on the theory that the full amount of the tariff is added to the cost of every article upon which it is imposed, whether brought in from abroad or made at home; in short, that it affects everything that we consume which is not on the free list.

It is not difficult to show how facts conflict with this theory. At the time of the debate in Congress on the Underwood Bill it was insisted that great hardship was caused poor people of the country by the duty of six cents a pair upon hosiery, which was the lowest rate in the Payne Bill. The argument came to an end when an opposing member produced cheap but durable hose which had been bought at retail for five cents. This, of course, was in the days when cotton was so cheap and wages low compared with the present day. There was no use in talking about an additional tariff cost of six cents on an article which could be bought for five.

That we pay more on account of tariff has already been admitted, but how much and upon what articles can never be definitely ascertained. It is claimed that in many instances the American manufacturers do not compete and that the tariff enables them to profiteer upon the American consumer.

Nor does the importer escape the charge of profiteering. On the contrary, testimony taken before the Senate commission showed a difference between the landed cost of certain articles, duty paid, and the retail price thereon, ranging from 500 to 2000 per cent. The idea that we shall escape profiteers, trusts and monopolies by purchasing our goods abroad is another tariff fallacy.

Our Favorable Trade Balance

There was nothing about which those who opposed the present tariff were so certain as that it would act almost as an embargo on imports and greatly restrict our exports. If these critics had consulted the record of previous protective tariffs they would not have suffered so much in their reputation as prophets. Our exports and imports under the new law are both about double what they were before the war, and much larger than they were for the year preceding its adoption when the Underwood Act was still in operation. Imports of goods competing directly with the products of our factories have shrunk, but all other imports have gained immensely. At the same time our exports steadily exceed our imports, so that the balance of trade is in our favor. We have no trouble in retaining our gold supply, which has always shown a tendency to leave our shores under a low tariff. Besides this, the present law has been a wonderful revenue producer, and last year brought into the Treasury more than $570,000,000, which is nearly twice what the Underwood Bill produced in normal times, and more than $200,000,000 more than it yielded the last year it was in force.

It was often said during the late war that the tariff would never again be an issue, but it seems today to be as much of an issue as ever. For years it has been common talk that the tariff should be taken out of politics and its rates fixed by an impartial board. Constitutional limitations prevent this being done. We have the Tariff Commission, but it does not fix rates and could not constitutionally do so. It merely undertakes to ascertain facts.

The present tariff has its errors and imperfections just as all other tariffs have had, no matter upon what theory they were constructed; and as conditions change, need arises for changing tariff rates. Some of the rates may be too high and some too low; but this is a matter of revision, and the issue of today is not one of revision, but whether the tariff shall be rewritten on entirely different principles. Facts are not so interesting as political oratory or sensational assertions; but the more they are studied by the voter, the more certain it is that this issue will be correctly decided.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Green. The next will appear in an early issue.

CROMARTY—*New!* Broad at toe, sturdy, good looking comfort—the new brogue so popular this Fall.

GOOD STYLE IS 50% YOU

MASTER HANDS build the inside of Bostonians to the outside of your foot—build style and comfort to the actual shape of *your* foot.

Thus your foot and the shoemaker both work into Bostonians the same good looking shape that carries style and comfort further than usual. That is why Bostonians are as comfortable as old shoes when they are new—good looking as new shoes when they are old.

More than a million men wear Bostonians because of their style and lasting comfort.

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

$7 to $10

Made by the COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY *of Boston and Whitman, Massachusetts*

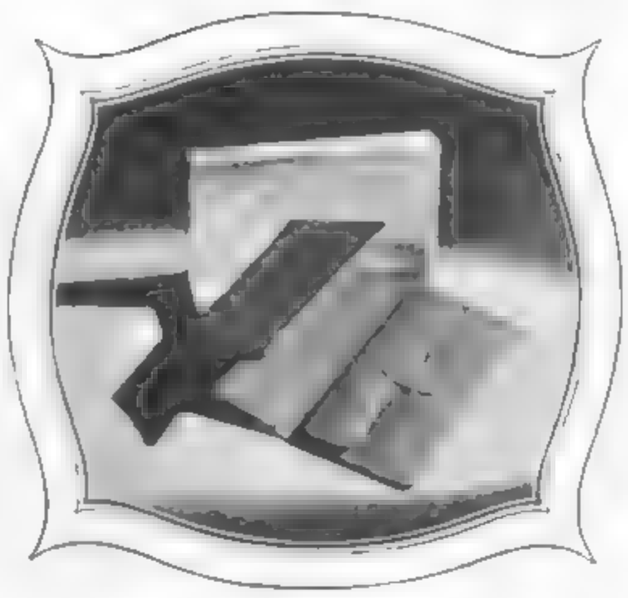
The Amity Banker

Made of black morocco grained sheepskin. In individual carton. Price $1.00. Other Amity pocketbooks $1.00 and up. At the better stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send money order to address below

Important to Dealers:

This cabinet features a most attractive line of standard-priced, nationally advertised men's pocketbooks. On your counter it will bring you new and increased business. Write for attractive proposition.

THE AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS COMPANY
West Bend, Wisconsin



Only real leather in Amity Wallets

Inconspicuous yet indelible is the name Amity stamped on wallets of real leather.

Its presence is your assurance of honest quality! Only selected leathers, fashioned by master craftsmen, could produce wallets of such stubborn wear and improving beauty.

Look for the Amity trade-mark! Make it your buying guide!

*If stamped AMITY it's leather**

AMITY

**Note—the kind of leather stamped on every AMITY product*

Alcazar

Quality Kitchen Ranges

Every type, style and price for every fuel

PUT an Alcazar in your home for the utmost in cooking convenience, comfort and economy.

The highest types of ranges bear this name; not only the celebrated Duplex type of Alcazar which in one model burns coal or wood and gas and in the other model burns wood or coal and kerosene oil, singly or together, but also the finest gas ranges, kerosene gas cook stoves, coal and wood ranges.

The popularity of an Alcazar range is not only attributable to its handsome and graceful appearance, but to its good cooking and splendid baking qualities as well

The best dealer in your town will show you the Alcazar ranges—just the model for your requirements. See him before you decide—or write us.

Alcazar Range & Heater Co.
436 Cleveland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE RICH MAN'S INCOME?

(Continued from Page 8)

There is no doubt that such men are much given to fads, hobbies and expensive investigations into subjects in which they are interested. These are often difficult to classify, and one is not comparable with another. A well-known railroad executive has for years contributed liberally to the football fund of his college. Is that a gift to education or a mere personal gratification?

Another millionaire has supported an advanced experimental school. Is that a gift or an investment? It depends, I suppose, upon results. Another supports a chemical-research laboratory, the discoveries of which will benefit his own business, it is true, but other people's interests as well. Is that a business expense or an educational contribution? Still another retired financier starts a bureau, at heavy cost, to investigate corruption in government departments. How is that to be classified?

"You ought to have a lot of rich clients," I said to a bond dealer. "Tell me what they do with their money."

"Well, there is Mr. A, who is worth $24,000,000. He has given large sums to his wife and three children. A considerable part of his fortune has already been converted into tax-exempts. He has an estate on Long Island which costs him $250,000 a year to run. There are twenty-four servants there. He has a big city house also, and is socially prominent. Every person in New York is camping on his trail for contributions. Yet I think he manages to invest one-third of his income, at that.

"Mr. B recently inherited a large fortune from an uncle. He had nothing before. He lives just as simply as ever, and doesn't say a word to indicate that he is changed. He can't spend much and doesn't want to. He will give much to charities, wisely selected. His inheritance of the fortune was the wisest possible disposal of the money."

Millionaires of Many Types

"Mr. C, the lawyer, is supposed to be very rich. He is exceedingly prominent. But the truth is that he has almost nothing.

"The D brothers, five of them had profits in one year, I happen to know, of $7,000,000. They live very modestly. Each has a gardener and a chauffeur, but I doubt if any of them spends more than $50,000 a year.

"Mr. E is a very old man, a recluse, who made his money in Civil War days. He lives with two servants in a modest house in my suburb. I know he has $5,000,000 in securities. No one ever pays any attention to him, and I never heard of him until I sat on a Red Cross committee during the war. One member of the committee said, 'Let's go to Mr. E; he will give $50,000.' Other members of the committee, even the bank presidents, laughed, but, sure enough, the old man came across at once.

"Mr. F is an old Wall Street broker who doesn't believe in the securities he has dealt in for more than fifty years, and always keeps a $2,000,000 deposit account in the bank.

"Mr. G, former president of the —— company, is worth from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. He sits on every charitable and educational board in the place. He has two servants and a chauffeur, but I doubt if he spends much more than $25,000 a year. I am sure he gives away $200,000. He is always hard up because he gives so much.

"Mrs. H is not known to be wealthy, but I am sure she is worth $20,000,000. From the way she lives, she can't spend much.

"Old Man I comes from one of the best Knickerbocker families. When he dies the world will be astonished by his wealth. He has lived for years on a boat in European waters, and is distinguished for nothing except his vile disposition and temper."

But I cannot see that these pages from a bond dealer's notebook, although readable enough, help us much to find a typical case. Nor does the search grow warmer if we distinguish between the newly rich and those who have long had money, or between those with an assured social position and the climbers.

"I'll tell you just the person to interview," said a bank president whom I sought for enlightenment. "Mrs. H is one of the country's richest women; she has an income of between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000. She is very ambitious socially, and I think she would tell you what she does with her money. You know, of course, how her father made it? She hires professional entertainers to get up parties for her, and gives balls in series. At her house you will meet Lord and Lady Mountbatten and also Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

"She has a yacht bigger than J. P. Morgan's or Arthur Curtiss James'. In addition to her place in the city, she has one in Palm Beach, one on Long Island, a camp in the Adirondacks and another either at Newport or Bar Harbor. Or you might see John ——. He has a box at the opera and gives balls, the electric lights of which alone cost $10,000 a night. He's got to spend money to get a social position, but his boys will marry into the old Knickerbocker families and their children won't have to spend so much to maintain their positions."

One of the favorite music-hall jokes in England is how the duke wears old clothes and consorts with queer people, so secure is his position.

Money Kept in Motion

"When Mrs. Vanderbilt moved to Sutton Place on the East River," said a New Yorker who is himself a member of the so-called Four Hundred, "no one thought anything of it; but if one of the new wartime steel kings, whom we shall call Jones, had made the same move, it would be known as Jones' Folly."

But even this sophisticated advice leads us no nearer to our typical millionaire. In fact, there are hundreds of self-made captains of industry whose millions are real, but who have not the slightest social aspirations and who spend far less than the scions of families whose wealth runs back from two to five generations. Nor are all the newly rich vulgar. Many are infinitely superior, both in decency and culture, to the older families.

But before we go further it is necessary to distinguish between those who are active in business and those who are retired, or between the unrealized and the realized fortune, the unfunded and the funded. Many men who are active in business, who have not retired or sold out and cashed in, are too busy making money to give any thought to what becomes of it. They do not have an income in the ordinary sense of the word. Certainly they do not see it or think very much about it, provided the bank honors their checks, for most of the income goes back into business. I asked a lawyer, who has many of the very rich among his clients, what becomes of their incomes, and he replied:

"I know a man with assets of perhaps $15,000,000 who has a business of his own; that is, he owns a large interest in it. This business is one of the backbones of the country. He doesn't give much to charity. He is constantly speculating in timber or oil, or buying into another business which he attempts to run.

"He is a sample of most of the men whom I happen to know who have lots of money. They have spent a good part of their lives earning it, not thinking where it is or how to spend it. They are so darn busy they really have no money at all. They buy another property, mortgage it, and have to earn a lot to pay off the debt.

"I believe half the big incomes of the country, those of $500,000 or $1,000,000, are not from investment in good safe bonds, but from deals, from flyers. These fellows buy new stuff, and if they make $1,000,000 one year they try to make $3,000,000 the next. They are men who might ordinarily have an income of $100,000 a year at the most, from salaries, directors' fees and investments in the ordinary sense of the word. Often they lose heavily on their deals, but a couple of real good flyers put them up in the $1,000,000 bracket for at least a year or so.

"Often they buy into something which is on the rocks, at the bottom, in the hope of fixing it up. Or they buy into an old situation with a good name but in need of new management. I have in mind a certain type of bank president and high corporation executive among others. They are men with possible incomes in good years far in excess, relatively, of their fortunes, and they speculate in the hope of a killing from

which they can cash down some real money into tax-exempts

"Then there is the type of Mr. ——. Ten years ago he had a property worth $100,000. He has plowed back all the earnings into the business. He is now fifty. Recently he sold out to one of the largest representatives of his line for $10,000,000. That really means that he has made $1,000,000 a year for ten years; but he has lived on no such scale, and no one ever thought of him as that rich. The first thing he did was to put $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 in trust funds for his wife and children, because of inheritance taxes.

"Then he puts an equal sum back into the business that he knows about, this time into preferred stocks. He is finished with the speculative end of the business. But he is a director of the company, an insider. He buys $2,000,000 tax-exempts and the remaining $3,000,000 he puts into various businesses which he and his friends have gone into, more or less speculative. He spends his time partly with his old and partly with his new companies.

"I think the tendency for a man who has made a great success in his business is to realize when he gets into the fifties that he has his eggs all in one basket. Up to then he has regarded his business as his monument. But the time comes when he grows conservative and sells out. One of the first things he usually does is to put up a building named after himself."

But the public, I am sure, does not think of a person with unrealized wealth, or with an occasional huge speculative income, as being rich. It applies the term only to those who have an actual cashed-in fortune. But after a man has become middle-aged and conservative, and after he has cashed into riches, what becomes of it?

The answer to the question depends, of course, upon his age, the state of his health, the number of his children, the way the children behave themselves, whether there have been recent deaths in the family, whether he is essentially a butterfly or serious minded, whether he is educated or uneducated, and finally upon the real fiber of the man, which in turn is conditioned upon countless factors unrelated to wealth or poverty.

The Wills and the Won'ts

Mr. Ford has said that there are no fixed classes in this country, no rich or poor, merely "men who will work and men who will not work." Or one might say that there are no rich or poor, only refined and unrefined, educated and uneducated, unselfish and selfish, meek and dictatorial.

But having thought of every possible obstacle in the way of discovering what becomes of the rich man's income, it is now time to point out that these objections and stumblingblocks are nothing like so real as they seem. It is true that no two men are alike, but no less is it true that a large income is not and cannot be so blithely, so freely or so variously disposed of as the variety of human types at first suggests must be the case.

It was pointed out in detail in a previous article that as a general and inevitable law the proportion which the rich man spends on himself and family decreases as the income itself increases. He cannot absorb or convert into terms of personal happiness more than a fraction of what he has. In Mr. Ford's blunt language, it takes "no more food to nourish a rich man than a poor one." But there is still another law, just as broad in its application, fully as inexorable, and if anything less understood by the public—namely, that in countless ways which have had but little if any explanation the rich man's income becomes mortgaged as rapidly as it increases.

Let us approach this most curious and really important subject in as critical, from-Missouri a spirit as possible. Quite plainly, much of the talk so prevalent in certain circles since the imposition of the high income taxes in regard to the hard-up condition of the rich has been, in impolite language, bull; in more highbrow terms, indicative at the most of a relative condition only.

"I haven't the sympathy with the rich that your question of whether they are hard up implies," said a New York bank officer in answer to my inquiry. "Once a year I attend a choice little stag dinner in a fashionable suburb. I am the only one present who is not a rich man. At the last dinner they were all talking in a most condoling, sorrowful manner of an absent member. They shook their heads and kept saying 'Poor John.' Finally I asked what had happened to John. I supposed that at the very least a member of his immediate family had died. But that wasn't it. It was simply that he had been unable to buy a yacht which he had set his heart upon.

"I burst right out and told those men that they had lost touch with life, that they were entirely out of balance. I told them that they should turn right about face and send John a telegram of congratulation for being as well off as he is."

"Are the very rich really hard up?" I asked a member of a Wall Street law firm which has as many of these much besought clients as any similar firm, promising of course that I would not quote him by name.

"No," he said. "But they feel that they are badly treated because they can't accumulate enough. There is a type at least that feels they can't do certain things they ought to be able to do because already they have paid over $150,000 or $500,000, or some such sum, to the Government, which money they look upon as lost.

"The rich are selfish in that they want their children to live in great luxury and go with other rich men's children. I know men who won't spend for things which I, with only a fraction of their fortunes, buy as a matter of course, just because with the 'terrible' income tax they feel that if they spend they can't lay up enough to take care of both the inheritance taxes and their children. They don't want the Government to take from their own."

Overindulged Children

"But I thought all the millionaires were worried about the demoralizing effect of wealth upon their children," objected the writer. "I am being told constantly that the rich man's most serious problem is his son."

"Yes, you hear that sort of talk continually; but I tell you that in the quiet of their lawyers' offices the rich haven't the strength of character so to arrange their affairs that their sons will be placed in a condition where wealth won't demoralize them. I have yet to hear of a rich man with a child who leaves all his money to charity.

"If the son asks for a motorboat he gets it because his classmate at college has one. The father doesn't want him to feel inferior to the other boy. Not for one moment will the father deny him anything that seems to be part of a gentleman's existence.

"I know a man with a place down on Long Island, about half a mile from a good bathing beach. But on the neighboring estate, where one of his daughter's friends lives, there is a new swimming pool, so of course this man's daughter must have one too. At first father objected loudly, pointing out that she had a fleet of automobiles to drive the half mile to the beach. But the girl couldn't see why she shouldn't have a swimming pool if her friend had one, so my friend has put one in.

"Yet if you walked up the block this minute to this man's office and asked him his opinion of the effect of wealth upon the young, he would deliver you a most eloquent lecture on what a terrible thing it is.

"It seems as if our clients were coming in pretty nearly every day, making some change in their wills, creating a new trust fund for their children, shifting things about a bit, all because of fear of the inheritance taxes. Always they are hunting for some new scheme for making sure that their children will be wealthy, and yet tying up the money in some trust fund or other.

"It makes me very tired. Why don't they give the money to the children, thus completely avoiding inheritance taxes? I feel that if children are so weak in character that money will ruin them, the sooner the job is completed the better. Why string it over a lifetime?"

It is difficult, of course, for those accustomed to wealth, either through inheritance or gradual acquisition, to distinguish between what are luxuries and what are not. John may have suffered as acute mental pain from going without his yacht as another John, in poorer circles, suffers from not having a decent suit of clothes.

"I started at five dollars a week," said a Wall Street banker, "but I can't tell you at what point of income my life changed so that I became rich."

"Luxury is only a matter of degree," said another financier. "The immigrant who sees a flivver thinks that's the limit of unjustified luxury. When I was a boy I once heard of a lawyer in Pittsburgh who had an income of $10,000 a year. It seemed

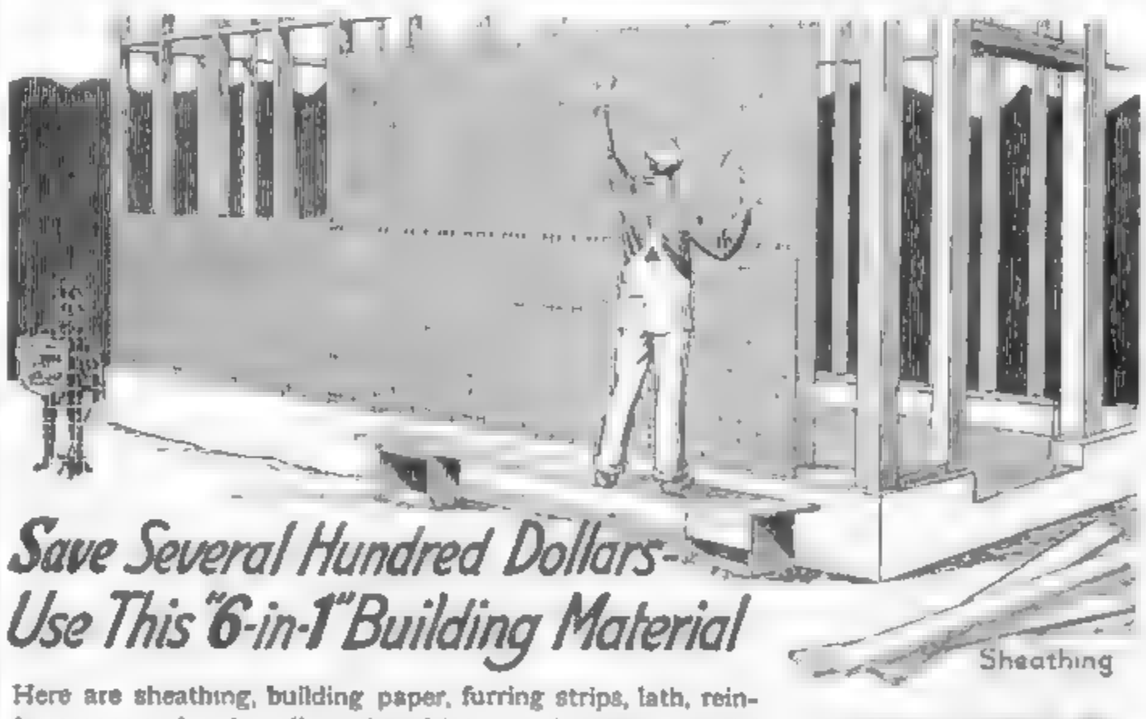
A "SIGNAL" shirt *feels* right, *fits* right, *is* right! The women as well as the men, all realize this! "Signal" shirts come in popular colors and the latest plaids with the new style collar and pocket. Select two or three "Signals" for your wardrobe and you will secure ease, enjoyment and gratification.

Signal

The better Dealers sell "Signal" shirts. If yours doesn't—send us his name and your size on a postcard. Our new Style Book with leading flannels in facsimile color gladly sent on request.

Signal Shirt Company

Dept. S-I, Racine, Wisc.



Save Several Hundred Dollars—
Use This "6-in-1" Building Material

Here are sheathing, building paper, furring strips, lath, reinforcement and nails—all combined into **one** building material which is named National Steel Fabric Style P-214.

Nail it "direct to the studs," and cover it with Stucco—and you actually encase your home (or garage, cottage, church, or whatever it might be) in a permanent, weather-proof, fire-safe surface of man-made stone; the architectural effects obtained rival sculptured stone or marble in beauty, yet the cost is less than even wooden siding, shingle, or clapboard construction

Furthermore, when you use Style P-214 reinforcement, you add to the framework of any building, greater strength and greater rigidity than you can get from "sheathed" construction, and expensive repairs and periodic repainting are forever eliminated.

Before you build, or remodel, or rebuild, be sure to send for our free book entitled "Building a Permanent Home"—it contains many helpful suggestions.

Dealers: Write for our dealer proposition, catalog and samples.

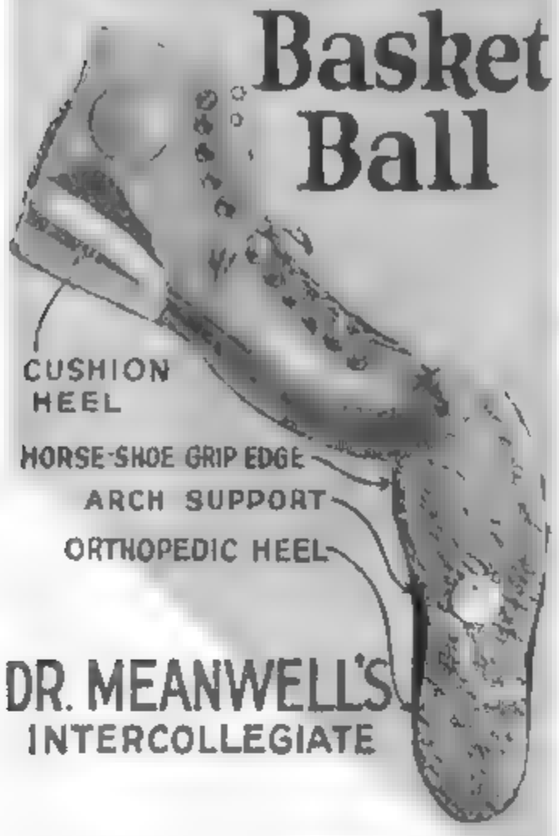
National Steel Fabric Company

(Subsidiary of Pittsburgh Steel Company)

725 Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OFFICES Atlanta Boston Chicago Cleveland, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rochester, St. Louis, San Antonio, San Francisco

Orthopedic Shoes for Basket Ball



A famous coach designed this new shoe to end foot troubles for basketball players. Read his letter.

Madison, Wis.,
July 31, 1924

THE SERVUS RUBBER COMPANY,
ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

Gentlemen:

The shoe on which I have spent so much time and which is to be known as the DR. W. E. MEANWELL INTERCOLLEGIATE SHOE, has been put to every conceivable test on the basketball floor. I find in these tests that the following are its points of superiority over any other shoe that I have used during my fourteen years' coaching experience:

1st—The ORTHOPEDIC HEEL provides a support and a protection to the arch. This is a point of superiority over all other athletic shoes I have seen.

2nd—The HORSESHOE GRIP provides a concave sole which possesses sticking qualities that are unequaled. This shoe will hold even on a waxed floor.

3rd—The pure gum CREPE SOLE has wonderful wearing, sticking and cushioning qualities.

4th—The sponge rubber CUSHION HEEL seat in this shoe is of great value in eliminating concussion and preventing fatigue. The cushion heel seat is placed securely under the insole which eliminates any possibility of side slip. This heel will prevent jarring, blisters, bruises and the frequently disabling "pounded heels."

5th—The fitting qualities are unequaled. The forepart of the shoe permits the expansion of the foot without retardment. The low instep feature permits the weight of the body to be carried by the heel and ball of the foot instead of by the arch.

6th—The corrugated toe cap is of great value from a wearing standpoint. It will protect the shoes of players who have a habit of dragging their toes when shooting.

7th—The shoe is light in weight for games. At the same time it is heavy enough to secure unexcelled wearing qualities so that it can be used also for heavy practice purposes.

My entire team wears the Intercollegiate shoe exclusively for basketball and track events. This shoe has stood every test to fit it for the severe use of the basketball floor. In my opinion it is the best basketball shoe on the market. The shoe has won this favorable opinion after hard trial and fair comparison with the shoes of other manufacturers.

Yours very truly,
(SIGNED) WALTER E. MEANWELL, M. D.
Medical Supervisor of Athletics and Coach of Basketball University of Wisconsin.

When a doctor of medicine, specializing in foot troubles, coaches basketball for 14 years, you can count on his knowing what constitutes a good basketball shoe.

Dr. Meanwell's Intercollegiate was designed under the personal supervision of Wisconsin's famous coach. It will be welcomed by players the country over as the ideal shoe to meet the exigencies of the game. For it is light yet rugged—supports the arch and fits the foot—cushions the heel and provides a sure grip on the slipperiest floors.

Dealers, coaches and athletic directors are invited to write for our special proposition.

The Servus Rubber Company
Rock Island, Ill.

DESIGNED BY AN EXPERT
SERVUS SPORT SHOES

to me to be the height of affluence. My father's maximum earnings were $1800 a year."

But after all, these are very trivial facts and considerations. It may hurt John's feelings to have the Government take so much in taxes that he can't buy the yacht his heart was set upon. But if John does too much complaining on that score he will receive from the public at large only jeers and hisses. "Poor John" is unpleasantly reminiscent of the nobles who preceded but did not survive the French Revolution.

What the public does not realize, however, is the fact that John, unless he is cold, selfish, hard and mean to an inhuman degree, is not only regarded by the community but in very many cases actually is an absolute prey and pasture.

As a man or woman's income increases to a point where he or she is known to be rich, the obligations upon such a person, the liens and charges and mortgages upon his or her income, increase far out of proportion to the income itself. The most graphic and easily understood illustrations of what I mean are to be found in the published descriptions of the mail received by such persons as John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford, Mrs. E. H. Harriman and the late Mrs. Russell Sage.

In the case of Mrs. Harriman so many letters were received asking for money that a student of philanthropy wrote an entire book on the subject, analyzing in detail the many thousands of requests, which in two years alone amounted to $267,000,000, or several times the entire fortune. Mr. Ford receives fifteen hundred begging letters a day. If all the requests were acceded to, his entire fortune and the Ford Motor Company as well would be swept away in two years' time, both cleaned out to the last particle of concrete in the factory walls.

"What does she do with her time?" I once asked the friend of a very rich woman.

"Dictating letters refusing to subscribe," was the reply.

In the case of persons like Rockefeller, Ford, Mrs. Harriman and Mrs. Sage, the mere job of opening the mail and sending form replies, not to mention any sort of analysis, mounts up to a sum which by itself constitutes a very large gift to charity.

Obviously in the case of movie stars who send pictures to their fans, the expense is more in the nature of a business cost. One movie star employs four girls just to mail pictures, at a total cost of $28,000 a year. This, however, is one of the penalties of her large income, and must come either from her salary or from the profits of the company which pays it.

Handling Begging Letters

The burden of being called upon for gifts is relatively almost as great with persons much less conspicuous than Ford, Rockefeller and the movie stars. An acquaintance of the writer's, who once gave a few hundred thousand dollars to put up a college building, was but little known to the public prior to this gift. Within a few days after the newspaper announcement, however, he received 700 begging letters, and for a long period thereafter they came in at the rate of seventy to eighty a day.

The most likely letters were sorted out and the cases investigated. The first fifty proved to be unworthy and the next thirty met with the same fate. Many were actual frauds. Women wrote asking for money on the ground that their husbands were ill, but investigation proved that they had no husbands.

Frequently persons who make large gifts are driven frantic by the appeals that come to them both from organized charities and from individuals. In many cases the appeals are so well organized and professionalized that those seeking funds seem more interested in the game, in getting the reputation for being good solicitors, in putting the deal over, than in the object itself.

It is being known to be rich, not in being rich, that multiplies solicitation to the breaking point.

A publicly announced gift, the publication of a large inheritance, the news in the financial columns that Mr. Blank has sold his business to a Wall Street banking syndicate for $20,000,000—these are what bring thousands of requests.

W. H. Allen, author of Modern Philanthropy, the book based upon Mrs. Harriman's experiences in giving money away, asserts that the rich man is no more imposed upon in being asked for gifts than the poor man is imposed upon in having wealth flaunted before his eyes.

"We can't hold up successful men for emulation and then consistently repress the efforts of the poor to have fairyland contact with the much talked about rich. . . . Letters of appeal are a by-product of being known to be rich."

But no one denies the reality of the burden itself. If the rich man gives secretly to avoid being pestered by others, then he is asserted to be stingy. In a description of Mr. Ford by Dean Samuel S. Marquis, the author tells how he once took the automobile manufacturer to a reception for a group of bishops. The moment Ford entered the room the bishops with one accord formed into line and filed past him with their requests. Even when the manufacturer goes to a club reception, says Dean Marquis, captains of industry file past him with requests of one sort or another.

Nor are demands always made in the most agreeable fashion. Persons known to be rich are frequently subjected to threats and blackmail. The rich are the especial prey of disordered minds and the criminally inclined, as well as of the merely self-seeking, grasping and unscrupulous. Detectives are constantly employed to run down threatening letters. Such cases are so common that newspapers pay little attention to them.

Inside Jobs

The son of one of the richest men in the country is said to have employed two detectives for two months to run down one such letter. The same criminal wrote to a rich widow demanding $350,000, but the widow, not being so hardened to such experiences as some others, became hysterical. There are rich persons, no doubt, who luckily escape these threats, but hundreds must face them every year.

Burglary is not confined, of course, to the homes of the rich, but such are the places where it especially flourishes. Recently jewelry valued at $100,000 was taken from the home of an extremely rich young man, despite the fact—alleged at least to be such by newspaper accounts—that fifteen armed guards protect the estate by day and night. Making all allowances for exaggeration, the expense of maintaining even two or three guards must be very considerable.

Such robberies are most frequently inside jobs; that is, they are committed by servants. The theft of jewelry by the servants of the rich is one of the commonest features of criminology. Of course as the size and elaborateness of a house increases, the number of servants mounts up, and it becomes humanly impossible for the employer to check up on their characters. Here is the typical routine newspaper account of the theft of $20,000 in jewels from an estate in Plutoport:

"A robbery is believed to have been committed sometime between last Sunday and Tuesday. The police have withheld information on the case. It was learned today, however, that the house was not broken into, for no evidence of a break was to be found. The police have been checking up on everyone who regularly has had access to the house, but whether they have found any clew upon which to work is not known."

Turning away from these dark and sinister aspects of our subject, we find upon examination that the rich man is called upon incessantly to help out his relatives, friends, acquaintances and associates of every description.

"Obliging his friends is the bane of the rich man's life," remarked a lawyer who numbers them among his clients. "He spends most of his time doing it."

To a man with an income of close to $2,000,000 a year I sent a statement of the disposition made of his income by another man in similar position. One item which astonished me and strained credulity had to do with gifts to friends. In the letter of transmittal I questioned the possibility of such an item. The reply read as follows:

"I do not believe that — per cent in the way it is figured in the statement you inclose is much above the average. Men with large incomes have a great many friends and they stick very close when in need. Many of these cases are worthy, and no one but the most hard-hearted type of man can turn aside from them altogether. In my own case this percentage runs very much higher than the statement you inclosed and I should really consider this statement somewhat below the average."

(Continued on Page 188)

A hinge and a tab that mean health

SEE how Perfection Caps are made. A tab that won't tear off and that does away with forks or thumbs or dirty ice-picks to open the milk that you and your children drink.

A hinge that lets you open a bottle only *half way* and so pour from it without contamination and allows you to reclose the bottle instantly. Your children like this hinge; it's so easy to drink through it with a straw.

See for yourself. Just mail the coupon and a month's *free* supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps will be sent to you for you to try in your own home. Then tell your milkman you want him to use them in the future.

PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP

JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

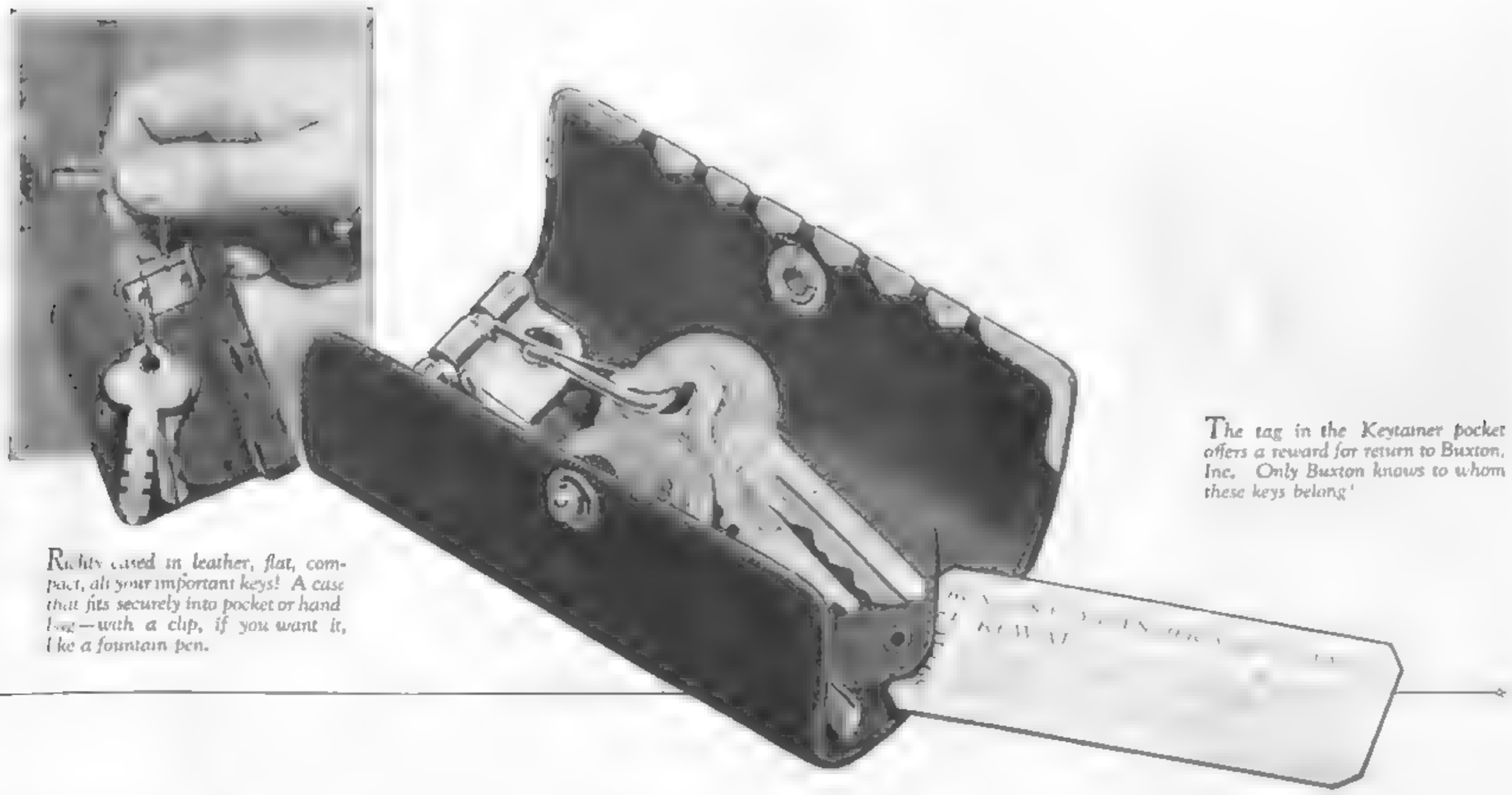
The Smith-Lee Company,
Oneida, N. Y.

Without obligation please send me a month's supply of Perfection Caps.

Name

Address

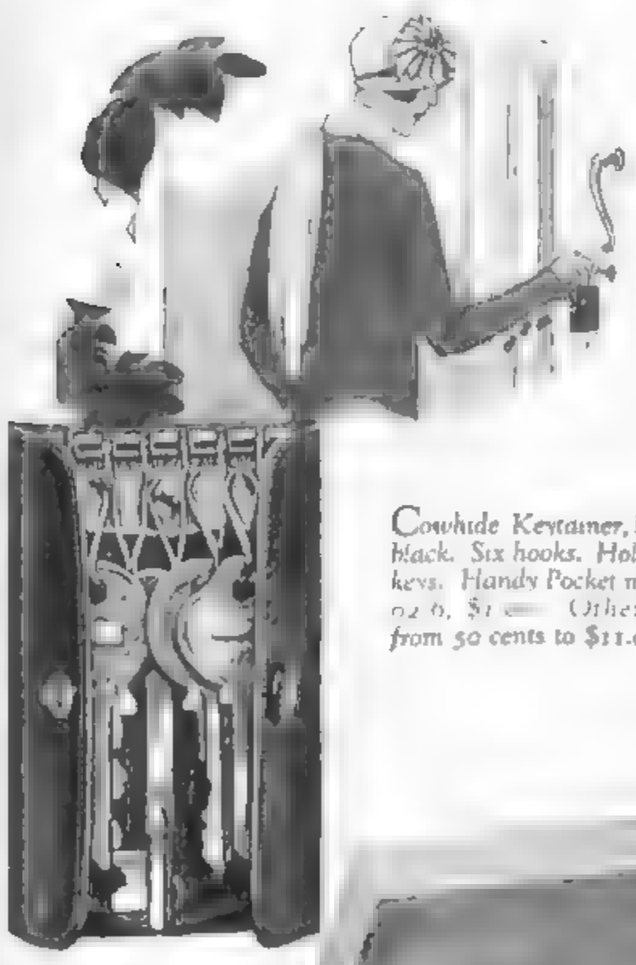
DRINK MORE MILK



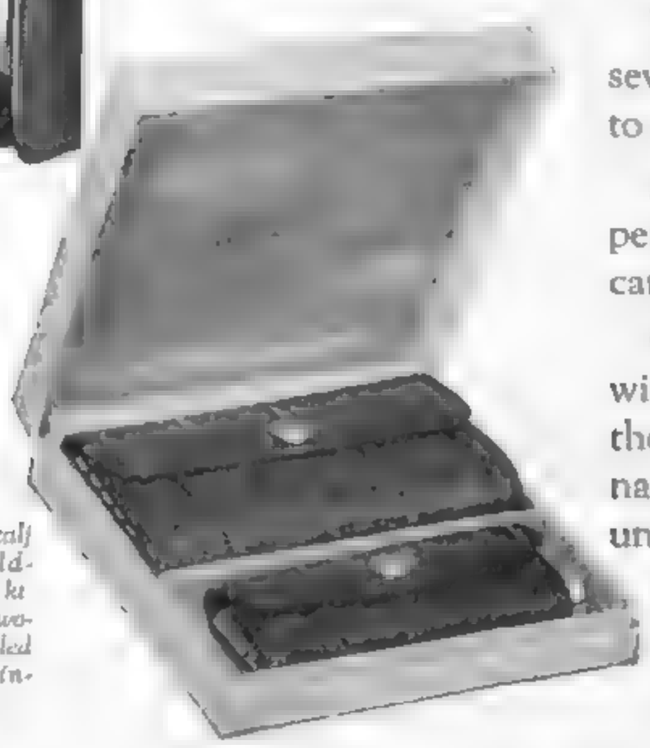
Rights cased in leather, flat, compact, all your important keys! A case that fits securely into pocket or hand bag—with a clip, if you want it, like a fountain pen.

The tag in the Keytainer pocket offers a reward for return to Buxton, Inc. Only Buxton knows to whom these keys belong!

NEVER AGAIN the question:



Cowhide Keytainer, brown or black. Six hooks. Holds twelve keys. Handy Pocket model No. 02 6, $1 — Other models from 50 cents to $11.00.



Set of two alligator calf Keytainers. Gold-plated hooks and 14 kt gold fasteners. (Two-hook model has rolled gold clip.) In satin-lined gift-box, $9.25.

"Where's the Key?"

In this slim leather case—*all your keys* are instantly at your finger-tips . . . . And now, as a final safeguard, the new *Buxton Key Identification Service*

A SLENDER case of fine leather, in which the keys lie flat—each on its proper swivel hook—as attractive, as easy to remember as your watch or your bill-fold—

The Buxton Keytainer has settled, for several million people, the question of how to carry keys conveniently, securely.

And now, as a final safeguard against permanent loss, the Buxton Key Identification Service has been established.

Gone the danger of losing your keys without hope of getting them back! Gone the danger of tagging them with your name and address for the information of unscrupulous persons!

In each Keytainer pocket is a numbered card, offering a reward for return to Buxton Headquarters. When a lost Keytainer is sent there, Buxton looks up the owner's number—forwards him his missing keys—and mails the finder his reward.

You can get Buxton Keytainers in dozens of different types and leathers—from high-grade cowhide at one dollar and less to gold-mounted pin seal at eleven dollars. 2, 4, 6, or 8 hooks—and each hook holds two keys.

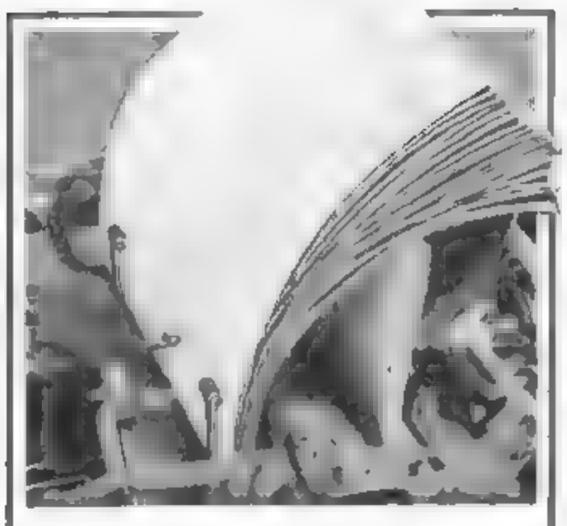
Combination sets, too—a small Keytainer for the four keys used oftenest (auto keys, house keys)—and a larger model for all other keys.

• • •

Jewelers, stationers, department stores, drug stores, leather goods, haberdashery and hardware stores carry Buxton Keytainers. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the Book of Buxton Keytainers—free. BUXTON, Inc., 164 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.

Buxton Keytainers are still made in two styles—with and without the Handy Pocket. The Key Identification Service of course applies only to the Handy Pocket models, which hold the card shown above. Protect your keys with this new national Service—at once!

BUXTON KEY·TAINER



Twenty copies at one typing

MultiKopy carbon paper No. 5, black, light weight, gives 20 copies at one typing. Legible, neat, clear. Weight of second sheet governs number of copies.

MultiKopy No. 25 fills the bill for general office use. Made in Black, Blue, Purple, Green, and Red

MultiKopy No. 95, correspondence weight, black, produces 100 or more copies from one sheet

Ask your stationer for your kind of MultiKopy. If he cannot supply you, write to our nearest warehouse

FREE! Interesting booklet showing how to select the exact carbon paper for any kind of work. Write for it

F. S. WEBSTER CO., INC.
Established 1889
335 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
Branch Warehouses
New York Chicago Philadelphia
Pittsburgh San Francisco
Cleveland

MULTIKOPY
Carbon Paper
A kind for every purpose

FREE

140-page Book full of life-size ruled forms, each one completely filled in. The answer to problems of accounting and record keeping for any business or profession.

Send for this FREE Book today
John C. Moore Corporation
(Established 1839)
2152 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS
In Use in More Than 100,000 Offices

WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn $18 to $60 a week Retouching photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish Working Outfit Free. Limited offer. Write to-day Artcraft Studios, Dept. J, 1900 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Clark's Around the World and Mediterranean Cruises
Jan. 20 and Jan. 31 1925 122 days $1250 up; 65 days $600 up
Summer Cruise (Norway, Spain, Italy) July 1, 53 days $550 up
Specially chartered new oil-fuel Cunarders, inclusive rates. Specify program desired. FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

(Continued from Page 186

When Mr. Doheny was questioned by Senator Walsh regarding his loan of $100,000 to Secretary Fall, he said:

"I make many loans to friends. You gentlemen might be surprised if I could give you the figures. I realized that the amount of money I was loaning him was a bagatelle to me; that it was no more than twenty-five or fifty dollars perhaps to the ordinary individual. Certainly a loan of twenty-five or fifty dollars from one individual to another would not be considered extraordinary, and a loan of $100,000 from me to Mr. Fall is no more extraordinary."

But politics, cabinet ministers and oil reserves aside, we find that the rich man is constantly taking third mortgages on clubs, educating his sister-in-law's children, giving his mother-in-law an annuity and making loans to old friends who want just enough to start them in business and who promise to repay immediately but never do. In one affluent group of business associates where I made inquiry I found that every man was putting at least one relative's child through college, the total cost to the least affluent of the group being $16,000.

In the case of one rich man whose books I saw, the total gifts to friends and acquaintances in the last few years have exceeded $500,000, while financial assistance accounted for several hundred thousand more. This included none of his gifts to immediate members of his family. The humorist was true to life when he wrote:

"Since you have become rich, I suppose you are out of touch with your old friends."

"Not at all. Some of 'em touch me every day."

In search of enlightenment, I called upon, among others, the presidents of three large business organizations and asked them to explain to me in concrete terms how it feels to have a large income. These are not men in the $1,000,000 class, but are the type who have risen from minor positions to high place.

One had an income of $2000 twelve or thirteen years ago and now has $100,000. The second received possibly $15,000 or $20,000 fifteen years ago, and probably has several hundred thousand today. The third has an income of about $250,000. Said the second of the three men:

"I cannot speak for the person who has inherited a fortune in trust funds, but I can speak for those who have grown rich. The public has no conception how the burdens imperceptibly increase. Even a man like myself, who is well below the $1,000,000 a year class, accumulates an enormous number of people dependent upon him. At the very least, from twenty-five to thirty people are in my personal employ. When I look at my check book at the end of the month I say to myself with surprise, 'Why, you're crazy! Why don't you cut it out?'"

"Well, why don't you?" I asked.

The Only Refuge

"The only way is to quit business, sell out and go to Europe. I am under constant obligations to go into things I don't want to go into. I can't refuse, although they tie up funds which I want to keep liquid, and eat up my capital. Of course, these ventures may turn out all right in the end and make money for me. You see those papers on my desk? I was called on today to invest $25,000 in a land proposition. It's the last thing in the world I want to go into. It's an obligation which goes with the position I hold, an obligation upon the man with a large income, that the public doesn't recognize at all."

"Did you go into it because you expect sometime to ask the man who sold it to you to buy something of yours in turn?" I asked.

"I've already been after him. As for charities, I can go out any time and raise $5000 each from any number of men for my pet charity. But that's a dangerous practice, for it all comes back. They'll ask me some day for more than I asked them for, and it's cheaper in the long run to support the thing myself.

"But if I play the game I have got to recognize my obligations. If I don't, I must either give up my position in the community or sell my business and run away to Europe or some other playground. Of course there are a few men who are just mean and won't chip in, but when the good things go around they get left out."

"My status has changed entirely," said the first of the three men. "It was assumed as soon as I became president of this institution that emolument goes with title. I have been called upon to give of both time and money, and the calls are so frequent that I assume there must be an implication that I should give of both.

"But there was none of this until two years ago, when I became president. In the town where I have lived ever since I was a clerk at $2000 a year I was never called upon to do anything until two years ago; now I am called upon to do everything. I am obliged to give a far greater percentage of my income than I did when I was a vice president. Then if I gave five dollars to a cause it was all right; nobody cared or noticed one way or the other. In fact, I didn't have to give a cent if I didn't want to. Now I have to maintain a certain standard of reasonableness in such matters.

"Suppose I should give the solicitors a swift kick; my institution would at once be set down as penurious."

"What other differences do you find between having a $2000 income and a $100,000 income?" I asked.

Giving Under Compulsion

"I'll answer your question in concrete terms. No two persons could be closer than my wife and I, but with the enlarged income we have to do our darnedest to avoid complications. In the old days, when I had a vacation, there was very little room for discussion as to how we were to take it. Now there are many points to debate in regard to the trip. Formerly there was only one way to go, the cheapest, and no one to take except the family. Now we debate how many servants shall go and whether they shall go by auto or by train.

"With increasing wealth comes increasing authority, which if one is not careful makes for an autocratic attitude. The tendency of wealth is distinctly toward selfishness, which means that one has to work that much harder to get the simple fundamental joys out of life.

"But there are compensations. I don't regret the change. I have always been interested in —— University. Formerly I merely looked from a distance; now I am a trustee. I love to see the wheels go around. I want to see all of life I can."

"I believe I would make more if I retired from business," said the third man. "Overhead expenses are awful nowadays; if we have a good year the Government takes such a huge slice; and a beggar comes to see me every hour. If I retired and ran away I would be free from these obligations of subscribing each year to 200 different charities. In fact, my doctor wants me to give up, but the truth is I like it all, even the obligations."

It is impossible to exaggerate the extent to which men high in the business and financial world give for what are substantially business reasons, often from no higher motive than because it is expected of them, and merely to escape importunity.

Nor is there much to choose between those in the higher circles of the larger cities, who are compelled by their associates to give, and those at the head of large enterprises in smaller places, who have thrust upon them practically the whole burdens of the local Y. M. C. A., library, swimming pool, and the like. The secretary to one such man showed me a file of cards running back many years and detailing the gifts made each year by his employer to an unbelievably large number of causes.

"He has to give," said the secretary; "he is under the same obligation to give as he is to own an automobile to bring him to the office. I regard one as just as necessary as the other. Every now and then I tell him he is up to the line—the 15 per cent deduction permitted under the revenue act—but the next minute he'll sign a check for $5000. If he gives to a cause one year they are after him the next, sure as fate. There is no escape."

These gifts to charity, education and similar causes tend with the rich man to solidify, as it were, and become regular fixed obligations, like taxes or interest on loans—a strange fact which the public does not recognize or even realize. One New York banker has to make up a deficit of $150,000 every year on a hospital started by his father. But this is the interest on $3,000,000—no measly sum! The same man is down for $17,000 a year for one of the museums, and if he stopped the gift there would be an awful row.

Such men are made chairmen of the boards of trustees of hospitals, museums,

none genuine without this Trade-mark on the package

3 MINUTE
TRADE MARK
OAT FLAKES

Cook 3 minutes only —no more—no less.
A Distinctive Product.
A Matchless Flavor.
A Package for a Dime
(except in Far West)
Do you like Wheat?
Then buy—
3 Minute Wheat Flakes

THREE MINUTE CEREALS CO.
The Corne Mills Company, Prop.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Corns
Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off Doesn't hurt a bit
You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.
Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of your invention for Examination and Instructions FREE
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

and the like, and are then obliged to support them willy-nilly. They just can't let go. A member of a great banking house was recently appealed to for a $100 contribution to an orphan asylum. He replied, saying he would be delighted to give, but hadn't a cent for the purpose, as he was already supporting an orphan asylum of his own with seventy-five beds, single-handed.

"I'll tell you what becomes of the rich man's income, provided he has been to one of the privately endowed universities or colleges," replied the heir to a great fortune and the graduate of one of these institutions, to my query. "I am sometimes asked why I don't retire. I have to remain in harness to help out dear old Yalevard."

But it must not be supposed that only men in active competitive business are compelled to take on enormous philanthropic obligations. Duties of this kind are even more exacting upon the owners of many at least of the great semiretired, funded and even inherited fortunes. There is one man whose name is on every tongue when such subjects are discussed. Many years ago he inherited the whole of a great fortune, and for years he has had a theoretical income of from $4,000,000 to $6,000,000. Several bankers described him to me as being one of the worst-off men in America today, and they did not smile when saying it.

The reason is simple. He has accumulated both as an inheritance from his father and in his own generous life, which extends for more than fifty years, a vast outfit of charities, all on the most magnificent scale. During the war his income was if anything increased, but the charities moved up with it. Following the war, the income fell off, but not the demands upon him. For years he has contributed to single institutions at the rate of a couple of hundred thousand dollars each, and there are many institutions on his list. But all his life he has lived also on a scale of regal magnificence, with half a dozen homes, one of the world's largest yachts, a box at the opera and everything else in like dimensions

Into this situation came the surtax. One of this man's acquaintances said to me:

"Social workers think that he ought to cut down his scale of living. I can't pass upon that, but I do know that at times he is a miserable man. He would like to let go somehow, to get out of the saddle, but he doesn't know how. Before the days of the income tax and the high cost of living, he had the same income, but it was all income, no outgo."

Or to take another specific example, that of a steel magnate who built a palace on Riverside Drive, New York City, long before the income tax. It cost this man, so he told a friend, about $100,000 a year to run the place when it was first built. The cost is now $200,000 a year. But after the high income taxes were imposed the owner was obliged to earn $600,000 in order to be able to retain the necessary $200,000. In other words to live on the same scale a sixfold increase in income was required.

Costly Country Life

It was frequently asserted last winter during the revenue-act debates that no rate of income tax under discussion would alter the standard of living of the rich by a single butler, automobile or yacht. The idea, of course, was that high taxes merely reduce the amount given away or invested. This statement sounds true, theoretically, but its truth is only partial and limited.

Many of the rich have not reduced their scale of living at all in recent years, but many others have been compelled to sell their large country estates or city homes because of the combination of high taxes and cost of living or maintenance, coupled in a few notable cases with the continuing obligation to care for inherited and accumulated charities.

The normal successful man likes to build roads and culverts, argue with the builder about sidewalks and quarrel with the architect over chimneys. He likes to have work torn out and done over again to suit his fancy. Some dingy workman who is laying a drain on his country estate is admitted instanter to his office at the busiest moment of the day, although captains of industry may be kept waiting. He gloats over having fresh eggs from his own chickens, at about twenty-five dollars an egg, and lamely defends the terrific expense by saying that he must have them for his children.

There is a certain amount of unnecessary luxury and waste in all this. But the rich man feels that he is supporting many people, giving employment to those who might not find it otherwise.

"I am not a rich man in the $1,000,000 a year sense," replied a banker whom I approached; "but even on my rather modest country place twenty people are employed, and I don't think it would be quite fair to put down in a bare percentage statement that such and such a proportion was spent on myself."

"Who can say that large sums invested in beautiful country places are wasted?" replied a thoughtful economist, who replied to my question by asking it over again "Where are you going to draw the line? Does a $50,000 country place represent waste? How about a $10,000 place? Isn't the sum invested in such country places an extremely small item compared with the total reinvested in business enterprises? Possibly there is some social value in elaborate country places through the beautifying of the landscape and giving pleasure to friends and visitors as well as to the passer-by.

"Who shall say that a man who has reinvested several million dollars in the course of a few years is not doing the public more good by putting a paltry $100,000 into a country place instead of putting it all into stocks and bonds?"

Hard-Up Rich Men

It should be added that large numbers of the great country estates are open to the public most or all of the time. All but 300 of John D. Rockefeller's 3500-acre estate is a public park, and much of the time of the 300 employes is given to the public portion. On Pierre S. Du Pont's estate the greenhouses, gardens and grounds are open to the public every day except alternating Sundays, when admission can be gained on application. Saturday afternoons and open Sundays a fee of twenty-five cents is charged and the proceeds given to near-by hospitals On Sunday afternoons free organ recitals are given to the public. Attendance frequently runs more than 1000 on Sundays and has reached the 2000 mark.

Certainly no one can argue that a big house in the city or an estate in the country is an unalloyed pleasure to the owner. It tends increasingly to become an expense, a liability and a capital charge. Once asked why he didn't live more elaborately, Mr. Ford replied, "If I was going to live in a hotel I would prefer someone else to run it. I prefer a home."

"I don't see where people get the money to live in these expensive New York apartments or in the country places on Long Island," said the president of one of the richest banks in the country, with one of the richest groups of clients, in reply to my inquiry. "I live on a farm about as big as the top of this desk in the simplest possible manner, and yet it costs like sin."

Among others whom I called upon for information was the heir to a good-size fortune and the active head of a great financial institution. It was at the busiest hour of a hot July day. The man is a director in a score of great corporations besides his own; other visitors were waiting for him. As I stated my errand he was about to put on his hat and coat to run to a 10:45 directors' meeting. He listened impatiently and replied that he was so busy that he would have to refer me to an assistant who might have some suggestions to offer.

"Is it true," I asked as I rose to leave, "that the rich feel hard up?"

The great financier put his hat on the desk, dropped some papers he had picked up and motioned to a waiting associate to step back.

"Yes," he replied, so earnestly that his voice became almost hoarse. "Yes, the so-called rich man, the man with $500,000 a year income, with a place at Newport, a city place, servants, yachts—all that sort of thing—he is hard up. His place is closed and grass is growing in the streets of Newport.

"Take this stream of tourists to Europe. Do you really want to know why that is? Rich people can afford to pay their passage to Europe and enable the hotel keepers over there to make exorbitant profits off them, and still get off for infinitely less than it takes to run their houses on this side. We can't get servants, that's the chief trouble; and they won't do any work when we do get them; but we can go abroad and get the service there."

The statement that grass is growing in the streets of Newport is figurative only,

The Wolf and the Dog

Wolf—enemy of man—carnivorous and cruel.

Dog—man's best friend loyal and trusting.

Civilization has changed a mode of life, habits, character. Yet the dog of today retains in a modified form one characteristic of his wolf-like ancestor. He needs meat, but in a form suited to his modern environment. To keep his breath sweet and his system healthy, the dog needs vegetable matter.

The foods that contain in exactly right proportion the meat and cereal ingredients to maintain his health and stamina, to keep his breath sweet, his gums hard and his teeth clean, are SPRATT'S.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED
Newark, New Jersey
St. Louis San Francisco

Feeding the Dog

Give your dog Spratt's Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits regularly as his staple food. Large, crisp and wholesome, made of fine wheat meals and Spratt's Meat-Fibrine, they establish and maintain health and fitness. For a special treat give your dog a handful of Spratt's Ovals. These are the dainties of dog diet that appeal to every breed. Always insist on Spratt's. Send for sample and enclose 2c for book, No. 104, on feeding.

SPRATT'S
DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

Don't Neglect Your Signs and Windows

Regular lighting makes store windows and signs your most profitable assets. I keep them working for you—automatically.

Ask for TORK MANUAL *which tells you* How to Buy "Circulation" in Store Window Lighting *and describes* 32 Needs for Time Controls. *Also Contains Illustrations and Prices of* TORK CLOCKS.

15 Amp. $20 30 Amp. $25

I am a TORK CLOCK.

I turn electric lights on and off regularly—at the hours set. You simply wind me once a week.

CONFIDENTIAL: A hosiery buyer heard one of the other buyers begging the advertising manager for space to advertise an over-stock of neckties. He chuckled. "I have arranged for a window display beginning Thursday night. That'll move more socks than all the advertisements."

NOT SO CONFIDENTIAL: An electric sign man said "It's a sign of satisfaction when your sign is lighted every night Otherwise someone is sure to think you couldn't afford it."

TORK CLOCKS are the simplest devices obtainable for regulating the daily use of electric lights. Built by the Ansonia Clock Company, makers of fine clocks for more than half a century, for the

TORK COMPANY

Also TORK TIMERS, "*Set the Pointers and Cut the Switch*" *for "built-in" automatic control of electric ranges, water heaters and other electrical home equipment.*

TORK COMPANY, 8 West 40th Street, New York

Please send me free copy of the complete new TORK MANUAL.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

$100.00 Extra In One Month

Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

No experience—Yet He Earned $98.90 His First Month.

Harry E. Hutchinson, of New Jersey, began work about the middle of October, 1914. By the end of November he had earned $98.90—and he has had easy extra dollars every year since.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR OUR OFFER!

The Curtis Publishing Company
223 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please send me your cash offer. I don't promise to accept it, but I want to see what it's like.

Name

Street

City State

FREE Supplies, Equipment, Instruction

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it, and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—an obligation involved.

but the reality in regard to that and other fashionable places is hardly less striking. Here are two items taken at random from the society columns, one from Newport and one from Long Island:

"The demolition of two of the old-time summer houses in Newport, in close proximity to each other, has been started. One is the Breakwater, the former summer home of Charles Warren Lippitt on Ledge Road. This is being torn down by Mr. Lippitt's son, the present owner, who plans to erect in place of the present castlelike structure a smaller and more modern summer residence.

"Farther up the road toward Bellevue Avenue the so-called Baker estate is also being torn down. This is being demolished, so it is said, to make room for a group of small cottages."

"Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney have decided to close their large house in Wheatley Hills and will shortly take possession of the much smaller house which they are building on their estate."

Everyone in the vicinity of New York is familiar with the great unoccupied palaces on Fifth Avenue, for the most part boarded up, and with the huge country places for sale. Not long ago a representative of the $50,000,000 estate of the late Frederick G. Bourne, former president of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, in asking the county board of supervisors to reduce the tax assessment on the Long Island country place, declared that because of the enormous cost of upkeep such places were becoming a drug on the market.

The property is said to have cost $4,000,000, but the lawyer added that it could now be bought for $500,000. A few weeks earlier a big newspaper advertisement told how the former magnificent W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., estate at Great Neck, Long Island, is to be thrown open as a golf and country club, with full directions for those who desire to apply for membership.

Or one may turn to another section of the paper and read how a famous movie director has bought for $480,000, so that "none of his locations could be duplicated by other movie men," the famous sea-encompassed estate of the late Henry M. Flagler, the sea wall of which alone cost $500,000, and where one chandelier, weighing 1100 pounds, cost $25,000.

Or we find Miss Alice A. DeLamar, who inherited as part of $20,000,000 from her father, the magnificent estate, Pembroke, obtaining a judgment of foreclosure against a company which leased it from her to run as a summer club, but evidently did not succeed very well.

"Miss DeLamar, who sailed for Europe Saturday," the real-estate item goes on to say, "has regarded the estate as something of a white elephant, for its vastness requires a large expenditure."

Or we can read among the court proceedings of the family quarrels among promoters who had arranged to buy from the executors of the late William Rockefeller for something like $1,000,000 a portion only of his Westchester County estate, Rockwood Hall, to convert it into an exclusive country club.

Now it may be that while those who have white elephants wish to sell them at any price, those who do not own country estates, but have the ready money, are building new ones, even at the terrific costs which prevail at present.

But it is safe to say that in recent years many of the very rich have learned to their annoyance and even sorrow that the mere piling up of fixed obligations, charges and liabilities, in the form of great estates which cannot be sold for a half or a quarter of their cost, is a form of expenditure which does not necessarily add to their enjoyment or happiness.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The fifth and last will appear in an early number.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

October 4, 1924

Cover Design by C. W. Anderson

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Thunderstroke—*Ben Ames Williams*	5
The Bathing Booty—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	10
A Finger Dipped in Gold—*Roland Pertwee*	14
Lovers' Time—*George Pattullo*	16
Kind Fur Kind—*Oma Almona Davies*	20
Paradise Island—*Will Payne*	38

ARTICLES

Germany Turns the Corner—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	3
What Becomes of the Rich Man's Income?—*Albert W. Atwood*	8
When Half Hunters Take the Field—*Robert B. Vale*	9
Choosing Your Doctor—*Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.*	12
Weber and Fields—*Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout*	18
Fruits of the Desert—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	19
John Bull's Betting Bill—*E. C. Buley*	22
Tariff Facts and Fallacies—*William R. Green*	29

SERIALS

East of the Setting Sun (Fifth part)—*George Barr McCutcheon*	24
The Black Cargo (Third part)—*J. P. Marquand*	26
Professor, How Could You! (Conclusion)—*Harry Leon Wilson*	32

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Representative in Every County

Can earn in excess of $100.00 weekly handling nationally known Xmas Specialty in almost universal demand among professional, business and society people. Process Engraving Co., 1812 So. Crawford Ave., Chicago

$35–$75 Easily Earned and Paid Weekly

Spare or full time. Well known engraved line Personal Christmas Cards at prices that make it easy to obtain orders. Experience unnecessary. Everyone a prospect. Starting now assures success. Samples free. Get details. Artistic Publishing Co., Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen wanted to supply our present customers with our line of Xmas Greeting Cards and Novelties—not $31.50 nor higher. Rush factory assortment. World's greatest values. Easy to sell. $50.00 to $100.00 a week earned by hundreds of men. Commissions daily. We train you. Protected territory for hustlers. Write for new sales plan. J. R. SIMPSON, Inc., 842 W. Adams St., Dept. 895, Chicago

BIG PAYING HOTEL JOBS OPEN

Learn hotel business in a few months; earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year; fine living; work is fascinatingly interesting; quick advancement. Send for FREE BOOK today. LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL, Room C 4729, Washington, D.C.

Prevents glare without that dangerous back-glare. Beautifully finished in ebony black [illegible] throws light. At accessory and Ford dealers, or postpaid on receipt of $1.25. GRIFFITH-HOPE CO., 27 Erie St., Milwaukee, Wis.

For Painted Plaster Walls

To hang up pictures without injuring the plaster, always use

Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads—Steel Points

Moore Push-less Hangers

"The Hanger with the Twist"

Your protection is in the strong point

10c pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH PIN CO. Philadelphia, Pa.

AUTOISTS—PRIME WITH HEAT

Your car starts hard in low temperature simply because it is COLD. At 68 degrees over 10% of manifold vapor condenses.

This loss increases in colder weather. Your choke endeavors to enrich the mixture to overcome the trouble, but at the same time dilutes lubrication and forms carbon. You can ease your choke and start easily on coldest day with a

MANIFOLD
CARBURETOR
"Every where I work, I put 50° to 65° of heat in the manifold of any car in 45 seconds."
"Yours for easy starting"
Mr. Heat Pep

POMEROY ELECTRIC PRIMER

[illegible] tested and proved product [illegible] years by thousands of autoists. It is [illegible] by anyone without boring. Sold through [illegible] dealers and special representatives. *Your car needs one now.* If not at your dealer's send $3.75 direct, giving year and make of car. Write immediately for free literature and, *if a salesman, for our special co-operative sales plan.*

Benroy Automotive Service, Inc., Mfrs.
Dept. A, Rochester, N. Y.

Radio Protection

The National Board of Fire Underwriters insists that your radio set be protected by an *approved* lightning arrester.

It is significant that principal railway signal, police and fire alarm systems have for 18 years depended upon the

BRACH

BRACH VACUUM ARRESTER

Used by Radio Engineers Since 1913

L. S. BRACH MFG. CO.
Newark, N. J.

Note the absence of partitions in this re-arranged plan. L. B. Counter-hights (indicated by shading) were used instead. Send for floor plan booklet, below.

In this floor plan, L. B. Counter-hights (the shaded area) replaced a long counter. Send for floor plan booklet, below.

-counter -table -file *all in one*

Learn a lesson in space management and economy from your grocer. He uses his counters for more than counters. The space *under* the counters must earn its profits, too.

This idea built the L. B. Steel counter-hight. Now every office can profit by it. For this extraordinary unit is filing cabinet, counter and table *all in one.*

The L. B. Steel counter-hight is first of all a filing cabinet for correspondence, card records, daily reports and a variety of other papers. But it differs from other filing cabinets in one important respect. It is lower—only 42 inches high—which makes it adaptable for two other important office uses:

In place of counters—The L. B. Counter-hight is just the right height to do business over. It is adaptable to almost any shape or size of space, for it is made in single units. In an Ohio bank, 24 L. B. Counter-hights divided among the bookkeepers, now do the work of the 25-foot counter and battery of files formerly used.

In place of sorting tables—The battleship linoleum tops of L. B. Counter-hights provide a perfect working surface at a comfortable height for posting, or for sorting the day's correspondence, checks or other papers.

File—counter—table, all in one! But L. B. Counter-hights have still other uses. As a boundary line between departments, many offices prefer them to partitions which shut out light and air. Set on a leg base in a private office, a single counter-hight unit is ideal for an executive's personal file.

Let us analyze your filing conditions and show you whether or not your office can profit by the use of L. B. Counter-hights. Send for booklet No. 833 "Proven floor plans for Counter-hight units", a guide to the use of counter-hights in office layout. These plans will help clear up your difficulty. Mail the coupon below for your copy of the booklet and for information on any of the Six Big Divisions of L. B. Service.

Library Bureau

Founded 1876

Boston New York Philadelphia Chicago New Orleans San Francisco London Paris
52 offices in the United States and Canada.
Consult your phone book.

Plans — Makes — Installs

Card and filing systems - Cabinets - Supplies

Factories: Cambridge, Mass.
New York, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill. Ilion, N. Y.
London, Eng.

The Six Big Divisions of LB Service

Coupon to
Library Bureau, Cambridge, Mass.
Send me free booklet No. 833 "Proven floor plans for Counter-hight units". Please send me also, literature on subjects checked.

1. *Special Service*
- ☐ Analysis
- ☐ Indexing
- ☐ Statistical
- ☐ Calculating

2. *Specialized Departments*
- ☐ Bank
- ☐ Public Records
- ☐ Insurance
- ☐ Library
- ☐ Schools of Filing

3. *Filing Systems*
- ☐ Alphabetic
- ☐ Geographic
- ☐ Numeric
- ☐ L. B. Automatic Index
- ☐ Subject
- ☐ Russell Index

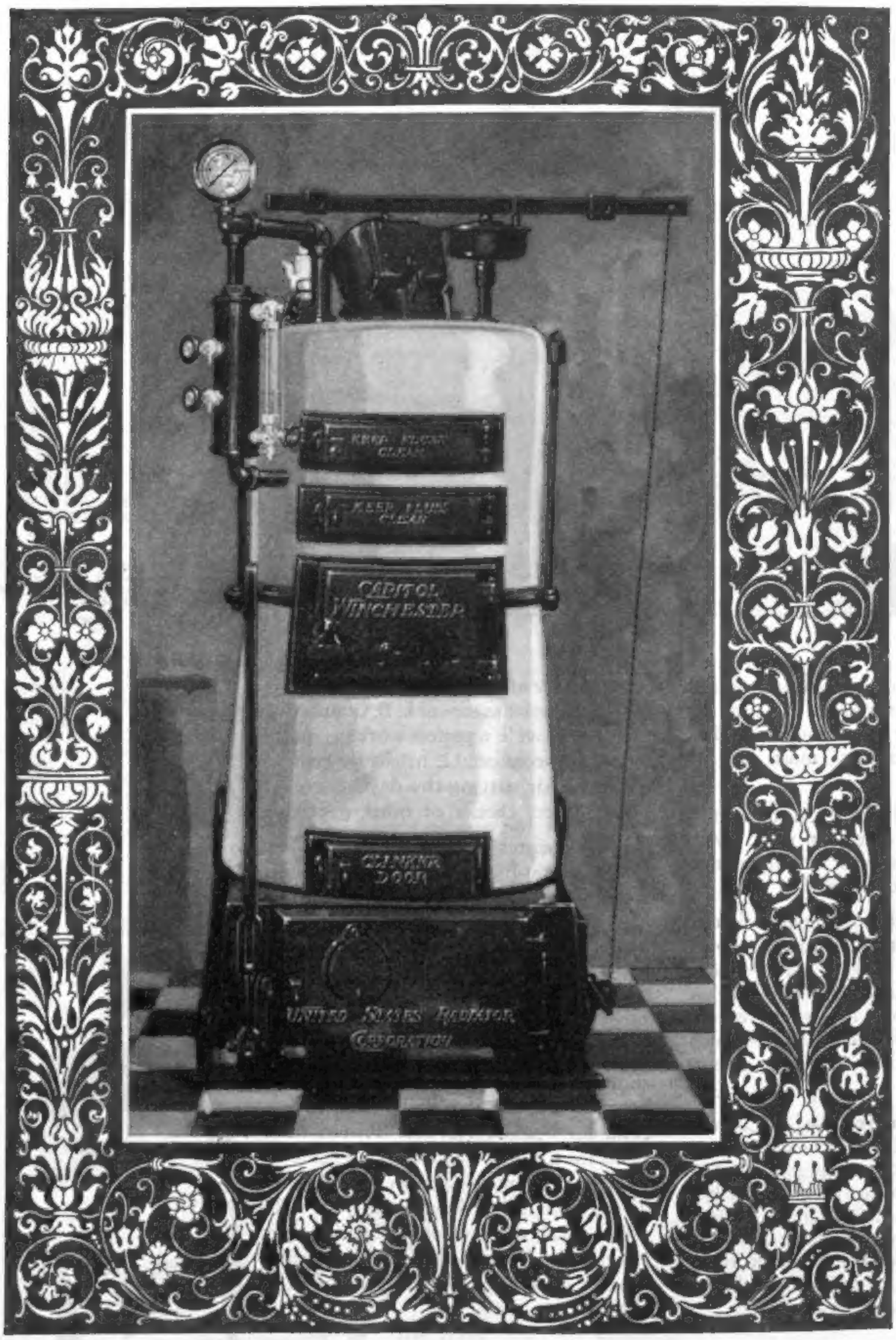
4. *Card Record Systems*
- ☐ L. B. Sales Record
- ☐ L. B. Stock Record
- ☐ L. B. Card Ledger
- ☐ L. B. "Speedac" Visible Record

5. *Cabinets—Wood and Steel*
- ☐ Card index cabinets
- ☐ Card index trays
- ☐ Counter-hight units
- ☐ Horizontal units
- ☐ Card record desks
- ☐ Record safes
- ☐ Ledger trays
- ☐ Transfer units
- ☐ Unit shelving
- ☐ Vertical units

6. *Supplies*
- ☐ *Cards*
  Over 1,000 styles of plain index and stock forms
- ☐ *Folders*
  L. B. Reinforced folders
  Plain and tab folders
- ☐ *Guides*
  Plain, printed, celluloided
  Removable label guides
  Metal tip guides

My Name_____
Firm Name_____
Address_____

S. E. P. 10-4-24



Capitol Boilers

There can be no experiment or speculation so far as the installation of a Capitol Boiler is concerned because we insist upon sharing the responsibility.

For many years, now, our products have been sold, not as mere equipment, but in terms of a positive Heating Service. Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators must satisfy *you* or they cannot possibly satisfy us.

So, please remember, when you buy a United States product you buy something that is worthy of confidence. We have expressed our feeling in the matter by the broadest, written guarantee in the boiler field.

That guarantee assures efficient, dependable Heating Service under all weather conditions. It is virtually a contract between our owners and ourselves. Back of it is the reputation and every resource of this company.

Branch and Sales Offices

*Boston, *Springfield, Mass., *Portland, Me., *Providence, R. I., New York, *Brooklyn, *Harrison, N. J., *Philadelphia, *Baltimore, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, *Cleveland, *Columbus, *Cincinnati, *Detroit, *Chicago, *Milwaukee, *Indianapolis, *Louisville, *St. Paul, *St. Louis, *Kansas City, *Des Moines, *Omaha, *Denver, *Seattle, *Portland, Ore.

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

for mirrors

for bathtubs and tiles

for windows

Bon Ami

Cake or Powder

for aluminum

for electric utensils

Have you learned its many uses?

There are dozens of ways in which Bon Ami can help you clean and brighten the house. A few of the more important uses are shown here.

Bon Ami is quick and easy in its action. The soft white powder doesn't scratch. It blots up dirt and grime like magic.

Because it's so mild in its action, it never reddens or roughens your hands.

Made in both cake and powder forms, with dozens of uses about the house, Bon Ami is truly a "Good Friend" of the housewife!

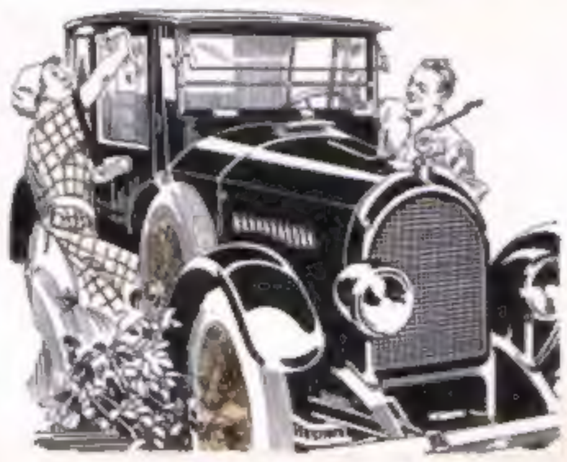
THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

for enameled refrigerators

for white shoes

for white woodwork

for glass kitchenware



for glass and nickel

for linoleum and Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

How to Use the Lemon—*ways you may have overlooked*

LEMON is the natural sauce for fish, meats and vegetables like spinach, carrots, beans and beets. Note the tang it gives to them. Try and see.

It is supreme as a garnish.

It is "the chef's secret" which makes some chefs famous for their salad dressings.

It makes "The Queen of Pies" and the aristocrat of soft drinks, lemonade.

It lends character to other soft drinks and brings out the better flavors of good tea.

It flavors puddings, jellies, cakes and cookies—scores of attractive foods.

It helps to keep hands soft, smooth and white and assists in many household ways.

No other fruit renders so versatile a service. You'd want it if lemons cost twice as much per dozen as they do.

Keep a dozen in the house to use in these profitable ways.

California Lemons are picked, handled and shipped with great care. Their many uses suggest that you buy them in larger quantities and thus get a lower price.

They have the bright, clean, waxy skins.

Sunkist are the better grades, selected from California's finest groves.

The tissue wrappers stamped "Sunkist" make them easy to identify.

Try a real lemon pie for dessert. See how delighted the menfolks will be.

Lemonade is an appetizing, healthful, year-'round drink—the aristocrat of soft drinks. Serve it often.

Lemon juice lends flavor to all fish; and is the proper complement of fish from a dietetic standpoint.

Lemon is always served with spinach in the best restaurants and hotels everywhere.

California Sunkist *Lemons*

Uniformly Good

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 11,000 Growers

Sec. 110, Los Angeles, California

Buy them by the Dozen

Look For This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome lemonade and orangeade.

The soda fountains using the new Electrical Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor serve real lemonade and real orangeade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.

Fountain Owners: Write us for additional information relative to this machine. Sold by all leading wholesale druggists and soda fountain supply jobbers.